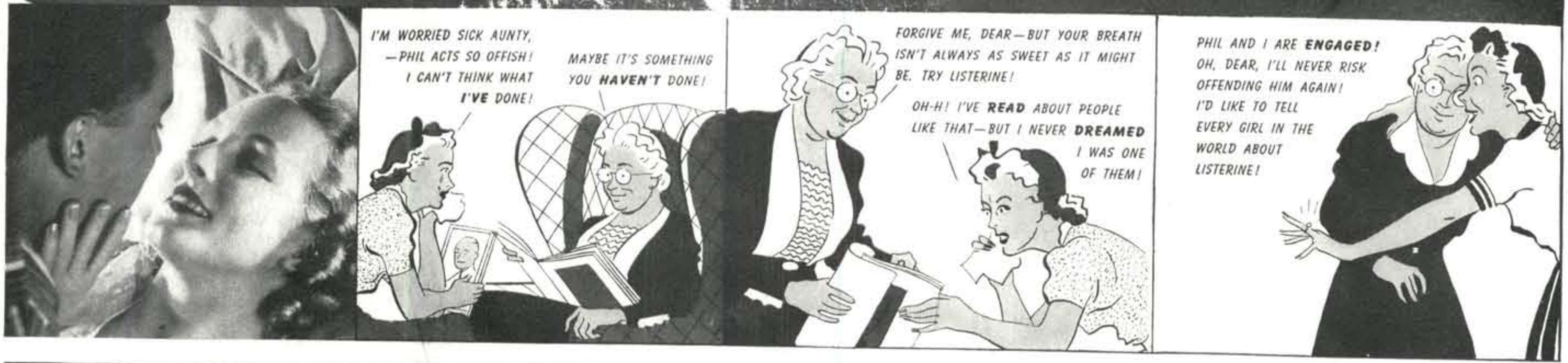
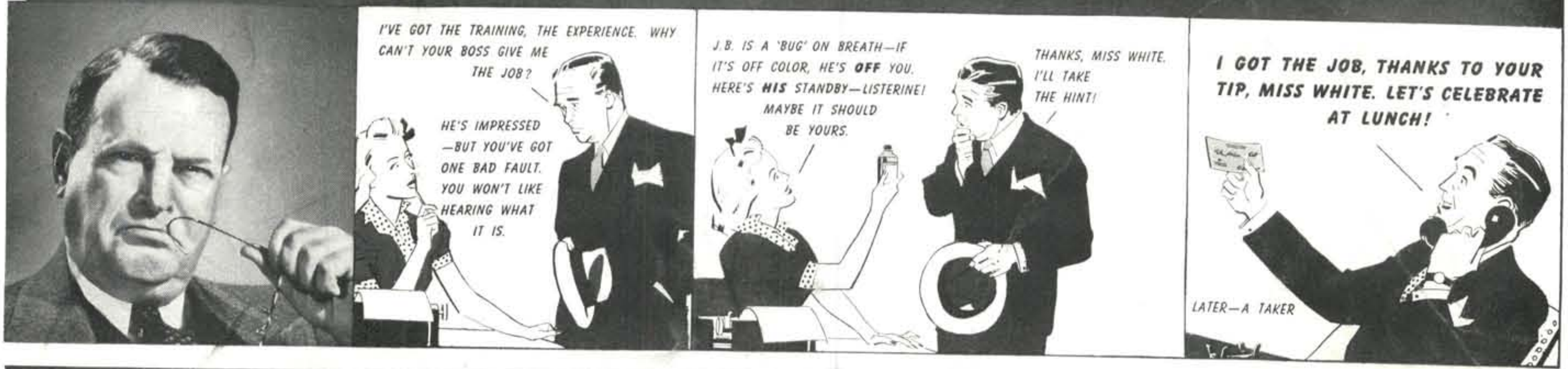
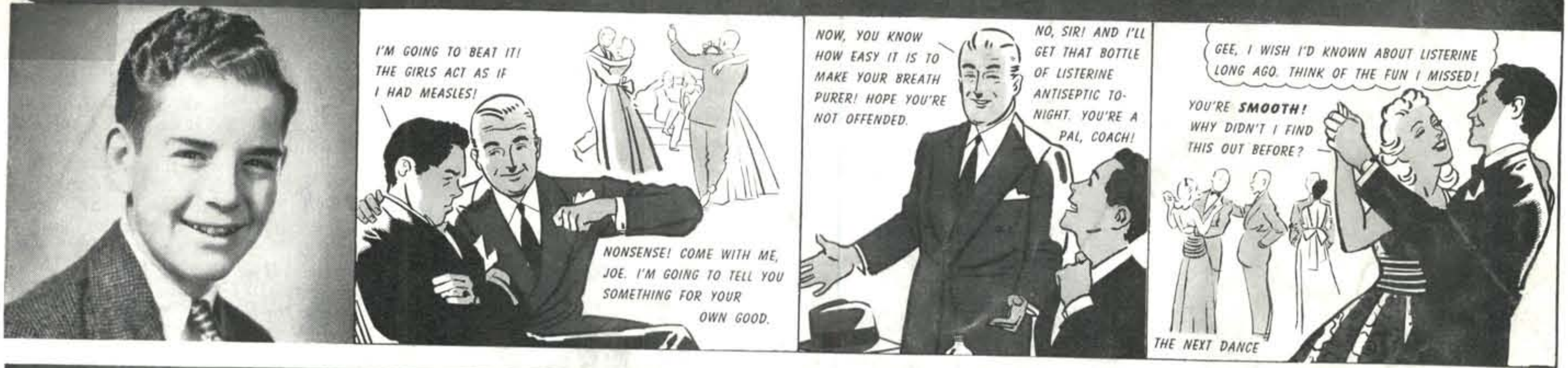
I CAME WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF LOSING HIM


I'M WORRIED SICK AUNTY, —PHIL ACTS SO OFFISH! I CAN'T THINK WHAT **I'VE** DONE!
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING YOU **HAVEN'T** DONE!
FORGIVE ME, DEAR—BUT YOUR BREATH ISN'T ALWAYS AS SWEET AS IT MIGHT BE. TRY LISTERINE!
OH-H! I'VE **READ** ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE THAT—BUT I NEVER **DREAMED** I WAS ONE OF THEM!
PHIL AND I ARE **ENGAGED!** OH, DEAR, I'LL NEVER RISK OFFENDING HIM AGAIN! I'D LIKE TO TELL EVERY GIRL IN THE WORLD ABOUT LISTERINE!

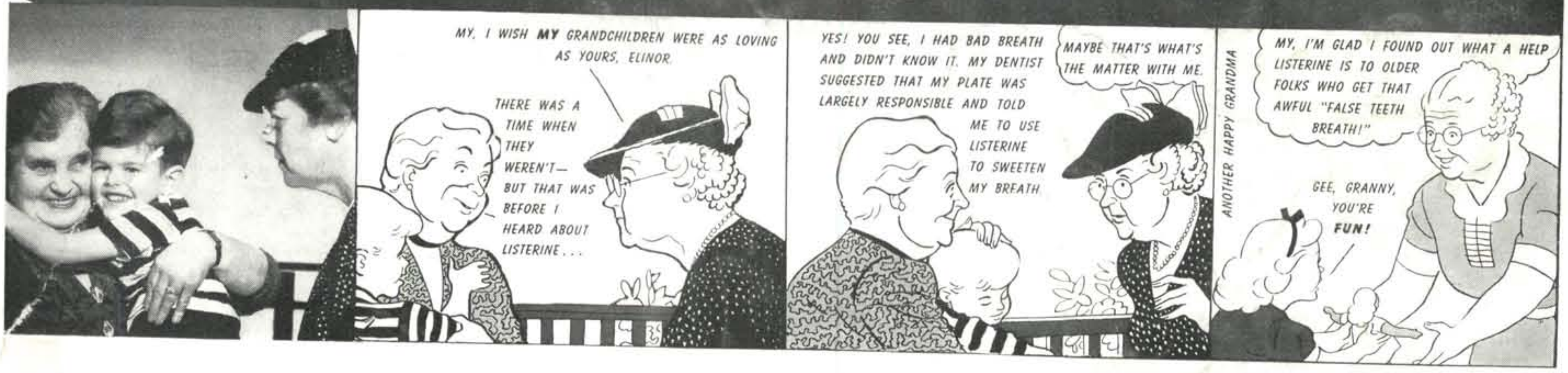
I HAD WHAT IT TAKES... BUT COULDN'T FIND A TAKER


I'VE GOT THE TRAINING, THE EXPERIENCE. WHY CAN'T YOUR BOSS GIVE ME THE JOB?
HE'S IMPRESSED —BUT YOU'VE GOT ONE BAD FAULT. YOU WON'T LIKE HEARING WHAT IT IS.
J.B. IS A 'BUG' ON BREATH—IF IT'S OFF COLOR, HE'S **OFF** YOU. HERE'S **HIS** STANDBY—LISTERINE! MAYBE IT SHOULD BE YOURS.
THANKS, MISS WHITE. I'LL TAKE THE HINT!
I GOT THE JOB, THANKS TO YOUR TIP, MISS WHITE. LET'S CELEBRATE AT LUNCH!
LATER—A TAKER

WE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS HAVE PROBLEMS, TOO!


I'M GOING TO BEAT IT! THE GIRLS ACT AS IF I HAD MEASLES!
NONSENSE! COME WITH ME, JOE. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
NOW, YOU KNOW HOW EASY IT IS TO MAKE YOUR BREATH PURER! HOPE YOU'RE NOT OFFENDED.
NO, SIR! AND I'LL GET THAT BOTTLE OF LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC TO-NIGHT. YOU'RE A PAL, COACH!
GEE, I WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT LISTERINE LONG AGO. THINK OF THE FUN I MISSED!
YOU'RE **SMOOTH!** WHY DIDN'T I FIND THIS OUT BEFORE?
THE NEXT DANCE

EVEN OLDER FOLKS HAVE TO "KEEP LOVABLE!"


MY, I WISH **MY** GRANDCHILDREN WERE AS LOVING AS YOURS, ELINOR.
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THEY WEREN'T—BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I HEARD ABOUT LISTERINE...
YES! YOU SEE, I HAD BAD BREATH AND DIDN'T KNOW IT. MY DENTIST SUGGESTED THAT MY PLATE WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE AND TOLD ME TO USE LISTERINE TO SWEETEN MY BREATH.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME.
ANOTHER HAPPY GRANDMA
MY, I'M GLAD I FOUND OUT WHAT A HELP LISTERINE IS TO OLDER FOLKS WHO GET THAT AWFUL "FALSE TEETH BREATH!"
GEE, GRANNY, YOU'RE **FUN!**

WANT OTHERS TO LIKE YOU?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath)...not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep breath sweeter, purer—*the Listerine Antiseptic way!*

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes.* That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

...Let LISTERINE look after your breath

JULY 5, 1941

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

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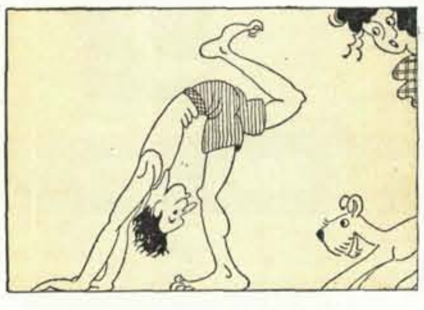
COVER REA IRVIN

ANY WEEK

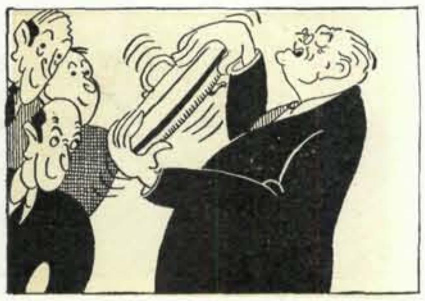
THAT recent editorial in this magazine about the common cold provoked quite a freshet of letter writing. You'll remember, of course, that it spoke of the great reward that will be his who discovers the specific for the common cold. We have acted on one of the letters—from Mr. W. J. Evans of Dallas, Texas—and will report later. "So," writes Mr. Evans, "you don't know that we have a specific for colds. Here it is: Immediately after the first sneeze, stand up. Bend over. Place both hands on the floor. Let your head bend straight down between the arms. Lift one leg up in the air behind you as far as it will go. Hold it half a minute. Then straighten up swiftly. Repeat two or three times and your cold's gone. Don't ask me why. I have cured myself of hundreds of colds by this simple expedient."



ACCORDING to our limited information, a great deal of unnecessary fears for our future were flourishing in Camp Devens, Massachusetts, and the concentration of aviation mechanics at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. From the former roundup we hear that winter clothing, including underwoollies, were issued. At Chicopee Falls they inoculated the lads against yellow fever. The weather being what it is at Devens and there being a curious absence of yellow fever in Chicopee Falls, some of the men became interested. We may not, of course, mention names. At Devens one of them asked his lieutenant about the rumor—that the wool issue meant Greenland, maybe Iceland. The lieutenant bawled him out, telling him that all rumors were unpatriotic and some downright seditious and that he would report the matter to the commanding officer. Bearing up as well as possible under a severe pain in the neck, the fellow saluted, slunk off. But at Chicopee Falls, one of our correspondents was foolish enough to tell his lieutenant that he had written to his parents that rumor had it that he was booked for the tropics, citing the yellow-fever serum as substantiation. Up to our latest report the man has not been shot, although he was given a stiff reprimand for fifth-columning. To us, silly old gaffer that we are, it sounds just like 1917. With Richard Connell, the short-story writer, we were individually called to headquarters and ordered to report all rumors and other seditious talk we overheard along the company street. Our instructions were simple—merely drop in upon groups of our fellow warriors with ears alert. Then back to our tents, write our reports, sign with our number and send it off to headquarters. The fun we had. What we heard was pretty dull stuff, not to be compared with what we thought a good rumor should sound like. So we manufactured our own rumors, attributing them to each other, and got fired. We never did find out who took our places on the espionage list. But we helped our successors all we could with some very elegant gossip. It's all very unimportant now, but we're setting it down just to suggest to the lads at Chicopee and Devens that even nice, new energetic lieutenants shouldn't be taken too seriously.

NOR may we give you the names of the principals in this one either. But it seems to prove something, although we're not quite sure what it is—two of America's better-known writers, upon whose written word many thousands hang, swear and otherwise depend, having equipped themselves with lady psychiatrists. The ladies are sisters, the men boon companions. Wherever they go, go their psychiatrists. As each fact presents itself to them its effect is noted by the psychiatrists. As each thought blooms in their brains it is laid out for inspection by the ladies. Occasionally they go to the theater, the movies, ball games, the track. Their private psychiatrists totter along, forever on their alert against unhealthy manifestation. We got to talking about it to the wife of one of these gentlemen. "The only thing that worries me," she said, "is that my husband may be spending money to find out whether he's crazy or not. But I guess it's all right. What this country needs is a good five-cent psychiatrist."

AND Mr. L. D. Baun of Yuba City, California, wants to know: "Why does Stalin have to have his vodka? Why did Mussolini order vineyards uprooted, planted in wheat, then furnish his soldiers with wine? Where did Hitler and his gang, though he is reputedly a teetotaler, hold meetings to plan to seize the German government? What part did alcohol play in the collapse of France? Why does friend Churchill have to have his regular whisky and soda?" For some reason several other readers of this magazine have written to us lately about the part hard liquor has contributed to the mess we're in. All of them are sturdy prohibitionists. One of them, Mr. Elias Bonethrow of Dubuque, Iowa, says he will buy no government defense bonds until prohibition is re-enacted into law and he is thus assured that "my money will not be thrown away to suit the whims of besotted militarists." And Mrs. Johanna Woodbine of Chicago, Illinois, where if we remember correctly there used to be a guy named Capone, says that she prays for the return of the "pre-Roosevelt days when our young men and women were not breaking their parents' hearts by hanging drunkenly over bars in a manner which made even Christian policemen blush for shame." Mrs. Woodbine admits that the prohibition laws of the twenties were broken "in some of the big cities, but alcoholic liquor was very hard to get in the truly Christian parts of the country."



THE first three words of Mr. Delphin D. Bister of Concord, New Hampshire, ring. "Shame, shame, shame," writes he. "The American people and the American government are on strike. We as a nation are on a strike against England and democracy. While we sit idly by, the dictator devours all that is beautiful, holy, worthwhile. Who will bare his breast with me? Who will march unarmed, unafraid into the cannon's mouth and defy Hitler to his teeth? Probably nobody. We are on strike against democracy. We refuse to make sacrifices. I am hoping to set an example. Instead of turning in my last year's car for a new model, I am paying the full price and giving my old car to Britain. It is not much but it is my gesture. Can you say the same?"

FROM his offices in Roaring Gulch, 22½ East First South Trail, No. 2 Level, Romantic Alta, Utah, the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, emerges with a roar. "Resolved," roars Mr. Watson without preamble, "that Congress place us on sound money. Coin gold and silver at a ratio of fourteen to one for at least one hundred years. There will be no idle men, factories, farms or mines. Particularly mines. Hitler will follow Hess. The rose will bloom in the desert and you, sir, will not be expelled from the Great American Prospectors Association, as is highly imminent at this writing. Let's get on with the war. If this letter makes no sense don't blame me. I've been reading the newspapers too steadily, particularly the proceedings of Congress. The latest fireside chatter smells like something's burning."

MEET you in Dakar, buddy.... W. D.

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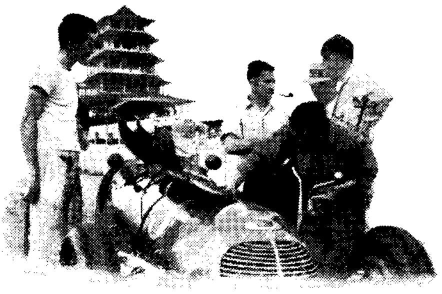
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

In 17TH Victory At Indianapolis 500 Mile Race

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose drove to a sensational victory in the 1941 Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic, using dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Thus once again Champions demonstrated in an outstanding manner that they make every engine a better performing engine—for the Indianapolis race is generally recognized as the supreme test for spark plugs. It is significant that year after year the victors and the majority of money winners choose Champions.

Again, as in 16 previous years, Champion Spark Plugs equipped the winning car in the 1941 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race. 10 of the 12 cars to finish were also Champion-equipped.

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose wired "We won the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race today stop You couldn't ask for more perfect, more dependable performance than we received from Champion Spark Plugs stop They certainly were a big help in our victory."



Typical pit activity before the race, where cars are serviced and races sometimes won or lost. Here the precise spark plugs for each engine, with maximum heat range so necessary to peak performance and dependability, are selected with great care.

You can be sure of championship engine performance in your own car by making sure your spark plugs are Champions. Outstanding among Champion's many patented features is the Sillment seal which eliminates troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leaky spark plugs overheat, causing pre-ignition, rough, wasteful and sluggish engine operation, it will pay you to insist on Champions.

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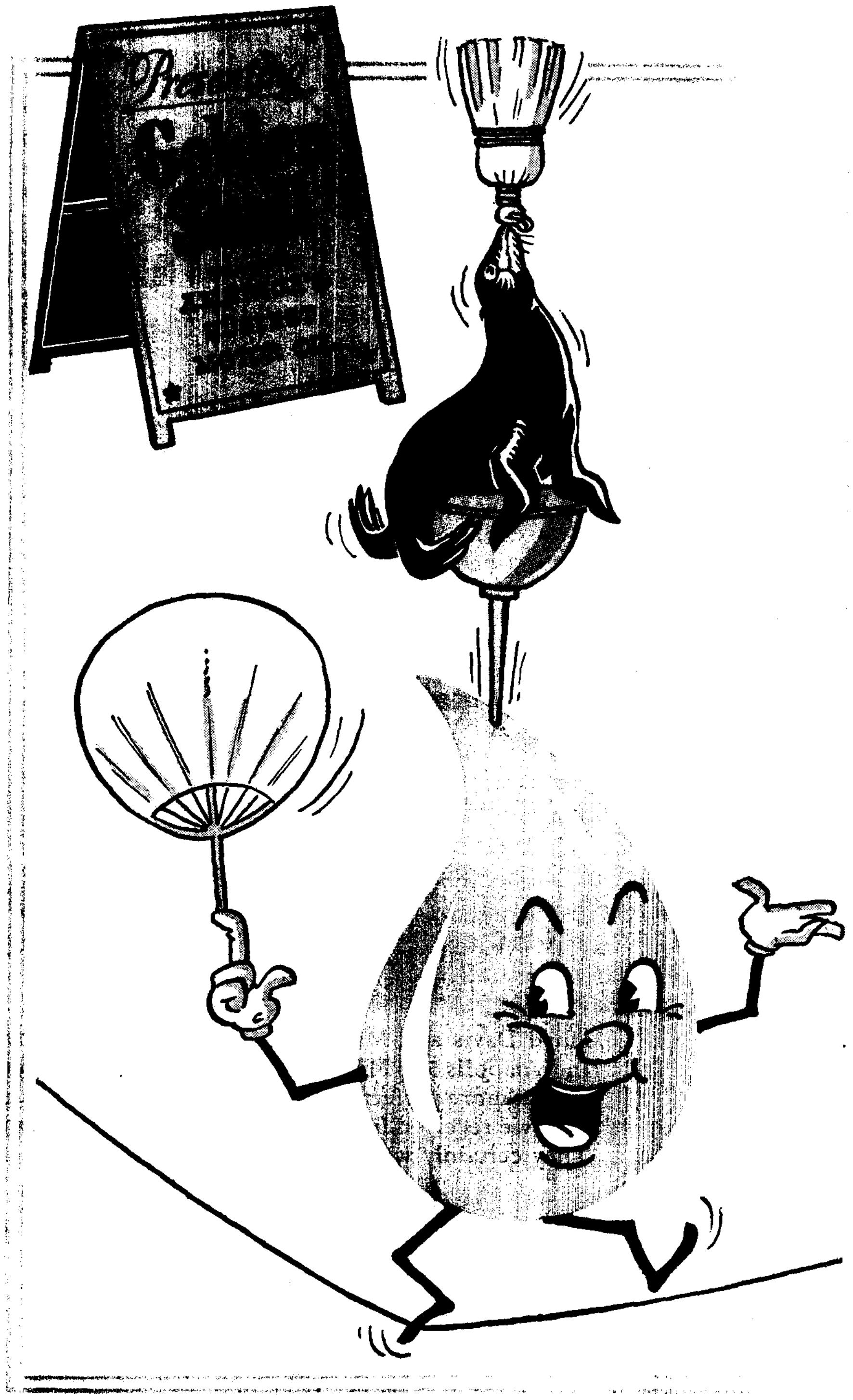
You're always ahead with Champion! SPARK PLUGS



"4 JOBS AT ONCE? —nothin' to it when you know how!"

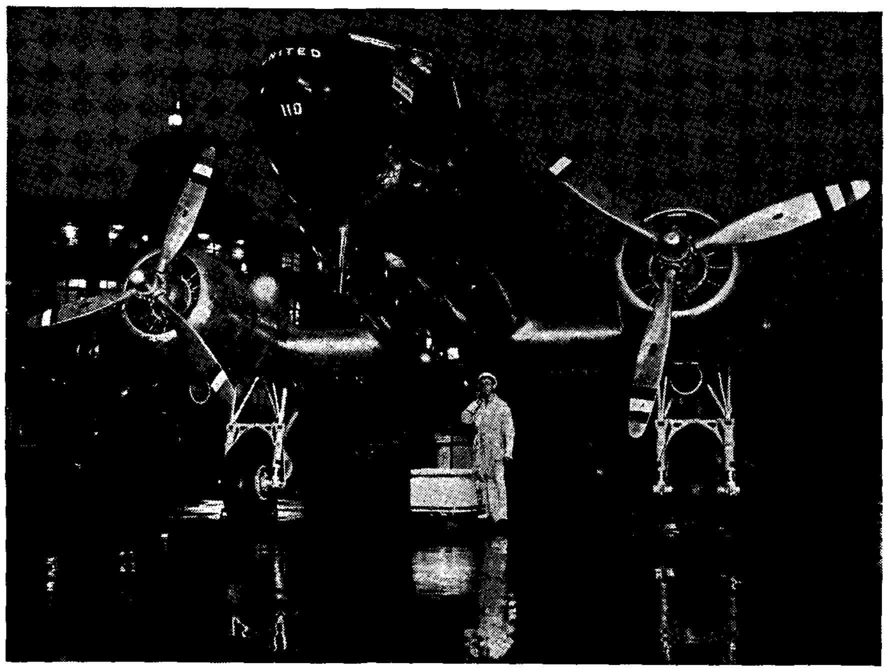
"I MOVE AND NO FOOLIN'! The second you step on your starter I begin doin' *4 jobs at once!*" says "Goldie."

1. **"COOL.** I soak up heat your engine puts out when you 'let 'er rip'... keep it cool, mates, keep it cool.
2. **"CLEAN.** I help clean up the dirt and grit and take it away from vital parts and bearings.
3. **"SEAL.** I seal up that little space between your pistons and cylinder walls to prevent power leaks.
4. **"OIL.** I spread out all over the inside of your engine and cover every one of the movin' parts to prevent friction.

"That's a balancing act if you ever saw one! And the Shell Engineers are mighty pleased about me bein' a motor oil that's really in balance. An' incidentally, I'm one of the biggest oil values there is at only a quarter a quart!"

SHELL

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS



WILLIAM T. HOFF

WING TALK

The pilot gets a field man's okay. The portable battery under the plane is used on the ground to save the ship's batteries

SOME time ago we promised to take you three million airline passengers up into the pilot's compartment of a DC-3 and let you watch all the operations the boys have to perform for the take-off and climb before they settle down to cruising altitude and speed. Fundamentally the cockpit procedure is the same on all lines, but in detail it varies, so don't you airline pilots write in and say we're all wrong.

This take-off is going to be made at night and the flight originates at our airport—not just passing through. So the first thing the pilots do when they take their places in the nose of the ship about ten minutes before departure is to get comfortable—they adjust the seats, which move up and down, forward or backward and likewise the rudder pedals, forward and backward. Pilots come both long and short. On go the safety belts.

To save the ship's batteries for engine-starting, one is wheeled under the plane on a little dolly and plugged into a socket between the landing gear. The boys then go to work flipping switches for the cabin lights, individual seat lights, the navigational red and green wing-tip and white taillights, the "Fasten Seat Belt" electric sign, and the instrument panel lights, adjustable by rheostats.

The master ignition switch, which governs all electrically operated instruments, is turned on and the plane's batteries are tested. Then comes the master radio switch which heats the tubes in the transmitter and turns on two of the four receivers, one for communication with the airline operations office and one for the federal radio beam reception. Additional switches turn on an auxiliary receiver for all wave bands utilized and another receiver for ultrashort-wave airways marker beacons.

At this point there is a little testing with the company's ground station which gives the crew the altimeter setting for the exact altitude above sea level of our airport and the correct time. While on the air the pilot talks to the airport control tower on another frequency and receives the wind velocity, direction, his order of clearance, the altitude at which he shall cruise and the amount and location of traffic on the airway.

Meanwhile, the copilot has turned on the gasoline cocks, set the propeller pitch controls into low pitch (low gear), satisfied himself with the heat controls for the carburetors and placed the hydraulic levers for operating the landing gear and wing flaps into a neutral position.

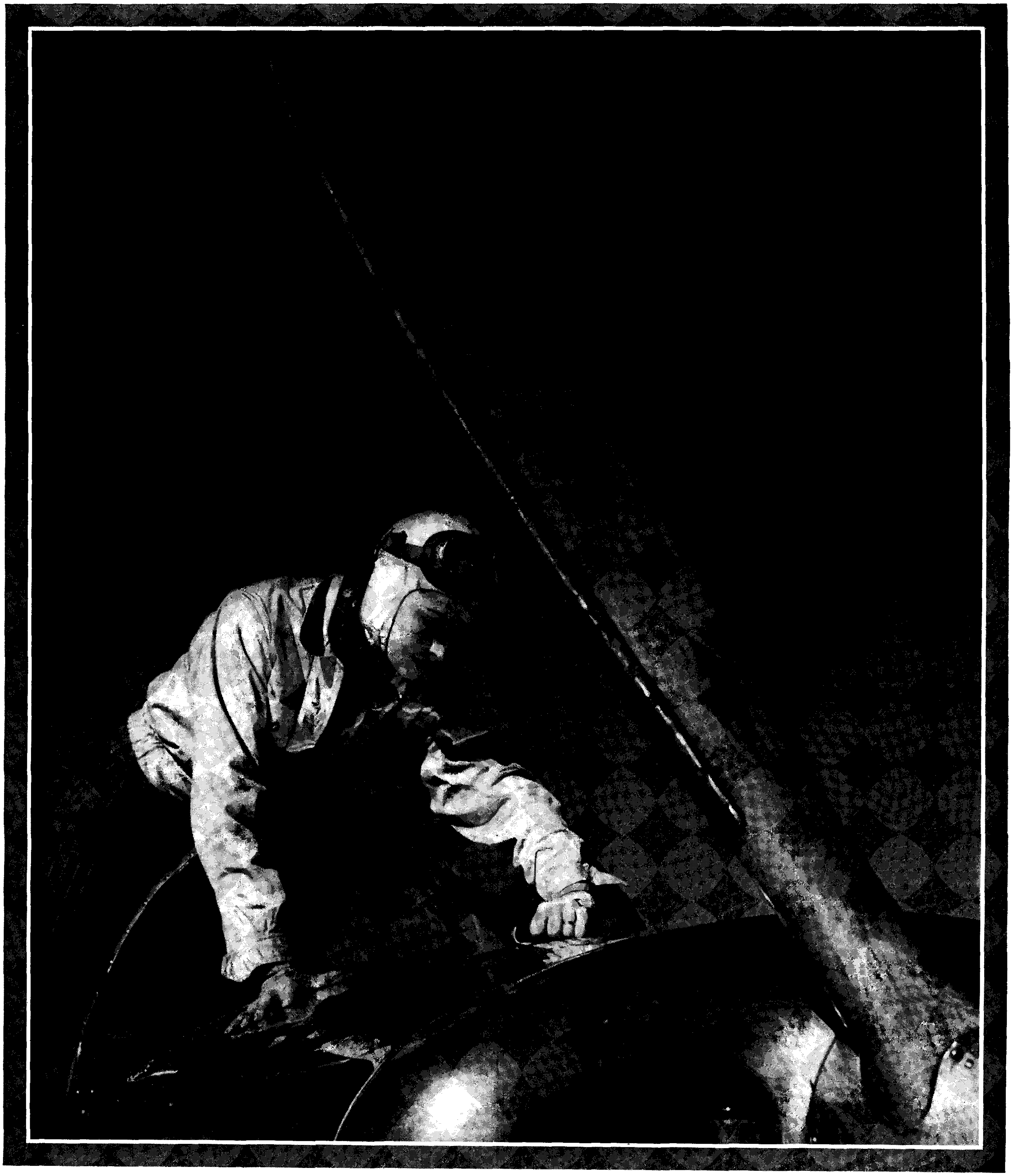
Passengers are coming aboard now and at a signal from the dispatcher, the copilot operates a wobble pump which builds up initial gasoline pressure and adjusts the carburetor mixture controls for the take-off.

To start his engines, the captain goes through an exercise of finger dexterity surpassing an organist in a cathedral. The engine opposite to the side of the cabin entrance door is started first to avoid blowing a late-arriving passenger. With one hand on the throttle, the thumb and fingers of the other hold down a starter switch, a booster switch and an electrical button for priming the engine. Drawing on current from the battery plugged into the underside of the ship, the propeller churns and the engine bursts into a roar. This operation is then repeated for the second engine.

With both engines idling and with the departing salute from the dispatcher, the captain picks up his microphone and asks the control tower for permission to leave the loading ramp. En route to the end of the runway, two airmen engage in a cross-examination somewhat along the lines of the fireman and engineer checking each other on the color and character of lights and signals along the rails ahead. Here's how it goes:

Question: Gasoline? Answer. 520 gallons. Q. Flaps? A. Up. Q. Stabilizer? A. Set for take-off. Q. Carburetor heat controls? A. Full cold. Q. Propeller controls? A. Forward (meaning low pitch). Q. Mixture controls? A. Full rich. Q. Tank selector switch? A. Left main and right main (meaning left engine drawing from left main tank, etc.). Q. Deicers? A. Off. Q. Cross feed (the gasoline tank cross feed valve enabling the right engine to draw out of the left tank)? A. Off. (Two complete sets of gasoline line plumbing are available so that any one tank can feed either or both engines.)

(Continued on page 57)



Not posed — but poised. This informal picture was taken on Agfa Film—because the photographer *knew* Agfa would get all the light and shadow, all the variations of tone in the subject. Agfa Film, with its famous *extra* margin of quality, is the only film guaranteed, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

There's an Agfa Film for every photographic need, in a size to fit your camera. For sparkling, outdoor pictures, use Agfa *Plenachrome.* Look for the orange-and-blue box. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York.***

Agfa Agfa Film

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The only film that is guaranteed, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Replace with a DELCO Battery

Let's get technical

To the technically-minded, Delco batteries can present these evidences of dependability: Every material that is used in the manufacture of Delco batteries must pass exacting tests and inspection in the great Delco laboratories; no inferior material can find its way to the Delco assembly line. During assembly each Delco battery is inspected at every stage, and given a final test when completed that leaves no room for doubt that it is worthy of the name DELCO.

Let's get practical

For those who care only about practical proof, there is the convincing fact that more than *five million* cars on the road today depend on Delco batteries. Moreover, Delco batteries are original equipment in 43 per cent of all new cars sold, bringing to millions of owners each year the satisfaction of Delco dependability and long life. You're sure to be satisfied with a Delco battery.

Delco batteries for every make and model of automotive vehicle are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Anthropometric measurements made during the past century show that American men have steadily increased in height and weight, while the women, although undergoing no loss in height, have decreased their weight through changes in their figures, chiefly in the reduction of their hips and legs. —*By Mary Isabel Sheehan, Seattle, Washington.*

The cathedral in Seville, Spain, has two great organs; St. Nicholas Church in Bristol, England, has a large tower clock with a hand for marking seconds; and St. Catherine's Church in Honfleur, France, has its steeple on a building across the street.—*By Mrs. Richard E. Johnston, Lake City, Iowa.*

Some drugs have a strange effect on the eyes. A certain quantity of wood alcohol destroys the optic nerve without doing comparable injury to any other delicate part of the body and a poisoning dose of santonin in certain persons makes everything appear either all green or all yellow for several days.

The water flea, *Daphnia,* propagates nearly all year through unfertilized "summer eggs" and fertilized "winter eggs," the latter kind having so much vitality that they have been known to hatch after lying dormant for ten years.

Dan Rice (1822-1900), the most famous clown in the history of the American circus, was a friend of most of the celebrated men of his time, made and lost several fortunes, ran for Congress and was even considered as a presidential candidate. During the Civil War, he earned $1,000 a week, or twice as much as Abraham Lincoln.

Ramie is the most durable, lightest, strongest and most water-resistant of all textiles and, consequently, it has been adapted to more uses than cotton, silk, flax or hemp. Yet it is neither grown nor processed to any extent outside of China and Japan, chiefly because there is no satisfactory machine that can remove the bark and separate its fibers on a paying basis.

The Dinoflagellata, an order of minute marine animals, are so phosphorescent that great floating masses of them, when about fifty acres in area, can be seen, on a moonless night, for more than five miles.

Of the hundreds of American standard-gauge railroads the shortest is the Valley Railroad in Westline, Pennsylvania, which was incorporated in 1901. It is one mile long and has one rented locomotive, eight employees and grosses about $10,000 a year.

Since the Norman conquest of England in 1066, enemy troops have landed in Britain and attempted to conquer it fifty-five different times. The last invasion was the landing of a small French force on the coast of Ireland in 1798.

In Manhattan, three quarters of all telephone calls originate or terminate in private switchboards, which require ten times as many operators as are employed by the New York Telephone Company itself in this borough.

Since June, 1940, our national banks have been legally permitted to make contributions to the Red Cross and similar charitable organizations, except in states in which state banks are forbidden to do it.—*By Joe Parker, Hollywood, California.*

The most interesting of the fourteen recent cases in which "frozen sleep" has been used experimentally on insane persons was that of a girl who, suffering from schizophrenia, had not spoken a word for more than two years. Twice in two months, while her temperature was lowered to 88 degrees, she was able to talk clearly and logically to her father for four hours. Even at 93 degrees, her conversation was unintelligible.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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after of a like annual premium on each

The business that is built on faith

THE LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS, like all American enterprise, is built upon faith... faith in a business that has kept its promises.

In a life insurance policy, the company promises to pay a certain sum of money to the policyholder or his beneficiary when certain specified events occur. In the case of Metropolitan, the Company has made such promises to about 29,000,000 policyholders who have *faith* in Metropolitan's ability to do what their policies contract to do.

In the 73 years of its existence, Metropolitan has paid every obligation in full when due. In 1940, for example, Metropolitan policyholders and their beneficiaries received almost $609,000,000 in benefit payments.

Just as Metropolitan policyholders have faith in the Company, so Metropolitan has faith in the strength and stability of American business, agriculture, and industry. To help meet the cost of life insurance, we invest policyholders' dollars in the promises of responsible people... people who promise to pay Metropolitan certain amounts at stated times.

These investments must be selected with the utmost care. Whether the investment is a government, municipal, or corporate security or a real estate mortgage, it must be backed by real property, such as plants, mills, factories, fertile farm lands, office buildings, modern homes, and other soundly valued assets, or the taxing power of government. In addition these investments must be of such a type that past record of performance, present available resources, and future ability to pay, make it virtually certain that the promises to Metropolitan will be kept.

People buy life insurance to help them fulfill their most sacred obligations to their families, and they want to be as certain as they humanly can be that those obligations *will* be fulfilled. They confidently expect the Company to invest *safely* and *soundly* the money they have entrusted to it. In order to merit this confidence, Metropolitan must and does make *safety* its *first* requirement in all its investments.

Second, and *always* second, to safety, is the effort to earn the best possible rate of interest to help meet the cost of your life insurance.

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This is Number 39 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

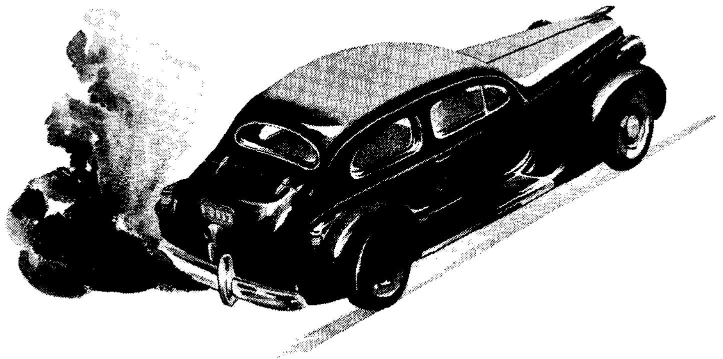
THE fellow who smokes in the movies is soon reminded that he's headed for trouble unless he stops. But he's not so lucky if he drives a car with a smoking exhaust—he's probably in trouble *already!*

For a smoking exhaust is a common sign that something is wrong; and the trouble is often excessive engine wear that calls for expensive repairs.

Act *now* before your car may become a costly "smoker"—a waster of gas, oil and power. Change *now* to the oil that prevents needless wear. Change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

For here is the extra protection of an oil that's *insulated* against heat—against those high engine temperatures that break down ordinary oils. And it's distilled to remove harmful, carbon-forming impurities.

Here, indeed, is the oil for finer performance, safety and economy. Change to Insulated Havoline now at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE!

There are 3,000,000 "smokers" on the roads in America today. You don't want your car to join the parade. Help reduce needless engine wear—change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

TEXACO
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REG. T. M.
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
DISTILLED AND
INSULATED

You're Welcome
AT TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: All star radio program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

Collier's The National Weekly for July 5, 1941

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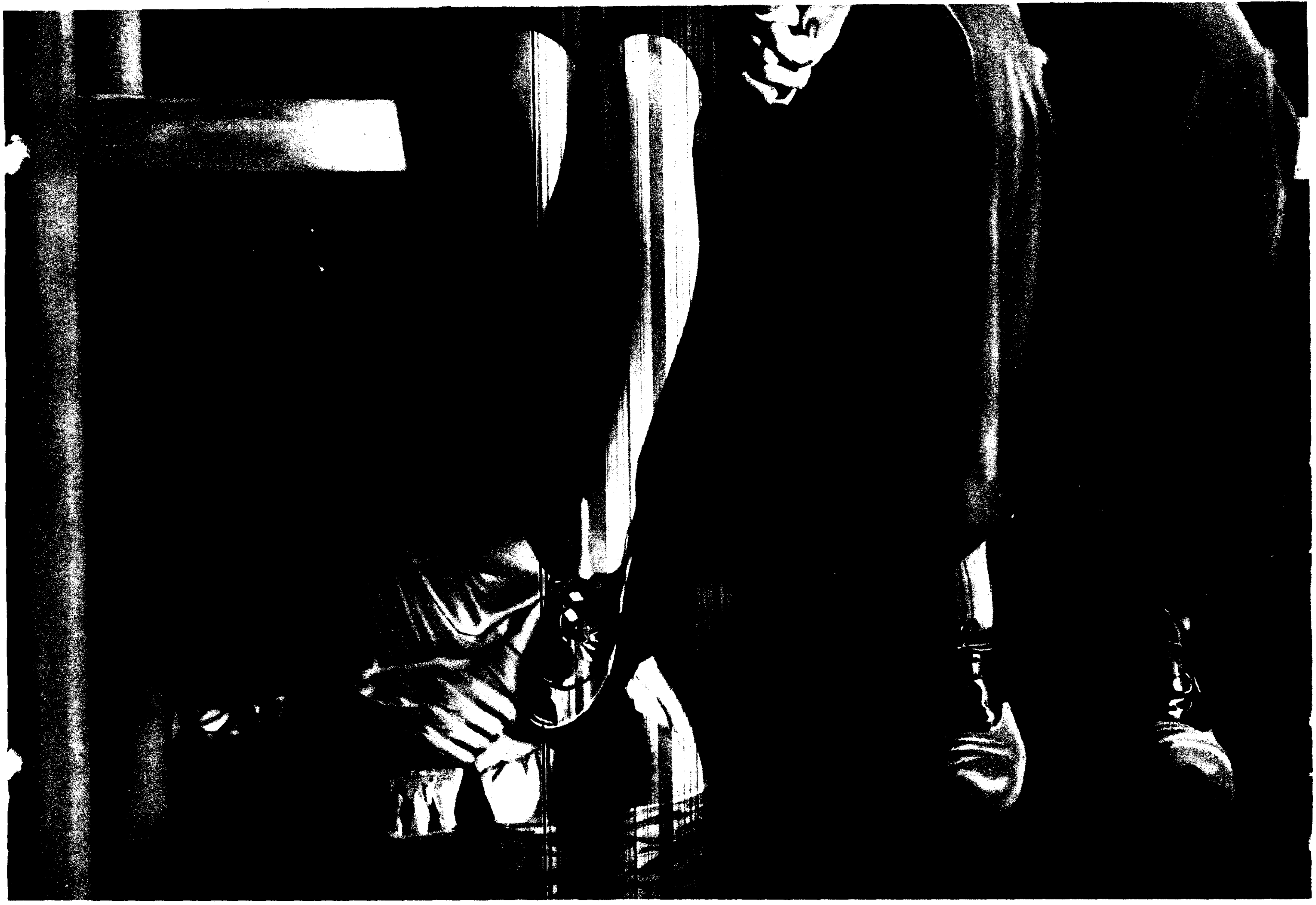


The lieutenant hated them. It would have been pleasant to yell and scare them stiff

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Beginning a powerful and vivid novel of our troubled times—a story of secret war against the stealthy invasion of America's frontiers

AT NEW ORLEANS a man whose passport said that he was Arthur H. Field got off the plane from Mexico City, went through the customs, and, after wiring for a reservation to Detroit, took the seat he had reserved in the St. Louis plane. At St. Louis, during the wait between planes, he heard the loud-speaker calling his name. He turned and an attendant said, "Mr. Field? Long-distance call, sir." He followed the attendant to a small office. When he closed the door, two men who had been standing behind it placed themselves on either side of him. One of them said, "It won't be necessary for you to go to Detroit."

And in New York, at a bar on lower Tenth Avenue, an oiler from a Portuguese freighter that had docked a few hours before sipped his beer and watched the clock. It was exactly nine o'clock when a stevedore opened conversation with him, and they had finished a beer together when the oiler wiped his lips with a green silk handkerchief. The stevedore said, "Looks like that might have come from Polly's in Caracas." He took the handkerchief and idly loosened a knot that had been tied in one corner of it. They decided to go to another bar.

The oiler produced a ten-dollar bill but the stevedore pushed it aside and slid some change across the bar. On the sidewalk, he said, "Bills like that are hot. Gold certificates—called in years ago. If you got any more, take 'em to a bank. Say you got them in South America—they still turn up there."

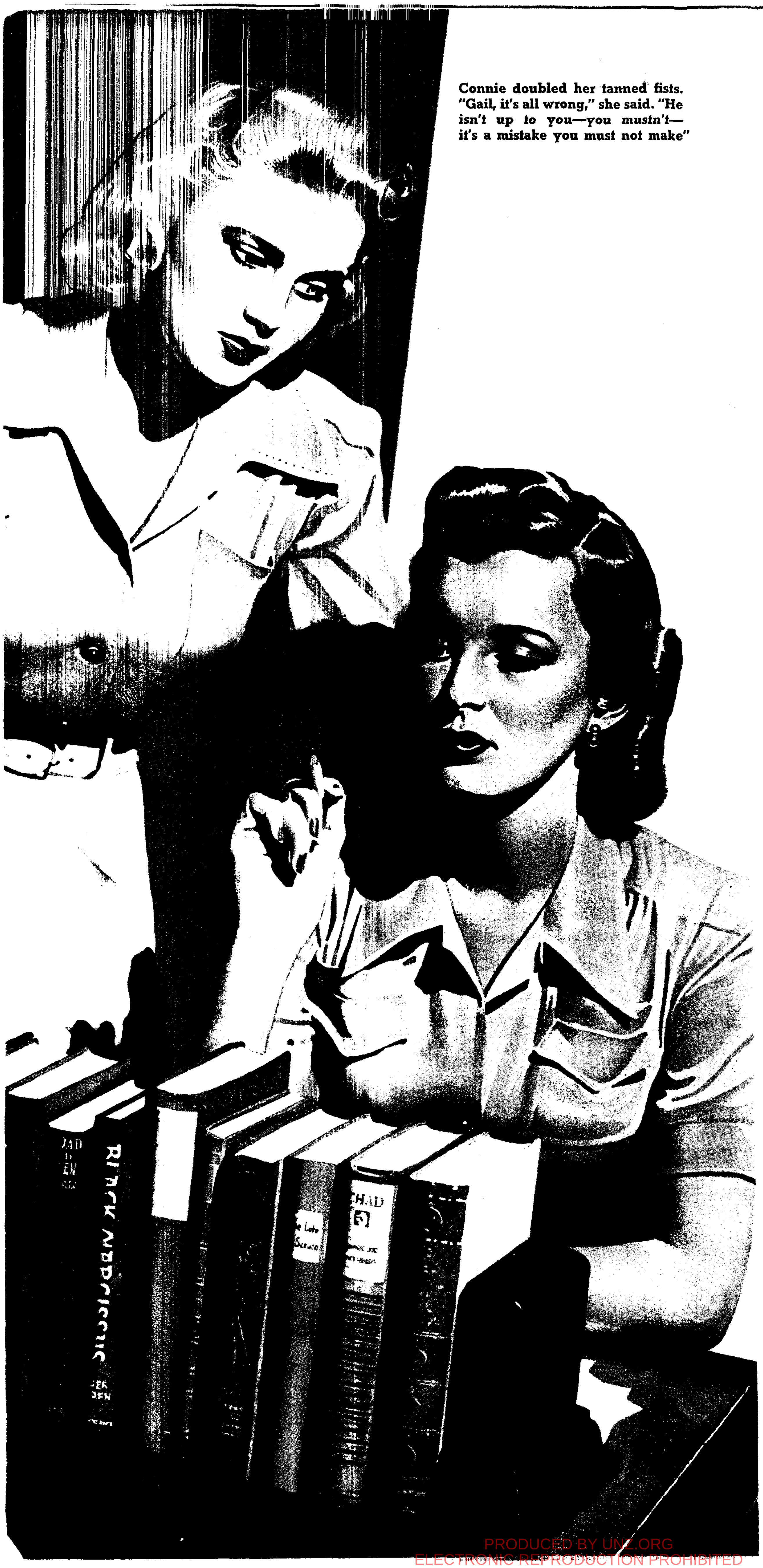
They went down a side street past dark warehouses. The oiler reached under his blouse, brought out a long manila envelope and handed it to the stevedore. At the next corner they separated.

And in eastern Ontario dusk found a freight train laboring through hilly country. Lights went on in two ancient passenger coaches just ahead of the caboose, and a Canadian sergeant of infantry watched two privates distribute beef sandwiches and paper cups of coffee to the German prisoners of war who filled them. The prisoners had been quiet for an hour, but supper made them cheerful and they began to sing again. The sergeant stood in the door of the second car, watching them distastefully. He didn't like the prisoners, didn't like singing, didn't like the train, didn't like this job. Well, by six tomorrow morning they would reach the concentration camp in the North Woods where he was to deliver them, and he wouldn't have to hear any more singing. Maybe he could get a couple of hours in Montreal, coming back.

The Jerries had sung *"Ach du lieber Augustin"* some fifty times this afternoon. Now they were singing *"Krambambuli,"* which the sergeant didn't like any better. He had an idea that the blasted flying lieutenant halfway down the car knew that it annoyed him. But the flying lieutenant was asleep. The rest of them sang hoarsely, pounding the rhythm with their feet, *"Trink' ich mein Glas Krambambuli—"* When his own foot began to pound, the sergeant went into the other car.

The small man in prison work clothes beside the flying lieutenant muttered under cover of the song, *"Der schweinhund Sergeant ist fort."*

The lieutenant opened his eyes and joined in, *"Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli!"* prodding the two in the



Connie doubled her tanned fists. "Gail, it's all wrong," she said. "He isn't up to you—you mustn't—it's a mistake you must not make"

opposite seat to make them sing also. They looked scared. The sentinel at the far end of the car was yawning—he couldn't see the nearer one, but neither could be as tired as the lieutenant. The chorus began again, "*Krambambuli, das ist der Tietel, Des Trankes der sich bei uns bewahrt . . .*" The lieutenant said softly but commandingly, "*Nun, wenn die beiden uns nicht ansehen.*" He had instructed the little man to watch one sentinel and the big man opposite to watch the other, and all of them were scared—they assumed they would be blamed and punished. "*Achtung!*" he muttered warningly. The sentinel he could see yawned and turned to gaze into the darkness outside the car. The lieutenant tensed his leg muscles.

"*Jezt,*" the little man grunted. The lieutenant started to stand up but immediately lolled back, singing, for the big man said, a little loudly, "*Nein, ein Moment,*" and his seat mate said, "*Augenblick.*" The lieutenant saw dark woods sliding by as the train slowed to a grade, the chorus was roaring "*Krambambuli!*" and the little man's "*Also Jezt*" was almost a wail, and the two others said, "*Gut,*" together.

The lieutenant stood up. He threw the window up, managed to get one leg through it, seesawed desperately, wriggled through and hung by his hands for a long moment while the car swayed and the wind sang in his ears, shoved hard, twisting away, and dropped into the dark.

Beyond the ditch, woods sloped upward and he ran toward them—heavily, for his head spun, his knees were crippled, and his left wrist was a fiery pain. He clung to a tree, panting, and watched the lighted cars swing out of sight around a curve. They hadn't stopped yet! He found the North Star, took a bearing on the crest of a hill, and started southward through the woods. His knees were usable.

He thought it must be about half past nine when he came up a tarred road toward a cluster of lights which a road sign told him meant a town called Glen Nevis. He took to the woods again, circled to the railroad and walked warily up the track, his senses taut as a bent spring. He dodged behind a section house, heard two men inside it speaking French, wondered with swift dismay if this could be Quebec after all, assured himself that it must be Ontario. To avoid an electric light he went up an alley behind some buildings.

Suddenly a fire whistle wailed near by and he dived into some weeds back of a garage. But it was really a fire, for, lying there, he heard automobiles drive up, a series of shouted orders, finally a truck rumbling down the road with its siren going. Someone at the front of the garage said, "One-one, that's down at the four corners." The weeds made as good a place as any to do some necessary thinking in, and he had had this much luck, that his knees were not sprained nor his wrist broken. A clock struck ten, the big front door of the garage rolled down, and the light went out. Someone went whistling down the road, and in another minute the lieutenant had the rear window open and was inside the garage.

FIVE minutes later he was out again. He was wearing a mechanic's brown grease suit, his cheeks and hands were daubed with oil, his uniform was rolled up under his arm, and he had three dollars and fifty cents in Canadian money and a road map. He had won the first round!

He thrust the uniform into an empty freight car at the crossing and walked up the single street of Glen Nevis. A milk truck lumbered by and he hailed it but it did not stop. Some men came out of a soda fountain and then were suddenly running toward a lighted corner, where soldiers were getting out of an automobile and two Royal Canadian policemen were talking to them. The lieutenant kept on walking toward them and heard excited questions and confused answers. A sergeant ordered the soldiers back into the automobile and it went east, up the road. The policemen mounted their motorcycles and took off down the southern fork.

"What's up, Mac?" a latecomer asked a man who was turning away.

"They think maybe a Jerry went through town. A prisoner. They were taking him to camp and he got out a window."

They glanced without curiosity at the lieutenant, who said, "He won't get very far," and went on.

A bus labeled "Gordon" was parked at the curb, ready for its last trip. He took a seat, two other passengers got in, and it lumbered off. Almost at once the driver was shaking him awake, saying that this was Gordon, the end of the trip, and Gordon could not be far from Glen Nevis, for the fare was only twenty cents. It was a small place and had been shut up for the night. A sign said "Rooms" at a dingy second floor, but all rooming

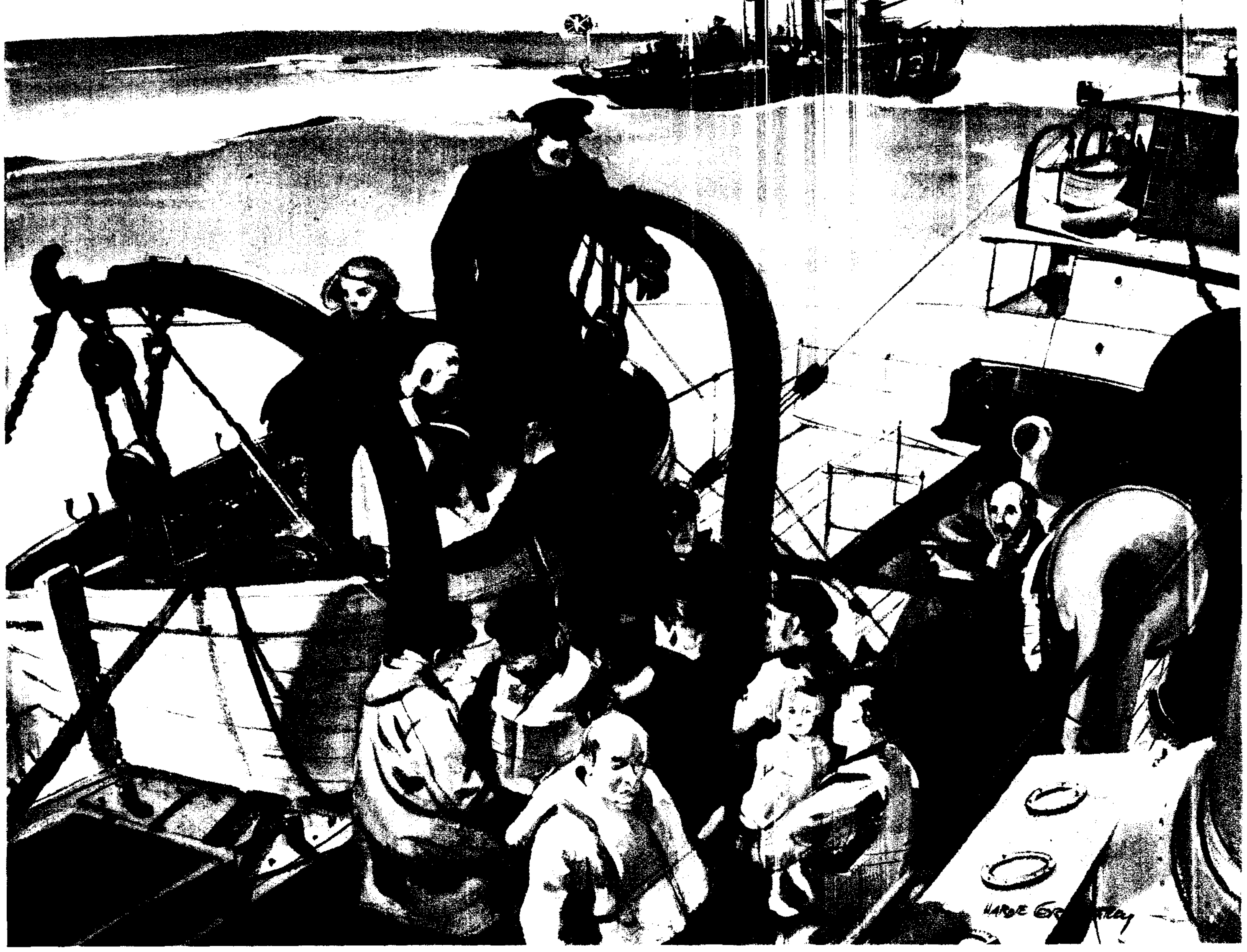
(Continued on page 29)

Long Voyage to War

By Frank Gervasi

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

If you want to get from England to Egypt today you go around the Cape of Good Hope. From Cape Town, Frank Gervasi cables this vivid story of the first leg of the trip—through mine fields and (you hope) past submarines. It's also the story of Britannia's fight to rule the waves



All the passengers were ordered to boat stations for lifeboat drill. They gave us life preservers. I looked skeptical, and the boat mate said, "They blinkin' well ain't much good"

OUR ship was an old hooker with a scrofulous black hull and bluntly utilitarian superstructure, daubed brown. Her bridge sagged and she looked her thirty sea-weary years. She was headed for the scrap pile when the war came and she, with hundreds like her, was mobilized for the Battle of the Atlantic. I asked the first mate what she'd do in the way of speed. He said she'd average nine knots. He smiled. He knew what I was thinking. The kind of long-range German submarines that lay between us and Cape Town could do fifteen knots on the surface and nine submerged. That's fast enough to catch convoy stragglers or lone oldsters that run Capeward and beyond to Australia and New Zealand with goods from the mills of Manchester for Brisbane's shops and Auckland's stores or with tools of war for fronts in the Middle East.

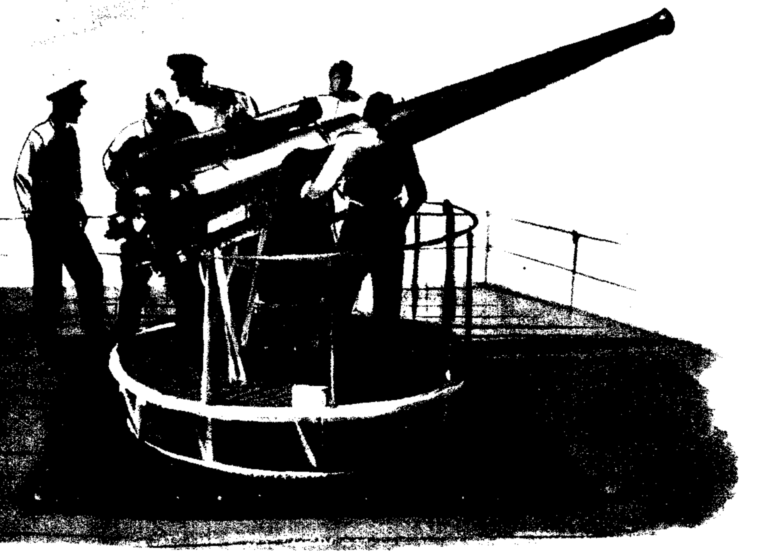
"But don't worry," the officer said, flicking imaginary dust from his lapel. "We've an extra quarter knot up our sleeve."

That was his way of saying only luck and seamanship would see us through without the protection that speed would give us. The extra quarter knot was as much good as an extra mile an hour would be to an airplane when fifty were needed.

"This ship," he said, "was built in 1911. She'd have been junked if only the numskulls in the government had listened to Churchill—"

If they had, there wouldn't be the tragic Battle of the Atlantic—a battle that must be won before any other, for it's that particular struggle that will decide whether the guns, tanks and airplanes from democracy's arsenal will reach the hands of the soldiers at the battle fronts. It's a battle for the maintenance of the transport lanes, without which production would be futile. Seven or eight years ago Churchill pleaded for the construction of fast cruisers and destroyers to sweep the seas of enemy submarines and raiders in wartime. But they didn't listen and this is what has happened.

Lacking warships, the British converted their newer merchant ships into armed vessels mounting six-inch guns and carrying depth charges and anti-aircraft guns. They've done their duty competently. But unarmored hulls, which are as effective as cigar-box wood against the enemy's shells, torpedoes and bombs, make them no match for the enemy's warships. A baker's dozen have gone down since war began. Some have died fighting like the Rawalpindi and Jervis Bay, but many of them have been ambushed and killed before they could aim their guns.



Now we were on our own, and the crew manned the four-incher

Most of these armed merchantmen are modern ships of ten thousand to seventeen thousand tons built since 1925. They were designed for the Mediterranean service to India via Gibraltar and Suez, or the Cape run to Australia and New Zealand, carrying freight and passengers on Royal Mail schedules calling for speeds up to seventeen knots with as much as five knots reserve. They're great ships, such ships as only England seems able to build. These are vessels that should be delivering Britain's goods at high speed and instead they're carrying a large share of the burden of fighting because a few lack-vision men refused to listen to a wise old seaman named Churchill.

The burden of the supremely important job of transports has fallen upon the slow old three- to five-thousand tonners that plow the seas laboriously in convoys, fall behind in heavy weather and are sniped by submarines.

But Britain Delivers the Goods

Most of the 4,000,000 tons of shipping that Britain has lost since the outbreak of hostilities consist of ships too slow to keep up with their escorts. Great vessels like the Empress of Britain and the Lancastria have gone down, too, but they're the exception rather than the rule. Most of the dead soldiers in the Battle of the Atlantic were ships such as ours.

Her name does not matter and, moreover, to print it would be to betray a friend to the enemy. It's just as well the Germans should not know what steamer ran the gantlet 6,000 miles to the Cape. They might lay for her on the way back. Anyhow, she might have been any old tramp as she lay glued to the dockside by a sulphurous fog in Liverpool harbor while coal thundered into her bunkers and cargo came overside.

Her deck machinery moved with noisy senility. Hooks pivoted rheumatically on the Samson posts. Cones of steam spat into the Mersey mist from leaky gaskets on the winches. Blocks complained with rust.

On the packing cases, drums and barrels that plunged into the hatches in rope-net slings were visibly stenciled the words: "Britain Delivers the Goods." I leaned over the forward rail of the boat deck, watching the organized confusion of loading and wondering what a Broadway bookie would lay we would deliver the goods. If mines didn't get us and if we missed torpedoes and bombs there'd be raiders and against them we carried a four-incher which poked a futile finger from our poop.

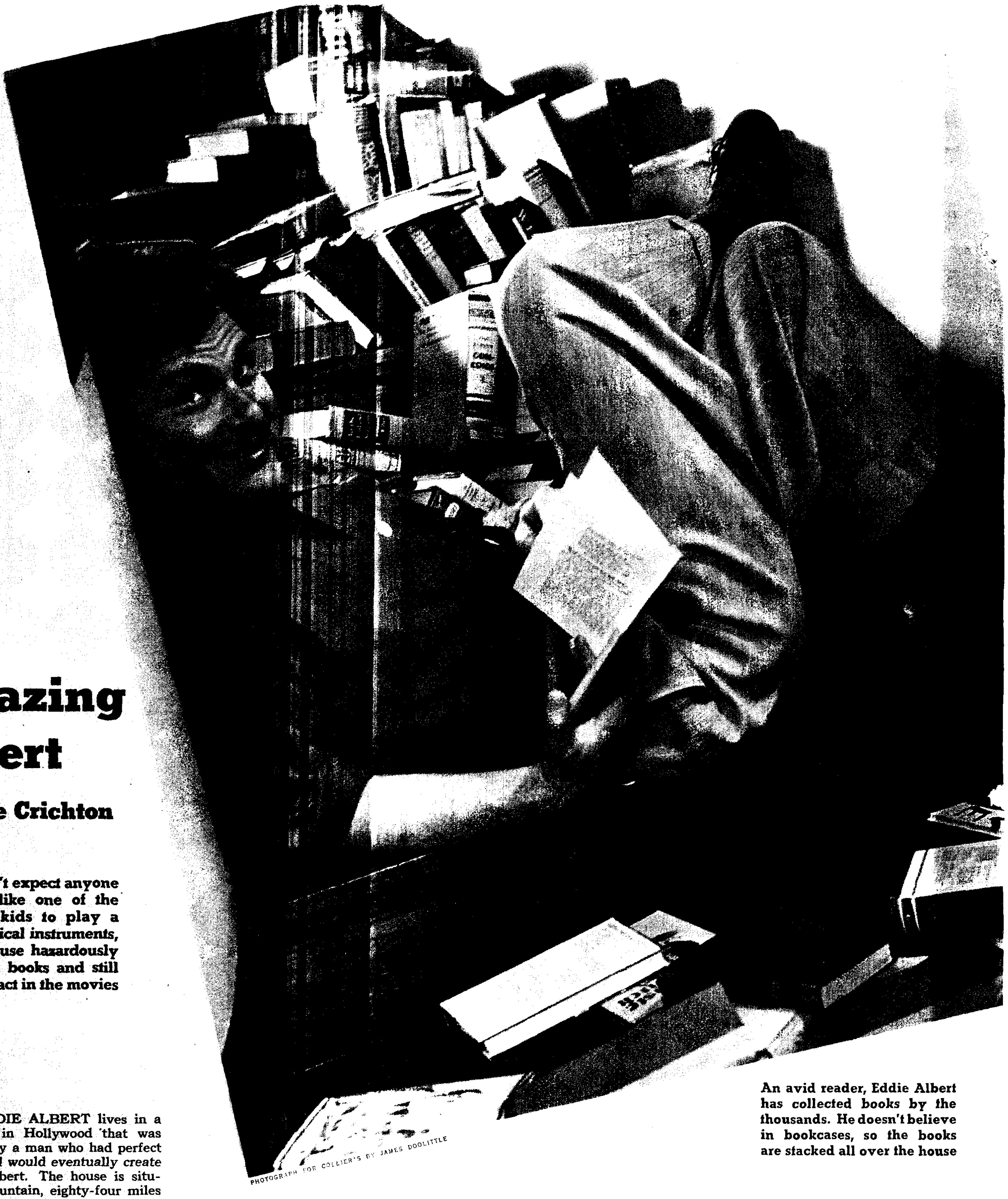
At nightfall, our ports blackened, we moved to midriver and took our place at the head of the convoy. The night before we sailed there was a full moon blurred by the lifting mist. I could barely see the outlines of the taller buildings and the long black shadows of the docks. I heard Liverpool's sirens roll across the Mersey like the distant cries of a woman in labor, rising, falling, growing in volume. From the boat deck, where fat lifeboats were swung outward ready to be released, I saw blue bursts of bombs and heard their complacently

(Continued on page 55)

Amazing Albert

By Kyle Crichton

You wouldn't expect anyone who looks like one of the Dead End kids to play a flock of musical instruments, have his house hazardously loaded with books and still find time to act in the movies



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

An avid reader, Eddie Albert has collected books by the thousands. He doesn't believe in bookcases, so the books are stacked all over the house

MR. EDDIE ALBERT lives in a house in Hollywood that was built by a man who had perfect faith that God would eventually create Mr. Eddie Albert. The house is situated on a mountain, eighty-four miles above sea level, and can be reached only by eagles, demented guests mounted on llamas and Mr. Eddie Albert.

In addition to being remote, Mr. Albert's home is unique in design, having fifteen different levels on the first floor. This is dangerous enough but there is a special hazard created by Mr. Albert's love of culture. He has collected books by the thousands, has never heard of bookcases and, consequently, the books are stacked on the staircases of the fifteen levels. Anybody desiring to move about the house has to read his way from level to level.

When Mr. Albert is not reading, he is playing his violin. He buys phonograph records that have the violin parts missing. Mr. Albert purchases the violin score, sits in front of the machine and plays stoutly away while the mountain witches scream and the lions stand at the windows, purring gratefully.

Betweentimes Mr. Albert acts in motion pictures for Warner Brothers, who have only one fear in regard to Mr. Albert: rain. In his behalf they engage an astronomer, two weather experts and a man named Nostradamus. These gentlemen scan the skies. They delve into black magic. At the first sign of downpour an air-raid siren shrieks at Warners' and men rush forth with grappling hooks, alpine stocks and great Danes wearing casks of rum.

"Get Albert off that mountain!" is the frenzied cry.

For with moisture Mr. Albert's Shangri-La becomes inaccessible even to goats. It is a question of getting Mr. Albert to sea level or having him picked to bits by irate macaws. Just what the rush is about in Mr. Albert's case is not apparent because when he reaches Burbank, he is hurled into another picture in which he plays a modification of his first success, Brother Rat.

There have been strange individuals in Hollywood antedating Mr. Albert but none of his fine texture. There are friends by the hundreds to tell you that Mr. Albert is the swellest kid that ever struck the place, the smartest, the kindest, the wackiest. When Mr. Albert comes home from work at night, he sticks his head in the door and then waits a minute or two before entering.

"Hello?" he says in a tentative voice and almost invariably he is answered by a strange echo. This is almost certainly a new guest who has dropped in to spend a few months. His house is a haven for geniuses who are temporarily embarrassed in a financial way. Chemists using the bathroom for explosive experiments are no novelty to Mr. Albert. Old prospectors who dig out the underpinnings of the front terrace in search of pelf have Mr. Albert's personal endorsement.

"Worst crime in the world—squelching a man's individuality," maintains Mr. Albert stoutly.

Starting with an education that was

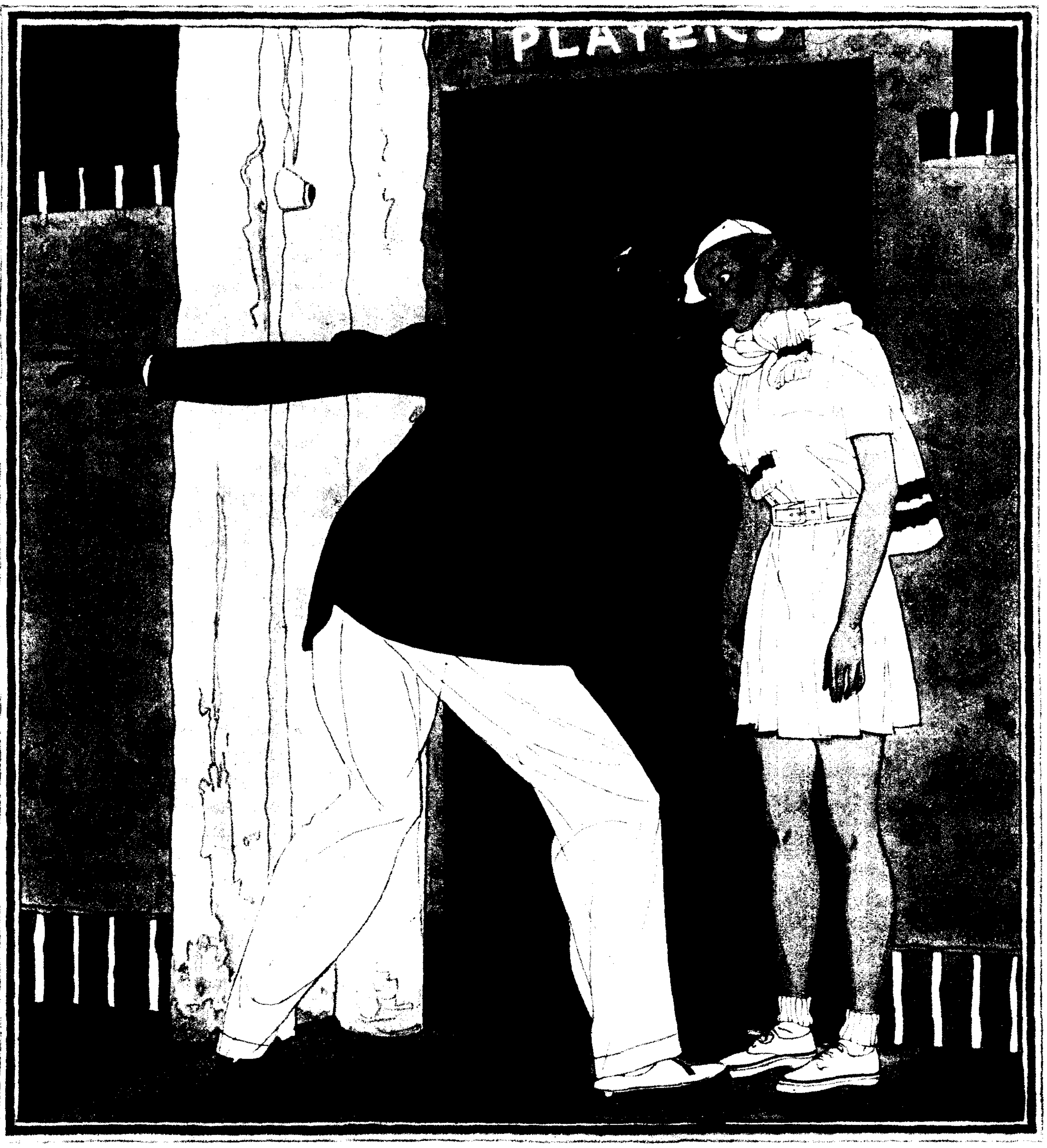
(Continued on page 53)

[illegible]ything!

[illegible] Reeve

[illegible] HARRY BECKHOFF

[illegible] coaches spoil the ten- [illegible] Polly knew her own [illegible] she recognized a good [illegible] when she heard one



"Turn on the heat, baby," I said. "It's supposed to be fun, you know. That's tennis—a game!"

I TOOK a room in New York because I didn't want to get too close to things out at Forest Hills. It was five o'clock before I called Polly.

I said, "How does it feel to be into the finals, baby? How would you like a steak at O'Malley's? Steak is great stuff the night before you have to play a gal like that Waring."

Polly said, "Hello, Joe. I was afraid you couldn't make it."

"I couldn't—almost. Seven people are going nuts back home because I didn't stay to wind up a will case. How about that steak—with French fries?"

Polly said in her slow, even voice, "It would be fine, except I have a date with Red."

The voice sounded all right, but there was something in it. Sort of like a minor. It hadn't been in her at Kaycee, at the clay-courts championships. I said, "I have bought steaks for Red before. I can do it again. I'll meet you there, at eight."

Polly said, "It'll be good to see you, Joe."

It wasn't nervousness in her voice. That couldn't be it, because she was never nervous, even in the beginning, back home in our little club.

She was only about fourteen when I first knew how good Polly Harkness could be. Mrs. Addison had been the club champ for ten years, with that old, soft-balling back-court game, steady and sure. Polly was a leggy, solemn kid with auburn braids and freckles.

I had taught her the Western game, and she turned it loose on poor Mrs. Addison. It wasn't that Polly won love and love that excited me, either. It was the relentless, unapologetic way she did it, blasting that full, swinging service in there, almost careless with the natural backhand which was the best I ever saw. Polly had class, even then.

That backhand was the bulwark. I taught her the rest, but that she always had. When I got licked in my last nationals, Polly had only one thing to say to me: "I wish I could have loaned you my backhand."

Polly grew up straight and pretty as a picture, and without any of the phony business that goes with so many a tennis player. I guess she wouldn't have stuck to the game if I hadn't insisted and people hadn't pushed her along.

But tennis gets into your blood. I could not quit entirely when I left big-time play for law business. I ran our home club and worked out with Polly and sent her to the proper tournaments. Polly did the rest, and here she was, at twenty-one, in the national finals against Waring.

Polly was an orphan, and my firm handled the estate. It wasn't a big one, though it gave her freedom to play tennis. I had insisted on her playing for fun, which lessened the strain and got her around the country and gave her a chance to see the world.

I took a cab up to O'Malley's restaurant and wished all the way that I could say I had coached her into this finals at Forest Hills. I had sent her a long way. Still, that was one thing I couldn't claim, and I had known it since the clay courts, at Kaycee, when I first saw her with Red Anson.

The big, redheaded number two player had noticed Polly first at Tampa, during the Dixie. After that he kept on noticing her. The papers had been full of it, complete with Red's reputed glamor and Polly's undeniable beauty.

He had taught Polly things, all right. Little stratagems which had kept Red up there for years. Like delays when your opponent is all set; like the deliberate pause at the net, ignoring the polite smile of your adversary, drinking the cold water, or pretending to, when you know she does not dare swallow it for fear of cramps.

Then, when you have her on the run—the kill. The speeding up, the quick service, if possible before she gets set. Nothing unfair about it, of course. Polly did it at Kaycee and won.

Red and Polly won the mixed doubles, indoor and out. Only Martha Waring beat Polly all during the long summer. They were booming Polly now, making her the favorite in this match tomorrow. Red Anson got much credit for it all.

They came into O'Malley's, Red shoving Polly ahead, yelling loudly, "There he is! Good old Joe! Hello, Joe! You made it, eh, pal?"

That was so everyone would look and their names would run around the tables where Broadway sat and ate O'Malley's fine steaks. They were a good-looking couple, at that. Polly was tall, but Red was six-two, lean, suntanned. Polly's hair was golden now, and carefully arranged. It made her look very feminine.

RED seated Polly with a flourish and went right on in that loud voice: "Ain't she cute? Don't she look wonderful? She's going to cream that Waring—but *cream* her! We got it all figured, Joe. You know Waring's style. We got it faded. We're gonna take that first set while Waring warms up slow, like she does. Then we're gonna out-steady her. Her own game, Joe. Polly's gotten steady. We'll cream Waring!"

Polly said, "How are tricks, Joe?"

Her eyes were hazel and stared straight at me. I said, "*But* good, baby!" and winked at her. She did not wink back. She sighed and there were tiny lines around her eyes. She was tired!

Polly had never been tired before. I mean, not before a match. I did not listen to Red's voice running on. I said, "What's wrong, Polly?"

She said, "Red wants me to marry him. Tomorrow—after the match."

Red cut in with a square-toothed smile: "I want you to be best man, Joe. I want you to stand up there with us! You gave her the start. I made her champ! It's appropriate! Get it, Joe? Appropriate!"

The mule kicked me in the stomach very hard. I managed to say, "Well—of course—if you want me . . ."

We even shook hands, awkwardly, across the table. Red clung to me and said, "See? Ole Joe Woolcott—always comes through. I told you he would! This is but wonderful!"

Polly did not seem to be eating her steak. I said, "Eat hearty, Polly. Steak the night before—Waring wants that title, too, you know."

"But wonderful!" Red kept saying. He was ebullient. He was gay all over the place, stuffing the steak into him.

(Continued on page 47)

How Do You Want to Pay for Defense?

FROM THE KITCHEN: Elise Kleier: "No use putting it off—if we have to start it had better be now"

FROM THE PARLOR: Albert Arnheim and daughter: "The more important a bill the more need to meet it early"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

FROM THE SUPPER TABLE: The Mewshaws and Martinos: "Taxes are bad, but not so bad if you keep them down to a little at a time"

Dr. Link's Poll Gives this Answer:

13% of us prefer to pay a lump sum after the year end. (The income tax, figured for a calendar year, is psychologically a lump-sum proposition.)

22% prefer deductions from wages.

60% prefer a sales tax on current purchases.

5% have their own ideas, not classified.

Over 6 to 1 for paying now rather than a year from now

By John C. Lloyd

DR. HENRY C. LINK of the Psychological Corporation set out a few weeks ago to find out how the people of this country want to pay their defense bill. In forty-seven states his 450 trained investigators knocked on the doors of some ten thousand families seeking this information. The investigators interviewed laborers and bankers, families of $10,000 annual income and families earning only a thousand. Here are the questions which brought the answers shown in the box above:

"To help pay for the Defense Program, taxes are going to be much higher. How would you rather pay these higher taxes: in a lump sum at the end of the year—or as a sales tax on the things you buy as you go along—or as a tax deducted from wages like the Social Security Tax?"

There are many surprises concealed in the figures. The survey just completed is the 51st in a series originated in 1932 by Dr. Link—the oldest nationwide public-opinion poll based entirely on personal interviews now in existence. Interviewers have been taught, among other things, to rate each family according to income level. When you are asking questions about taxes and buying habits it is important to know where your man's personal interests lie.

Well, it is obvious that a rich family would prefer a sales tax. That hits all citizens most nearly alike, therefore eases the relative burden on high incomes.

Likewise, the less prosperous family should vote to raise money for defense by means of income taxes concentrated on the wealthier individuals.

But for some reason American citizens are overlooking their opportunity to push the burden onto the other fellow.

It is true that rich and poor taken together favor a sales tax most of all. The distinction between the two groups is that the wealthier households like the income tax relatively better than the average, while the poorer families shy definitely away from the income tax and toward deductions from wages. Each man mistrusts the tax he knows least about. His objection is not to paying his share but to uncertainty and mystery.

A good stunt to increase your respect for the $10,000-a-year family and the $1,000-a-year alike is to walk in and ask this question of each, just as the interviewers did. How do you want to meet your new obligation?

The man of the house is likely to answer first. He has done more thinking about it and has his answer ready. But watch his wife back him up. She hears billions talked over the radio. She knows someone has to pay to keep bombs out of her chimney.

Perhaps that is why women, more than men are ready to start paying today, and paying where it hurts their household budgets worst. Here is the breakdown:

	Men	*Women*
Favoring a lump sum (Income tax)	13%	12%
Favoring wage deductions	24%	20%
Favoring a sales tax	58%	63%

And the men, who theoretically get first and best chance at the pay envelopes, are more willing to make their sacrifice there, in the shape of wage deductions!

Texas, Maine, Oregon and Georgia think alike on this question. There are no sectional differences. If the farmers were included—with their greater independence from the stores and daily purchases—their vote would hardly diminish the majority for immediate payments. Backed by the experience of 258,000 previous family interviews, its accuracy calculated within 1 per cent for its scope, the poll indicates a remarkable step toward national unity.

None of the young psychologists who did the actual footwork could have suspected their composite answer, or could have hoped that all other parts of the country were confirming the readiness of their own territories to walk into the problem unafraid.

Taxpayers have just given an example of discipline at its peak, self-imposed by free men who hope to stay that way. How this discipline would stand up against slack pursuit of the aim that inspires it—that's another question. The trends in men's thinking change silently and suddenly, as the psychologists who handled this poll can tell you.

If you doubt that, consider the case of the California lady who came to a university co-operating in these surveys, looking for the psychologist in charge. "One of your men called on me yesterday," she explained, "and I answered a question for him. Now I've come to tell you that I've changed my mind."

Her privilege; our chief danger. ★★★

Don't Throw It Away

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The farmer's rubbish heap—peanut shells, straw, stalks and leaves—provides source material from which the chemist creates new wonders—fabrics, plastics, paper and gasoline

TODAY'S chemist is the wonder boy of the twentieth century. He can make sheer underwear out of cigarette smoke, TNT out of potatoes and air and potable gin alcohol out of salt water and natural gas. Making a silk purse out of a sow's ear may be difficult for the sociologist, but the chemist can—and has done it.

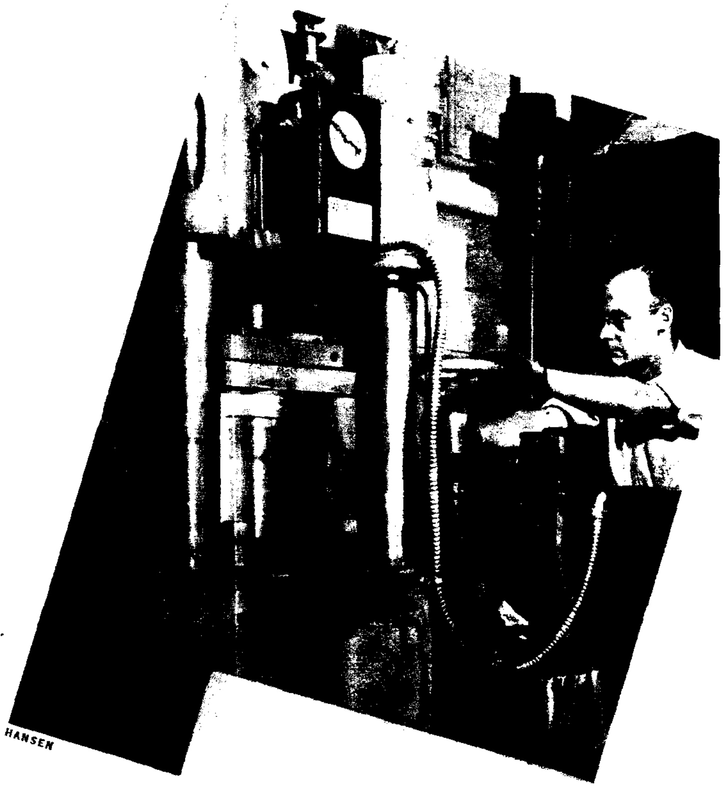
For the chemist the ideal world is a world where everything is completely used up; a world with no slag piles, chimney wastes or refuse heaps. The very mention of the word waste gives him the willies. He is starting a large-scale attack on the world's largest pile of debris—the agricultural wastes produced by American farms. In the pile there are, among other things, 85 million tons of various straws, and 100 million tons of cornstalks and leaves. It contains 240,000 tons of peanut shells and 25,000 tons of walnut shells. If we include United States insular possessions, three million tons of bagasse—stalk left after sugar has been pressed from cane—must be added to the heap.

The farmer, to be sure, makes a few ineffectual pecks at this mass of rubbish. He turns his pigs in fields and lets them "hog down" fodder. He uses some cobs for kindling and burns others to charcoal to supplement diet for his stock. Baled straw—to be used for animal and human bedding—brings him barely enough to pay for his trouble; and bagasse left from his cane goes chiefly to fire boilers in sugar mills.

Such goings-on make the chemist shudder. He looks on these leavings as source material for brilliant new fabrics, plastics and lacquers. He would convert them into gasoline, paper and valuable chemicals.

Until about fifty years ago cotton seeds were thrown into rivers or allowed to rot in fields. Oil squeezed from them goes to make an annual $100,000,000 worth of soap, oleomargarine and cooking flat. Over 100,000 tons of Louisiana bagasse go to feed that lusty baby—the new wallboard industry; and out in Hawaii they're about to start making artificial silk from the same material. There are forty United States plants that convert thousands of tons of straw into gray chipboard—used to line egg crates and keep freshly laundered shirts from wrinkling. Carbon made from refuse nut shells is used for gas masks and even licorice root, from which flavoring has been extracted, is processed into building board. These things barely scratch the surface, though they do represent industry totaling millions of dollars. The chemist wants to sick his new magic on wastes and build industries worth billions.

If this idea has a prophet, that prophet is Dr. Orland R. Sweeney, head of the chemical engineering department at Iowa State College—agriculture's Harvard. Dr. Sweeney, 58, is white-haired, cherubic. With the enthusiasm of a cypress-swamp evangelist, he has been preaching utilization *(Continued on page 44)*


HANSEN

From assorted debris—corncobs, stalks, straw, bagasse—Iowa State scientists make a molding powder which, in this hydraulic press, is formed into test bars. From this experimentation has come a new, low-priced, many-purpose plastic

JOHN KABEL

To the farmer, corn husks and cobs were once simply something to get rid of. Now, thanks to scientific agricultural research, such leavings are providing a rich new source of plastics, fabrics, chemicals, paper and many other new products

Sgt. Sinew Riley explains workings of gun he says belonged to famed Geronimo

Traditionally stolid are William Major, Andrews Paxson and Sgt. Riley

Scout Kessay Y-32 marvels as Pvt. Albert P. Barnes, HQ Company, operates radio

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES W. HERBERT

A machine-gun belt holding 200 cartridges interests Scout William Major

LAST OF THE SCOUTS. In the 1870's hostile Indian raiding parties caused so much damage and loss of life to new settlers west of the Pecos that the Army had to establish a ring of forts along the Apache stronghold on the Mexican border. One is Arizona's Fort Huachuca (Collier's, March 8th), which boasts the only remaining detachment of Indian Scouts—eight men who live in adobe houses they built themselves and who act as fire guards, game wardens, trail and fence repairers. All are proud members of the 25th Infantry, all would be valuable in case of trouble in the mountainous country. Negroes are fellow members of the regiment

OUR NEW ARMY

WASHINGTON

9TH CORPS AREA

FORT LAWTON. During the Spanish-American War, when everybody was jittery about "The Yellow Peril," Seattle citizens scraped together $40,000, bought 640 acres of real estate and turned it over to the government for a dollar. Fort Lawton, promptly built on the site, as promptly dropped off into a light doze from which it has just awakened. In the interim, successive Seattle Park Boards have ogled the two miles of desirable shore line with some idea of turning the site into a city park, but the Army wouldn't give in. Everybody agrees it's just as well now. The Quartermaster Corps wants to use part of the area as a replacement station for Alaska-bound troops; and the Air Corps intends to establish an Interceptor Command headquarters, where officers would handle planes assigned to near-by Snohomish County Airport.

FORT FLAGLER, Port Townsend. The drinking problem is keeping this island post down to pint size. The Army would like to add 450 men to the garrison of 150 now in command, because Flagler is one of three forts guarding the Bremerton Navy Yard and the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, but engineers will have to pipe additional drinking water from the mainland first. They poked a hole in the bottom of the well and went down 400 feet in an effort to increase the supply but all they got was sea water.

FORT WORDEN. Up in a corner of the Olympic Peninsula lies this northernmost post of the U. S., so far from so-called civilization that the Army provides a free boat trip to Seattle every Saturday for 400 of the 2,000 men. The four-hour trip is made on a veteran, 115-foot excursion boat, which also serves to link Worden with Forts Casey and Flagler. Worden adjoins the town of Port Townsend, which used to have a full-time Barbary Coast in the windjammer days; now has a few beer parlors, a hopper full of defense orders, a population of 4,000 and not much night life.

ARMY mascots run the gamut from ardvaarks to zebras. A refreshing variation from the misfit mongrels, goats, skunks, pigs, rabbits and monkeys is the mascot of C Battery, 248th C.A. at Fort Worden—the five-year-old son of Lieut. Pat Gamble, battery executive officer. Mascot Mike was made a colonel when the National Guard outfit was federalized and the personnel chipped in to have a tailor-made uniform run up for the lad. Colonel Gamble may not appreciate his commission but he gets a big wallop out of his soldier suit. All he needs now is an .05-cal. automatic, but don't tell him we made the suggestion.

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Seattle. Without much fanfare the 9th Army Corps moved 35,000 troops and equipment 1,100 miles to the California war games, using 3,400 autos, twenty-seven troop trains and a seventy-three-car freight full of attendant stuff including tanks and heavy artillery. Observation pilots acted as aerial traffic cops. Lads in trucks tried their hands at unofficial recruiting every time they passed a group of farm hands at work. "Why wait for your draft number to come up?" they'd yell. "Come on, get aboard." No volunteers were reported. The trucks sprawled out for miles as they wound down the coast and turned normal traffic into a shambles. Toughest job was that of the "vacuum cleaner crew," which followed behind with a wrecker, a spare parts truck and a mobile machine shop equipped with $30,000 worth of gadgets. During the whole trip only one man

(Continued on page 46)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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TO CONTRIBUTE to the support of her family, [illegible] ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. Her [illegible] Railway Flats south of San Francisco, is a dilapidated [illegible]

Many of her evenings she spends at Cotta's, a [illegible] taurant-dance hall. And it is there that she meets Vere [illegible] land, a young Yale law student who belongs to the [illegible] society crowd on the coast. Fascinated by her ex[illegible] beauty, Holland soon realizes that she means more to [illegible] anyone he has ever known before. Then, during an [illegible] and Dina take together at Paradise Valley in the [illegible] tells her that he loves her. And Dina? There is no [illegible] her mind—she adores Vere Holland. . . .

The outing over, Dina goes back to her family; [illegible] vowing eternal devotion, returns to Yale. Then, se[illegible] later, Dina awakens to the dreadful realization [illegible] going to become a mother!

Strangely, it is a boy who—loving her, longing to [illegible] the wise counsel she so badly needs. That boy [illegible] When, for the third or fourth time, he begs [illegible] his wife, she takes him into her confidence, tells [illegible] And the young fellow—kindly, sympathetic, [illegible] urges her to go east, have a frank talk with [illegible] on an [illegible] He offers to [illegible] New Haven; he offers to do anything in his [illegible] protect her.

[illegible] convinced that she should go to Vere Holland. [illegible] the matter with herself she suddenly remem- [illegible] spoken of a [illegible] intervals, [illegible] (a spoiled divorcée [illegible] and you [illegible]) will be [illegible] the story, [illegible] touch with [illegible] His name? [illegible] No. Rogers! [illegible] Holland. [illegible] terrifies her) *how can she find him?*

III

IS MR. HOLLAND in? Miss Cashman. By—by appointment."

Dina rather faltered the last words. For the butler was a dark and formidable creature, and the atmosphere of the house itself was enough to daunt the stoutest heart.

She had had great difficulty in finding it, for it was not among the accessible country homes of Burlingame. The winding, beautiful roads and the great iron gates ended two miles below the old lane that wound up above the fashionable regions of Hillsborough and San Mateo. But for a friendly man driving a laundry wagon, Dina felt that she never would have reached it at all, for the bus left her far down in the village, and the gas-station operators and workingmen of whom she inquired the way had never heard of the old Holland house.

When she did reach it, it was to discover an approach of a half-mile lane of dreary eucalyptus and poplar trees and a bare old garden presenting its wintriest aspect. By this time she was so tired and so discouraged, so utterly depressed by the nature of her mission, that it took great courage to mount peeling, ornate entrance steps toward its bay windows, columns, turrets and cupolas and present herself at all.

Inside it was exactly what the exterior promised. A heavy, old-fashioned house filled, if the hallways were any indication, with heavy, old-fashioned furniture: Fringed curtains, dark carpets from baseboard to baseboard, cornices, tapestry papers in dark grays and browns. From the north side of the entrance hall, which in itself was larger than the Cashmans' entire dwelling, an angled stairway some ten feet wide rose imposingly; stained-glass windows rising with it contributed to the floor spots of crimson that looked like pools of blood. Everything smelled of carpets, furniture polish, staleness. Two clothy palms in pots as large as beer barrels did little to suggest springtime and greenery.

Mr. Holland was in his library, seated at a large flat-top desk. Dina, for no reason whatsoever, had expected to see a spare, scholarly old man. Instead she found herself in the presence of a person not more than thirty-eight or forty years of age, a smiling, eye-glassed man with thinning fair hair, who gave the impression of rolling in his chair. He had been working at a stamp collection; stamps, pale pink, faint green, orange, were segregated in little groups all about him; a plethoric album was open on a side wing of the desk.

"A spider and an owl and a frog," Dina thought.

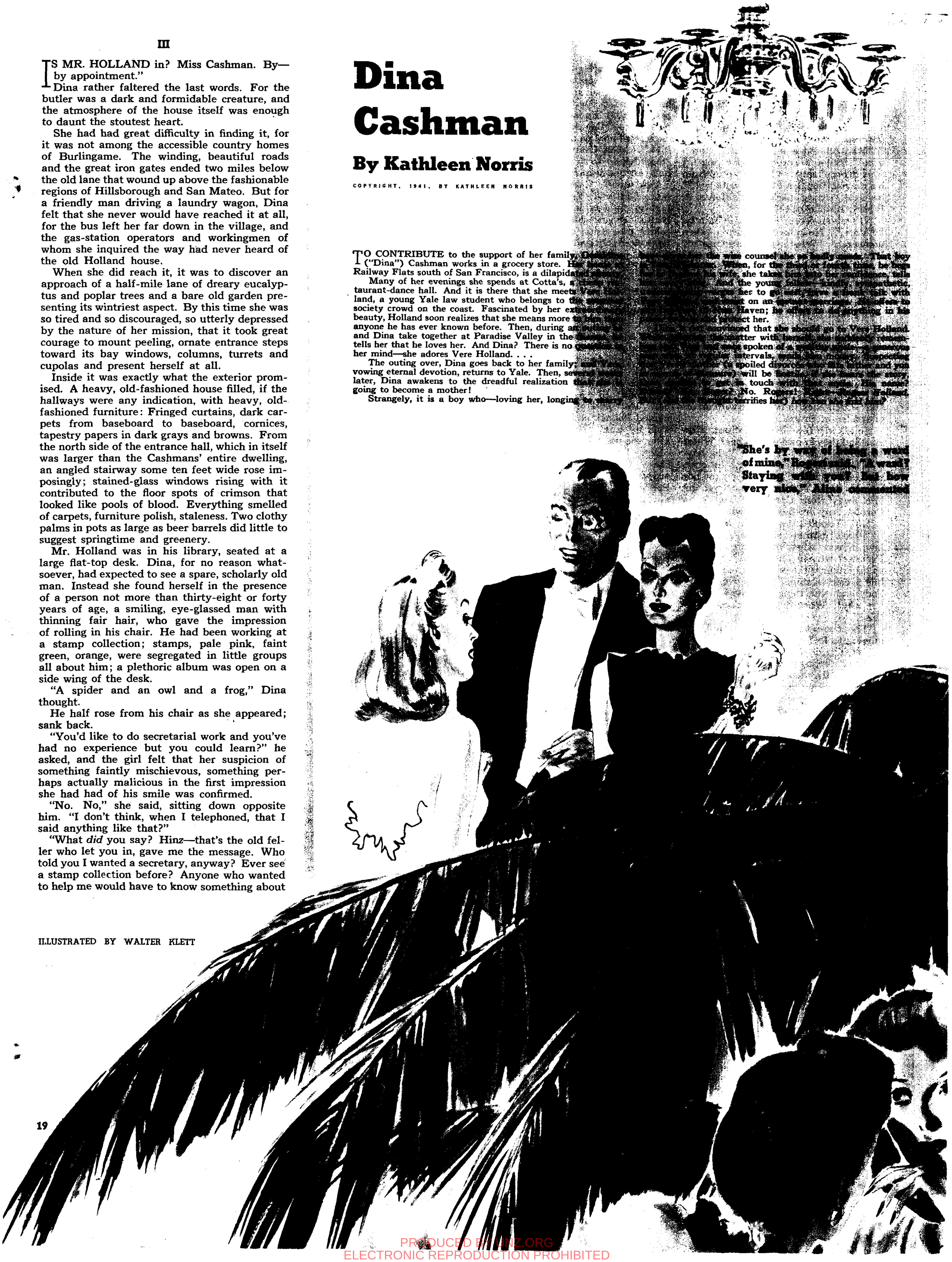
He half rose from his chair as she appeared; sank back.

"You'd like to do secretarial work and you've had no experience but you could learn?" he asked, and the girl felt that her suspicion of something faintly mischievous, something perhaps actually malicious in the first impression she had had of his smile was confirmed.

"No. No," she said, sitting down opposite him. "I don't think, when I telephoned, that I said anything like that?"

"What *did* you say? Hinz—that's the old feller who let you in, gave me the message. Who told you I wanted a secretary, anyway? Ever see a stamp collection before? Anyone who wanted to help me would have to know something about

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"She's by way of being a ward of mine," Rogers said. "A ward? Staying with you? But how very nice," Aline commented stamps. See that feller? Two hundred in the world like him, no more. That little bit of paper's worth ten thousand smacks."

"I'd no idea that any one stamp was worth ten thousand dollars," Dina said, impressed in spite of herself.

"Man offered a million for a stamp once!" Rogers answered, narrowing his eyes triumphantly as he looked up from his magnifying glass. "Well, well, well!" he said, sitting back, "let's have it. What's it all about?"

"It's about Vere," Dina said faintly.

"Vere?" He looked up sharply, taken unawares. "What's Vere been up to? You mean my nephew?"

"He and I were friends," she said, "and then—before Christmas, he went away, and I don't think he knows—I've had no answer to my letters for more than a month. And I *have* to find him!"

THE inflection on the last phrase told the story. Rogers Holland looked steadily at his caller for a silent minute when Dina had finished speaking, and then commented only with a brief "Ha!" But he laid aside his magnifying glass and settled back in his chair with an air of sudden attention.

He asked a few short questions. How long had they known each other? Where was the boy now? Back at Yale, hey?

"That's his father's doing," he commented. "Van can't wait to get the boy into his New York office, partly to get him away from Caroline. You know Caroline, my brother Van's wife?"

"No. I don't know who she is."

"Vere's mother; she's my sister-in-law, or was, when they were together. Proudest woman God ever made, just as his father is the proudest man. Caroline is cold as stone; moves over everybody and everything, but she will have her way! What does she think of all this?"

"She doesn't know," Dina said, beginning to feel cold and frightened.

"Oh, she doesn't know? I can't see Caroline feeling exactly pleased when she does," the man said, with his sinister smile, speaking as if thinking aloud. "And you want—what? Is the proposition that you marry the boy? That will be a pretty stiff pill for Caroline to swallow. However," he ended dryly, "I can bear that."

"I've written Vere; I *had* to!" Dina said. "I feel—oh, *terrible* about it, but what can I do?"

"And he answered?"

"He hasn't answered at all! I don't even know that he had my letter. The last was from Palm Springs, he was there at Christmastime with his mother, and he just talked about the hotel and the tennis, and said he was going back to Yale."

"What makes you think that he will fall in with this arrangement?"

"What—what else can I think?"

"It's not going to help him much with his father, you know."

"I suppose not." She fell miserably silent. "I thought," she presently began again, "that I'd go away—go off somewhere—earn my own living—if I just had enough money to start with."

"I might loan you money enough to go and join him," Rogers said with a twisted smile. "I'd like to be there when you meet Caroline. I suppose she's gone on with him?"

"He didn't say." Dina was beginning to be frightened again of this smiling man, lifting stamps in delicate scissor-like tongs, looking at them with squinted, bulging eyes behind strong glasses.

"Suppose," Rogers said, "you give him time to answer you. Then, if you don't hear in a week or two, come back here again. If your story is true it would give me a certain satisfaction," he added, drawing out the words slowly, as if they gave him satisfaction too, "to have a hand in separating Caroline and her ewe lamb. She's spoiled him; she's given him his way ever since he was born. To have him faced with one of those little realities that life is continually handing us, Miss—" He looked down at her name scribbled on a pad of paper before him. "Miss Cashman," he went on, "would help to settle an old score. I have always despised her," he added, on a hard note. "I don't envy you your mother-in-law! Yes, I'll help you. Oh, and by the way, in his letters from the South," Rogers said, an odd expression taking possession of his round face, as he looked critically at a stamp, "did Vere happen to mention the bride and groom?"

"The—the bride and groom?" she stammered.

"The Andrew Havenses," the man said briefly.

"No. No; he said that his mother had lots of friends down there. But he didn't mention any names." Dina was completely bewildered.

"Mrs. Havens was Aline Pierpont; we were all kids here together," Rogers explained. "I was always crazy about her. Her first husband was a man named Pollock and she has a couple of kids by him. I wasn't married until after she was, although I'm a few years older. I suppose I sort of hoped that she—" He paused, began again. "Well, anyway, after some years she divorced Pollock and married an awfully clever doctor in New York, Rosenstirn," he went on. "My wife, Anna, was an invalid then; I didn't see anything of Aline for some time. But after my wife's death she came back here to divorce Rosenstirn, and last summer we began to go around together. In November we told our friends we were going to be married—two weeks from today, as it happens."

"Ah!" Dina exclaimed involuntarily, her lips parted and her eyes wide.

"Just a month ago," Rogers said unemotionally, lifting a stamp in his tweezers to peer at it, putting it gently down again, "she changed her mind and married Andrew Havens, the artist. I'm entertaining them a week from tonight."

He leaned back in his chair, clasped his fingers on his chest, looked across at her amiably.

"I wouldn't do that!" Dina said indignantly.

"You wouldn't? Well, she asked me to," Rogers went on. "She made a point of it. I've invited quite a group of old friends to come here and share the delightful domestic picture of bliss she and Havens will present. She wants us all to like her new husband; she says he and I are to be great friends."

HE STOPPED short, making a wry mouth, investigating a desk drawer. Dina breathed hard.

"I wouldn't do it!" she said again, red-cheeked.

"Well, I'm going to. I wish I knew some perfectly stunning woman, say around forty," Rogers added ruminatingly. "An actress—someone who could wear an evening gown—who wasn't too obviously ungrammatical—wait a minute!"

He was studying her now through narrowed eyes. A strange hint of a smile broadened his mouth.

"Take off your hat, will you?" he asked. "Thank you. Wait just a minute."

He leaned over and rang a bell three times. Dina watched him in bewilderment. Neither spoke again until a middle-aged, trim, stout woman entered the room.

"Did you ring, Mr. Holland?" the newcomer asked.

"I did. Will you look at Miss Cashman, Mrs. Bucket? I want to ask you something."

The woman obeyed with a friendly smile. The smile in its own lenience seemed to ask Dina's indulgence too.

"How would she look in an evening dress with her hair done correctly?"

The woman smiled again toward Dina, after a dubious look at her employer, and said in a faintly reproachful and faintly amused tone:

"She'd look very lovely, with that hair, and her eyes being so blue. Is it your cousin Mary's daughter, Mr. Holland?"

"No; no relation," he answered briefly. And then, in a businesslike tone: "Do you think you could take her into San Francisco tomorrow and buy her that sort of a dress?"

"Why, certainly," the woman said, after a keen glance at him to see if he was joking.

"I'd like," he said, "to introduce her to Mrs. Pollock—to Mrs. Havens, rather, on Thursday night."

A GREAT light came into Mrs. Bucket's eyes, and a certain grim, satisfied tightening to her mouth.

"I see, sir," she said.

"You'd do that, wouldn't you?" Rogers said to Dina, with his characteristic grin.

"Do what?" Dina asked, looking from one to the other.

"Come to my dinner party on Thursday night," he told her. "Be dressed, be quiet, be a mystery to them all. Steal her thunder. I'll introduce you—what did you say your first name is?"

"Dina. Geraldine," she said.

"Geraldine, ah, that's better! Miss Geraldine Cashman, a friend of mine. Look," Rogers said persuasively, in the pleasantest and most sympathetic manner she had yet seen him use, "I'm doing something for you. You'll do this for me?"

"But—but I couldn't talk to those people!" Dina protested.

"You wouldn't have to talk. None of them's ever seen you. None of them knows a thing about you. All you have to do when anyone speaks to you is either say 'Yes' or 'No', or look over at me and smile. I'll do the talking. I'll send the car for you, and Mrs. Bucket here will go home with you, won't you, Mrs. Bucket, when the party is over?"

"I couldn't dress at my house," Dina further objected. "We haven't—we haven't even a bathroom."

"You can dress here."

"If you think I could do it," Dina said, hesitating.

"There would be nothing to do. You would be simply one more guest at my dinner, and when Hall drives you home I hand you a check for—well, whatever we decide. Thanks, Mrs. Bucket," Rogers said, with a careless nod. He picked up his magnifying glass, studied a stamp attentively. "There's only one thing I'd want you to do, Geraldine," he went on when they were alone, "and that's to get Mrs. Pollock—Mrs. Havens she is now—wondering about you. That's all. I want her to ask herself, 'Who's this girl Rogers seems to know so well?' Just be easy, just refer anything that stumps you to me. She's thirty-four—Aline is—and she's jealous as the devil. She's always wanted to know everything, wanted to be first. And by the way, you mustn't mention Vere. You're my friend that night."

"I'll not mention Vere," Dina agreed somberly.

"Meanwhile I'll write Caroline—Vere's mother. I'll stir her up a little, see what's going on. It won't accomplish anything, though."

"And you think," she said anxiously, "that I might go on to New Haven and see him? You think that's what I ought to do?"

He looked thoughtful for a moment,

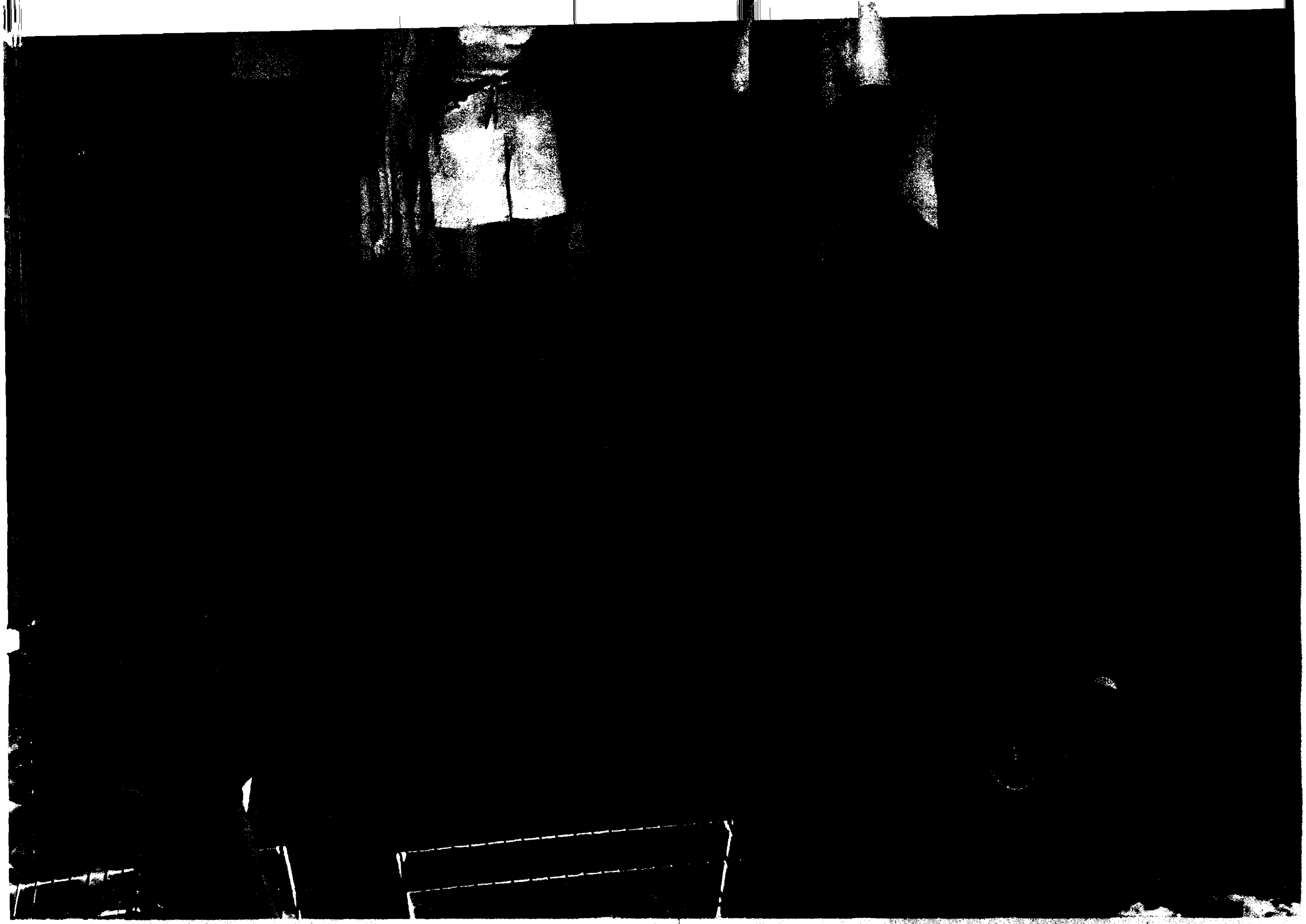
(Continued on page 49)

Cape Cod sailing suit of blue denim with contrasting color slide fastener On his feet, blue canvas slippers with rubber soles. Next, tan knitted swim trunks and long-sleeved white beach shirt with contrasting color neck— a new version of the old sweat shir

Just for Fun

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN



pular at Florida resorts last winter, the yellow long-
eved shirt jacket worn with blue slacks and blue suède
›e-soled moccasins. This is for general informal lounge
d vacation wear. Next, a light tan shirt-and-slack out-
illustrating the new shirt jacket with long sleeves and
it pockets. A favorite for play purposes, it is generally
rn with a colorful silk scarf. Norwegian peasant shoes

For cooler weather, a yellow loafer coat made in shirt style and worn with rust-color slacks and three-tone crew-neck cotton lisle shirt. Also popular are the chamois-color California slippers and the colorful string belt. Skipping the girl, a beach shirt of terrycloth with pull-over collar and short tan gabardine boxer-type swimming trunks

The California influence on beach styles grows stronger each season, the newest style from Palm Springs this season being the two-tone trunks of rubberized fabric, meant for active swimming. Another fashion which spread from the West Coast, although originally from Hawaii, is the Hawaiian swimming trunks in this season's boxer-type model

WHEREVER you go this summer you're likely to need dark glasses, because the average beach or mountain resort is going to look like an explosion in a paint store. Color's the thing for 1941's summer vacationers.

Take bathing suits: Out in Hawaii for years the surf boys have been wearing red, yellow, blue and green flower-patterned swim trunks. Returning tourists brought the idea to the Pacific Coast; from there it hopped eastward to beaches from Maine to Florida. Fancy pants decorate the sands from Diamond Head to Cape Cod.

Any color or combination is good—the more violent the better. Styles? Well, if you're lean and athletic, try form-fitting trunks of rubberized fabric, or wool. If you're not proud of your physique, better stick to the cut-and-sewn fabric type. Tans and blues are good colors. For serious swimmers, there is the boxer trunks, like those worn by prize fighters: Shirred waistband, brief legs—ideal for freedom in the water.

For beach wear, toweling shirts are swell—light, absorbent, good-looking. Newest is the California-type pull-over. Easy on the feet are rope-soled beach shoes, which are adapted from those worn by French peasants. For around formal pools, rubber sandals—they won't skid and they come in various types and colors.

That fixes you for the beach. For golf, cycling, fishing, sailing or just lounging, shirt and slacks make almost a uniform. Tan's a favorite color; so are blue and green. Or you can let yourself go with contrasts—blue slacks and yellow shirt. It's quite all right.

If you golf or fish, you'll probably like two sorts of sports shirts: Short-sleeved ones for some occasions; long sleeves for sun protection. Or you may want to join the S.O.Y.S. club—Shirt Outside Your Slacks. You'll find shirts of many colors and materials, finished off with pockets instead of tails. In slightly heavier material this becomes a loafer jacket, worn loosely, often over a cotton lisle, crew-neck, half-sleeved shirt. Solid colors or checks for the coat, as you wish.

On the New England Coast the denim suit is popular. Originally it was for sailing; now it's for general wear, made into the familiar shirt and slacks. In blue, mostly, like farm overalls.

Most slacks come with a matching belt—and a great many men discard the belt and wear something more contrastive. Just a matter of taste. Along with the slacks go Norwegian peasant shoes, or something equally comfortable.

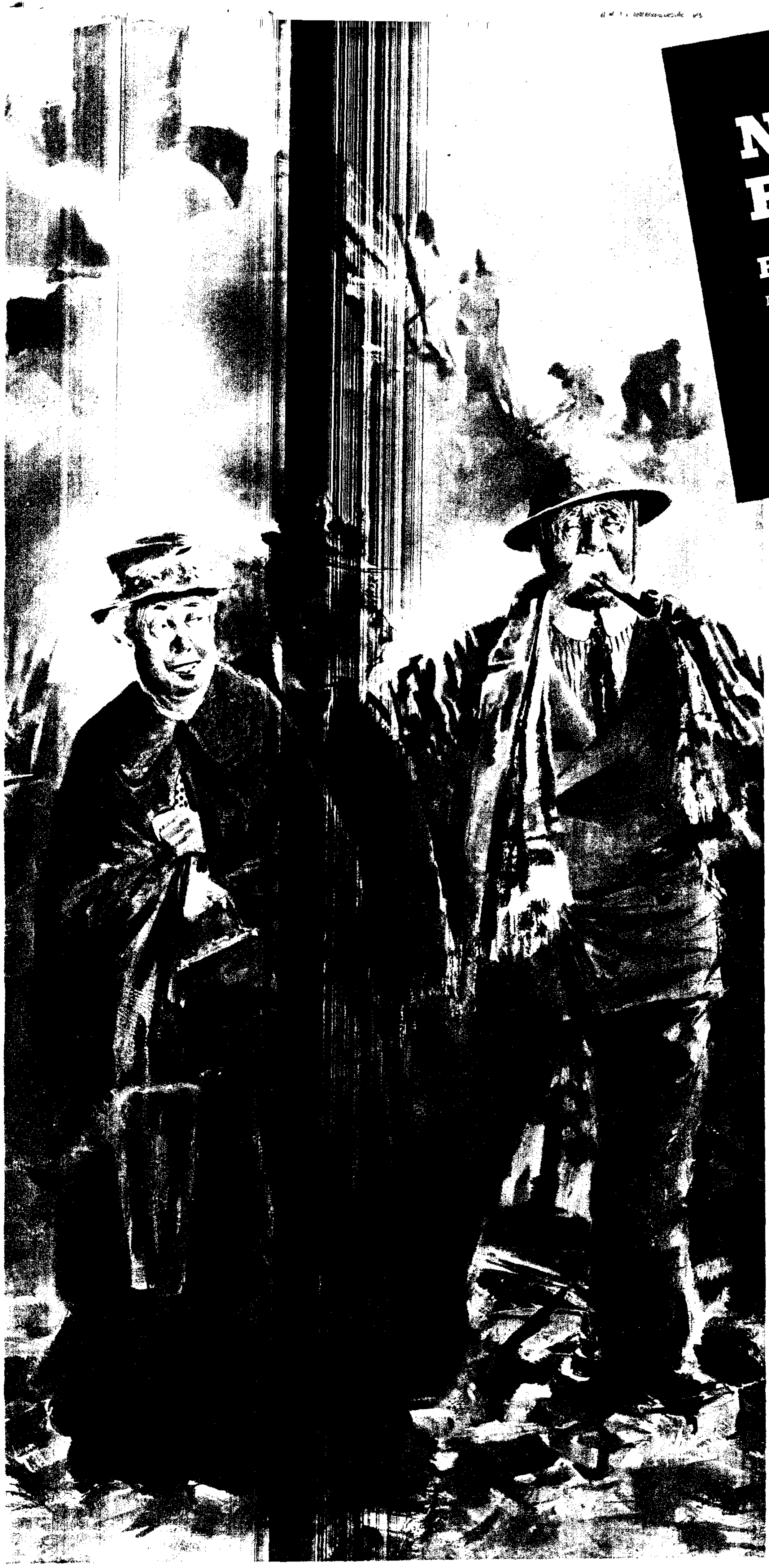
When you pick your summer vacation clothes, get them light in weight, comfortable in cut, colorful—and still more colorful. If you can't find what you want, write to us. We'll help. ★★★

Night Engagement

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"But that's my Doris down there," I say, "and this lady's Arthur"

THE trouble with this shelter life (said Mrs. Catchpole) is that a girl doesn't get a chance to make steady friends. All the regulars bringing their wives and families, nice young fellows just passing through on leave, here today and gone tomorrow, a girl doesn't know where to turn.

Take my Doris: time and again she's come back to our corner and said, "Mum, there's ever such a nice young fellow just been chatting to me, but he isn't a regular." "Bring him over," I say, "and let's have a look at him." So she brings him over, and we pass a pleasant evening together, and then the minute the All Clear goes he says, "It's been a great pleasure meeting you, now I'm off to Aberdeen," and a fat lot of good that is to a girl that lives in South London.

"Take heart, Doris," I say, "there's a Mr. Right somewhere for you." "Not in *this* shelter," says Doris, "not for a girl that respects herself. I think I'll try the Tube." So the next night, soon as she's seen me settled, off she goes with half the sandwiches and a bottle of tea.

Well, I don't see her again till next morning when I find her at home in the scullery having a wash before she goes to work. "Well, Doris," I say, "how's the Tube?" "Well, Mum," she says, "I really can't tell. I met ever such a nice young fellow, works in the post office, stood me a cup of coffee and everything, only then a warden butted in, said I better look out, he had quite a name in the shelter and no companion for a girl that respects herself; so I can't tell."

"Will he be there tonight?" I ask. "Oh, yes," says Doris, "we made a date after the warden cleared off." "Then you better take me along with you," I say, "and let me have a look at him." So that night off we trek, bed and bedding, and there, sure enough, is Doris' new friend—ever such a nice young fellow, though not so young at that, and not what you'd call delighted to see me. "Harry," says Doris, "this is Mum." "Pleased to meet you," I say, "perhaps we may offer you a sandwich?" "Thank you very much," says he, "perhaps in return I may offer you a coffee?" And off he goes to fetch it, and we never see him again. Well, Doris blames me, of course, says I oughtn't to have come in my curlers. Then she tells me she thinks she'll go along to the Fire Station and see if they want a mascot.

Well, she never got there, lucky as it turned out; they'd an Alsatian dog already; but what did happen was the blitz got something fierce, Doris popped into a cellar and down came the whole place on top of her. Well, I know nothing about it till she doesn't turn up in the morning. So round I trot to the Fire Station—that's when I found out about the dog—but they hadn't seen her. So then I went round and about, and I don't mind telling you I was worried to a rind, and at last I find a whole demolition squad digging Doris out. I know it's Doris because I can hear her voice faint through the ventilator.

"Are you all right, Doris?" I call. "Oh, yes, Mum," she says, "there's ever such a nice young fellow down here with me, works on the railway, and would you believe it, he knows Auntie Flo." "You bring him along," I say, "and let's have a word with him." So along he comes to the ventilator, and I call down again. "That's my daughter Doris," I say. "I'm her Mum, and when you get out I'll be pleased to meet you." "Mrs. Catchpole," he says, "that goes for me, too."

As I can't do anything, off I go to my sister Flo's. "Do you know any young fellow," I ask, "works on the railway?" "What name?" she asks. "I don't know his name," I say, "but he works on the railway and he's buried at this minute along of my Doris." "Well, that's either Ted Parker," she says, "married and three kids, or Arthur Greenway, nice young fellow lives with his mum." "Well, let's hope and pray it's Arthur," I tell her, and just in case, I think it would be a kind and neighborly act to go and have a word with Mrs. Greenway in case she doesn't know what's happened to him. And, sure enough, she doesn't, worried to a rind she was, and ever so glad to hear he was safe.

We had a cup of tea together, and I took a good look over the house, you could see there was steady money coming in, and Mrs. Greenway said the same. She said Arthur was one of the steadiest young fellows out, didn't go with the girls because he liked them steady and said that to find a girl that was steady was like getting a camel through the eye of a needle.

SO I tell her a bit more about Doris, how she was a girl that always respected herself and then off we go together to where they're still digging Doris and Arthur out. It's a different squad by this time, and a different officer, not a patch on the first, kept telling us to stand back because it was near black-out and if the blitz started there was no knowing what might happen.

"That's all very well," I say, "but that's my Doris down there, and this lady's Arthur, and we want to have a word with them." "You stand back and have a word with your Maker," he says, really hardly polite, "that's the best *you* can do." Well, I don't know about Mrs. Greenway, but as a matter of fact, I did do a bit of praying, it seemed so cruel on Doris if anything should happen to her just as things were looking up, and it may have been that or it may not, but just as the first Jerries came over one of the men crawled in through a hole and crawled out again dragging Doris after. And after them out crawled Arthur Greenway, and I dare say Mrs. Greenway was as glad as I was. They hadn't been hurt at all, so we went to the Greenways' and made some tea.

Well, by this time the blitz was in full swing, so I say to Doris, "Well, Doris, is it to be the Tube or the Shelter?" "Oh, no," says young Arthur, "we've got an Anderson in the yard; you must stay with us." "That's right," says Mrs. Greenway—I could tell she was a lady from the first; "you must stay with us like Arthur says." "Well, if we don't intrude," I say, "we're very grateful."

"You must come to us regular," says Arthur, "for I don't like to think of Miss Catchpole out in the blitz, or in a public shelter either, you never know who *you* may meet." "Oh, *I've* never met anyone," says Doris—and that was true enough, though not for want of trying. "Until last night," says Arthur, with a meaning look; and though maybe he didn't know his fate, I and Doris and his mum did all right, and it's lucky Mrs. Greenway and me get on so well so the young people can have the place to themselves.

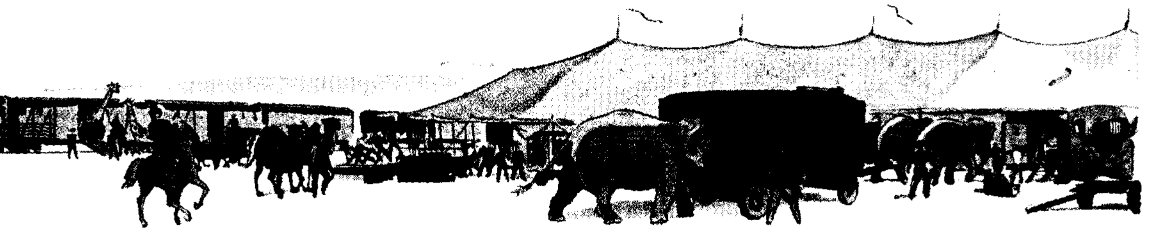
WE SAW THE CIRCUS AT SUNRISE AND DISCOVERED THIS *NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!*

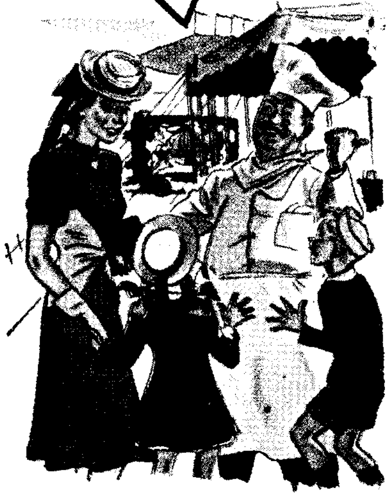
MORE DELICIOUS
New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

MORE NOURISHING
New Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and of all corn flakes, new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are your "best buy"!

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1
the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.





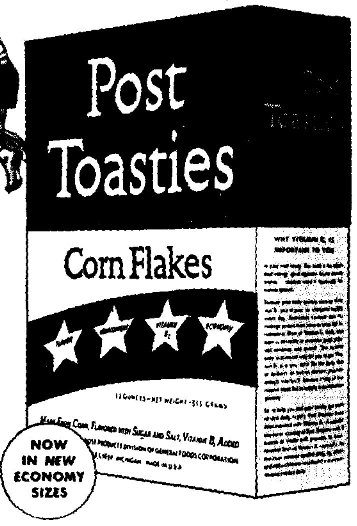
1 HAVE YOU EVER SEEN the circus come to town? We did last week. Nancy, Johnnie and I got up early in the morning and watched the circus train unload. We saw elephants pushing big, colorful wagons. Cages full of ferocious lions and tigers! Camels, giraffes, zebras. *My* . . . it was thrilling! You should have seen the children. Their eyes were as big as saucers . . .

2 AS THE BIG TENTS went up all around us, Johnnie complained he was hungry. You see, we hadn't had breakfast. I was about to tell him we would eat soon at home, when the nicest man stepped up and asked us to have breakfast with him. He was the Chef in charge of the circus dining tent, and had overheard Johnnie's remark about being hungry. I didn't know what to say. But Johnnie did . . . "Oh, boy," he exclaimed. "I'd *love* to eat with the circus . . ."

3 WHAT A BREAKFAST we had! Crisp Post Toasties, swimming in milk. M-m-m, they tasted *delicious*. The Chef said, "Lady, Post Toasties are more than swell-tasting corn flakes. They're mighty *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that give us circus people the quick-energy we need to start the day off right . . . More than that," he continued, "Post Toasties have got a lot of Vitamin B_1 in 'em that's so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. W-h-y-y, food experts say it's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of every 4 people *don't get enough of it* in the food they eat daily. And Post Toasties are generously enriched with Vitamin B_1!"

4 THINGS HAPPENED at our house when we got back from the circus! The children got up a circus of their own. And *I* quickly got a package of the *new* Post Toasties. And, believe me, we've been enjoying Post Toasties ever since. Johnnie and Nancy *love* the rich corn flakes flavor. I'm crazy about Post Toasties, too. They give my family *real* nourishment, *plus* precious Vitamin B_1 . . . yet they cost surprisingly little!

A Post Cereal made by General Foods



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LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

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"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.

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Everybody knows you get what you pay for . . . and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Po-Chile No More

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

What one little weddin' present did to Po-Chile, who decided he wanted to git married up with a gal

FOR more than ten years, now, Po-Chile Albright had been a problem to Giles. The foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation, however, had accepted the lad's shortcomings with a light, tolerant indulgence not characteristic of his attitude toward others. Giles knew that Po-Chile had to be treated as a special case even by the man who had to supervise the work of sixty-odd families of cotton croppers.

Po-Chile, a huge, gawky, slow-gaited youth of eighteen, encountered the foreman in the wagon shed. It was dead of summer, the plowing was done and everybody was waiting for cotton to open. Giles was readying the wagons that would haul it to the gin.

"Mist' Giles," Po-Chile said without preamble, "I wants to git married up."

The foreman grinned. "Well, Po-Chile, you don't want to git married up wid me, does you?"

Po-Chile looked solemnly around. "Nawsuh," he said. "I wants to git married up wid a gal."

"Dat's diff'unt," Giles said. "You kin marry up wid any gal you wants to, for all er me. Whyn't you ax her?"

"I did. But she won't."

Giles laughed. "Who she?"

"Grant's Little Livvy," Po-Chile told him. "I axed her and she tole me naw."

"And what must I do?"

"You pass de word," Po-Chile suggested. "You make Grant make Little Livvy—"

"Nawp, Po-Chile," the foreman said. "I don't mind he'pin' you over de rough places. But you got to be man enough to git yo' own gal."

"I'm is a man," Po-Chile said uncertainly. "I'm bigger'n some mens."

"In de body, yes," Giles admitted. "But, Po-Chile, sometimes I b'lieves you stayed wid de chilluns in yo' mind."

Po-Chile studied that a few minutes. "Yassuh," he said, but he didn't understand what the foreman meant. "Efn you ain't gonter he'p me git married up, you might gimme a little somethin' for a weddin' present."

Giles chuckled as he reached into his pocket. "Hyar," he offered. "Hyar's two bits for you."

Po-Chile looked disappointed.

"Boy, dat's a special kind er quarter," Giles told him. "Hit's lucky. You put hit in yo' pocket and keep hit and long as you got dat two bits, you always got money. Now, git along."

"Thanky, Mist' Giles," Po-Chile said.

Giles momentarily dismissed the boy from his mind, but for the last ten years Po-Chile had not been out of the foreman's mind for long. From the first, Giles knew Po-Chile was a mistake, but the Widow Duck had outtalked him.

It was during the low price of cotton when times got too tight up in the hills, and a number of children were taken in by the river-bottom croppers. There was a long, involved tale of relationship attached to Po-Chile: he was the cousin of the aunt of somebody who had died off, and he needed a home.

The Widow Duck explained it to the foreman.

"Times is too tight to take in strays," Giles had ruled. "We ain't hardly got enough to feed we's own. Let alone dem hongry hill niggers."

The Widow Duck squinted her eyes at the foreman. "Giles," she told him, "you got a haid like a rock and a heart like a marble stone. De Book say, 'A soft heart keepeth down grass but a stingy soul—' "

"I ain't stingy," Giles denied.

"Nor neither Ole Rich Man Dives wa'n't *raley* stingy," she pointed out. "Ole Rich Man Dives gave might' nigh all de crumbs dat fell offn his table to Ole Laz'us—'cept what de dogs et."

"A hill nigger," Giles argued, "will do half as much work and twice as much eatin' as a river-bottom man."

"But dis is sech a *po'* chile," she pleaded.

"De hills is full er po' chiles," Giles reminded her. "You jest git out and yell 'Po' chile!' and you'll git run over wid 'em."

"Dis po' chile comed f'm up around Albright," the Widow Duck calmly went on. "Le's name him Po-Chile Albright and gi' him to Reub and Sugar. Dey ain't got no chilluns."

"Nawp," Giles disagreed. "We'll gi' him to Grant and Livvy. Dey got twenty-six head er young'uns and one mo' won't be no skin offn dey back."

TROUBLE started at once. Grant complained that Po-Chile was puny about his food. "But I kotched him eatin' dirt outn de chimney jam. And I won't have no dirt eater round my house."

"Feed him fish, you fool," Giles said. "You knows eatin' plenty er dem gars outn de bayou will cyore any dirt eater dat's ever been bawn."

"I ain't got time outn my crop to go fishin' jest now," Grant objected.

"Den git him a bottle er cod-liver oil," Giles suggested. "I hyared tell dat'll cyore a dirt eater might' nigh good as fish will."

"Who gonter pay for dat cod-liver oil?"

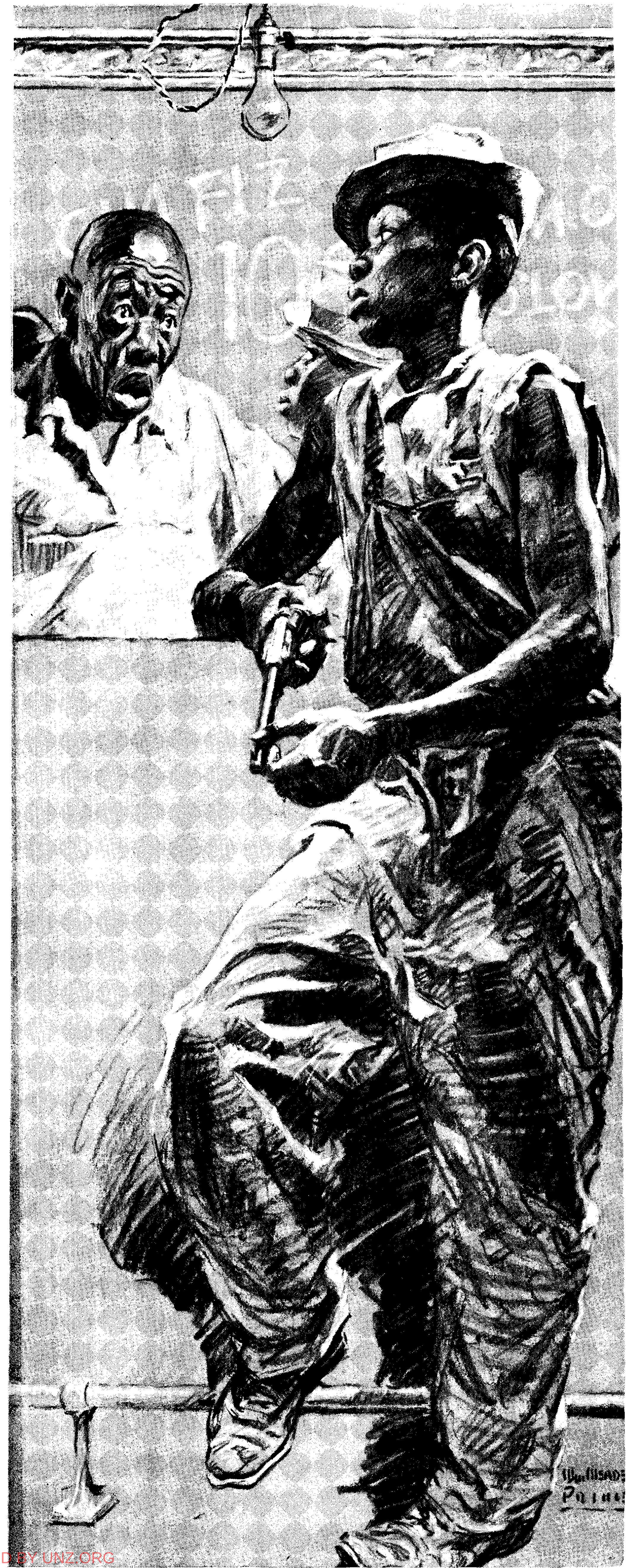
Giles considered. Four-cent cotton had left every family in debt. The boss-man was having trouble with the man at the bank and the rule was: *nothing* but necessities, and not many of those.

"Po-Chile was brang hyar by de Widow Duck," Giles said, "and she in debt same as ev'ybody else. But Mis' Duck is de Big Lady I-Am over at Ole Ship er Zion Church. Maybe I kin saw hit off on de church."

He rode over to the blacksmith shop and called the one-legged preacher from the forge. "Charlie," he asked, "how much money you got laid by in de church treasury?"

B'r Charlie wrinkled his brow. "Lemme see," he ruminated. "I b'lieve us got 'bout eighty-six cents. Maybe eighty-seven. I drapped a copper on de flo' and hit rolled under de—"

(Continued on page 36)

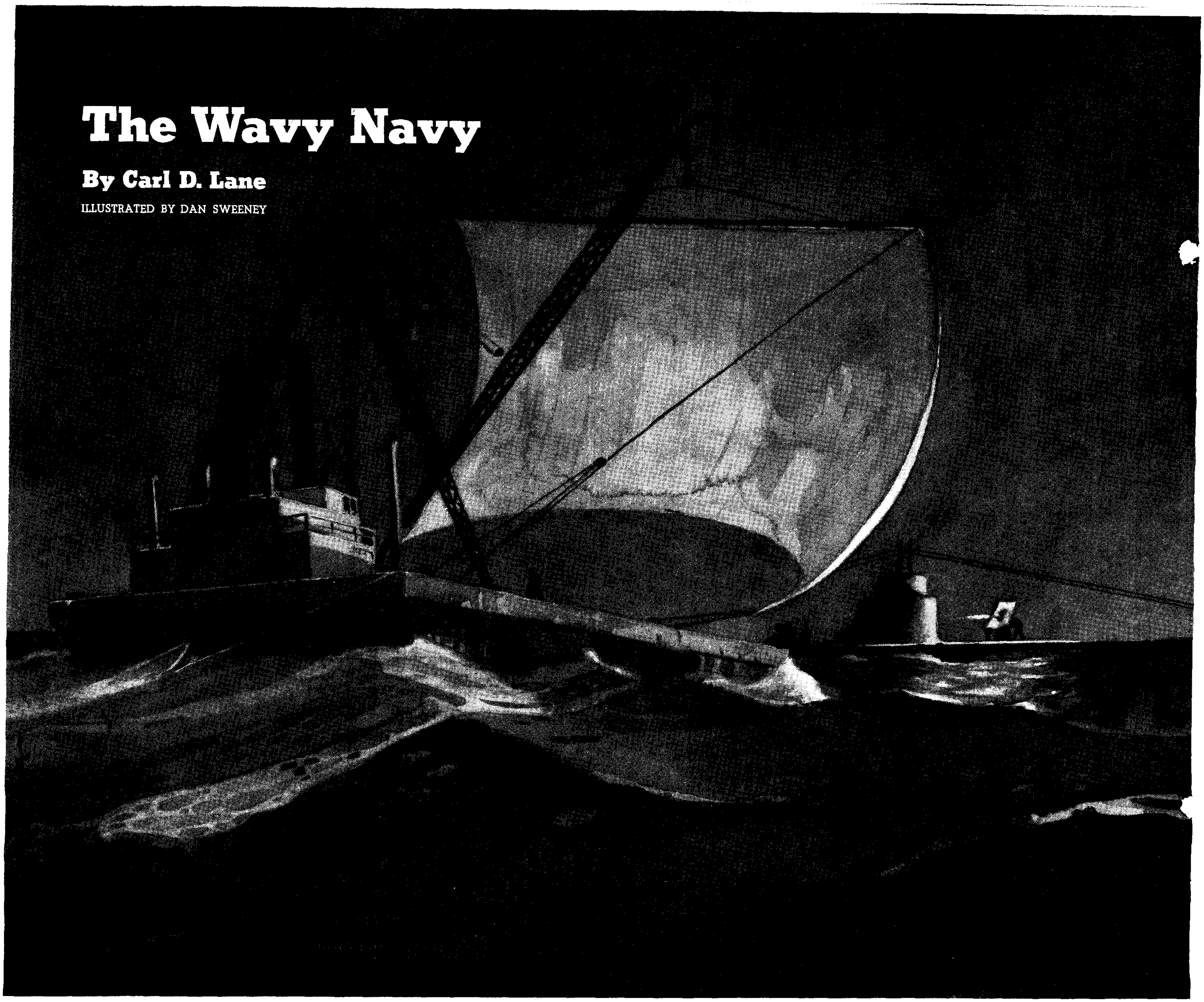


Po-Chile felt a glow of self-importance. He walked over to the bar. "Gimme a pint er wine," he said with what he hoped was casual gruffness

The Wavy Navy

By Carl D. Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



The scow bore down on the sea-rolled sub. Figures ran from her decks answering the cry of the dive alarm. But it was too late for the submarine to dive

They were only amateur seamen in the service of Britain, but they beat the best professionals that the enemy sent against them

THE British derrick scow Utility 116, in tow, Yarmouth to an unknown port in war-torn England, wallowed in the wake of the tug at a dreary five knots an hour. The North Atlantic skies were sullen and leaden. Harry Fenton's noon dead reckoning had placed them well south of the spring ice, just touching 15 West. 15 West meant the opening of the tug's sealed orders. And submarines. A man could be pretty certain of that.

Fenton stood hawser watch forward, his chin buried in his reefer. Above him the plain Red Duster of the merchant navy hung in frozen folds, two-blocked in the trusswork of the shear legs, for the scow was being towed backward, her giant steel boom, now lashed to deck horses, trailing a hundred feet over her sluggish wake.

"Tug's making signals, sir," the lookout called.

Fenton could see the code hoist in the Diesel smudge over the blunt bow. In the lever-bristling winch house that they'd come to think of as the bridge, Sid Colby, the signal warrant, stirred, clapping his glasses on the hoist.

"Will it be a convoy, sir?" the lookout asked. "Below has been speculating."

Below was bookkeepers and shop clerks and salesmen and college youngsters who'd sailed small-class boats and fussed with outboard motors at pleasant yacht clubs. They were yachtsmen, the Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve; wearing the distinguishing wavy insignia braid instead of the straight stripe of the regular service. "The Wavy Navy," Fenton had excused them, not thinking much of them. Perhaps for this ignoble detail, freeing real seamen, they'd pass but he'd hate to have them on a fighting ship, facing gunfire.

Fenton, like the Old Man, was a full reserve officer with a chevron from the last war, proud of his service under the White Ensign and his reserve years under the Blue. He didn't believe that a social group could be much use to the Royal Navy. But he wouldn't have said that to the Old Man.

"We're getting orders now," Fenton told the lookout. "Scared?"

"Oh, no, sir," the boy said. "But . . . but five knots in this crate . . . it's not much in the sub zone, sir."

"Not much," Fenton agreed grimly, "but England needs this scow. They might even need us enough to send a convoy."

Fenton hoped so. He wanted only to reach England and a real ship.

The Old Man's mess stood suddenly at his side, saluting awkwardly. "Nate wants you, sir," the boy said.

"Did he send his message that way?" Fenton demanded.

"No, sir," mess said, and flushed. "Skipper's compliments, sir," he amended. "Staff officers to attend at once, sir."

"That's better," Fenton growled. "You're in the real navy now, lad. My respects to Commander Elliot; I'll be there."

THAT was the trouble with 'em, Fenton thought. They still thought they were sailing yachts, all good fellows, with a pleasant run to log and not a thing to stop them. And the Old Man was just like them in some ways, forgetting what he'd learned the last time, remembering always that these untried chaps were neighbors and club members and racing crews.

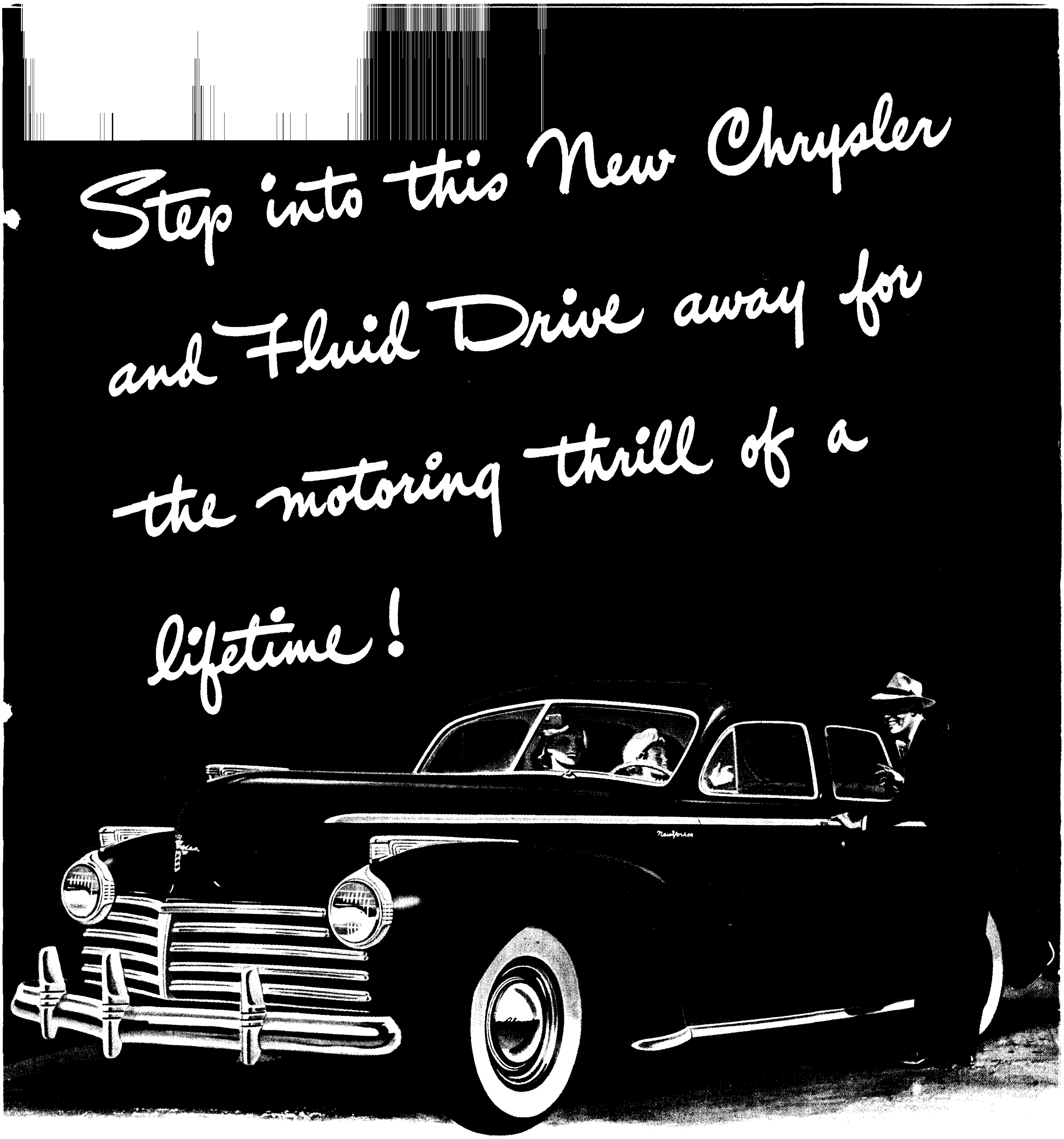
Fenton went aft. Or was it forward? No man could make bow or stern out of this outlandish box which Nate Elliot commanded. Colby was already in the winch house, leaning over the decoding book with the Old Man, worry-creasing their faces. Convoy or not, they'd need fool's luck to land this thing in Britain.

The Old Man's mild blue eyes traveled the decoded message hungrily, with a strange expectancy. But his eyes suddenly welled with disappointment. Silently he handed Fenton the message.

"It's Bristol," he said after a moment, "to the basin for general utility. I was hoping"—the Old Man didn't look directly at them—"I was hoping we'd take on a gun and go on Q duty."

Colby gasped. Even Fenton, ten years older and tougher, stared. Q service! A hidden gun on that scow and a twenty-to-one chance of living while a U-boat sniffed you out with test fire. If you were alive and afloat when she stole in and opened hatches, leaving herself vulnerable, you might get in a few shots.

(Continued on page 40)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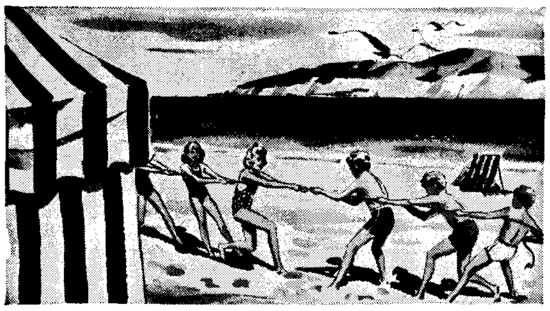
It's *heat* that "burns up" rubber, that causes tires to wear nearly twice as fast in the summer as they do in the winter. It's *heat* that causes more blowouts and tire troubles during the summer, too. The new Fisk Safti-Flight is built to *resist heat,* to give you more anti-skid mileage, more blowout protection.

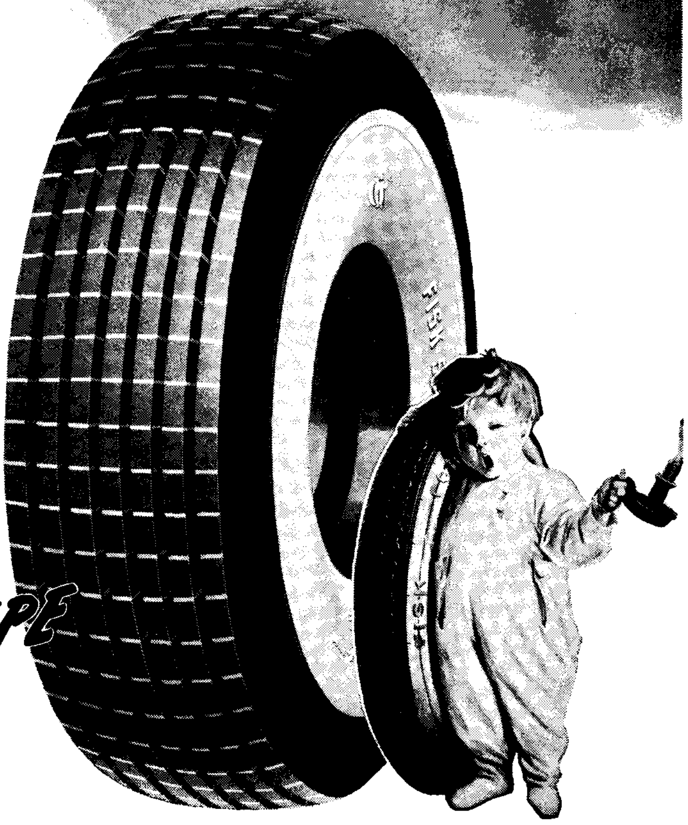


GRIP! Each of the seven ribs of the Fisk *Safety Stripe Tread* is actually an endless, anti-skid chain of individual tread blocks linked together by white strips of flexible cushion rubber (inlaid to the full depth of the ribs). As you step on the brake these tread blocks pile up against *each other* in a continuous wedging action—grip the road, stop you quicker.

HEAT PROTECTION! Outside heat from sun-baked roads plus inside heat generated by constant flexing may cause ply-separation and blowouts. In the new Fisk Safti-Flight tire, the anti-friction cotton cords are safety-sealed in pure latex to resist this destructive heat! (The Safti-Flight Super Rayon tire, at extra cost, runs even cooler, gives greater blowout protection—especially at high speeds.)

A SMOOTH, FLOATING RIDE! The independent spring action of each tread block in the *Safety Stripe Tread absorbs* road bumps, gives you a noiseless, floating ride that's as smooth as flying. And this wide, flat tread of tough wear-resisting compound, puts more rubber on the road, adds thousands of miles of service.

LOOK FOR THE SAFETY STRIPE TREAD



TIME TO RE-TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"GET A FISK"

The New FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

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Advance Agent

Continued from page 12

houses would be searched. He found a road sign which said, "Cornwall 22 miles," and he walked southwestward. The fields were dark, the stars dim, the barking of farm dogs was melancholy. He thought that this would be a pleasant walk for a man who wasn't risking his liberty on it. And a man who was less sleepy.

A car passed. Five minutes later the lights of another one found him; it slowed down and while his skin crawled he cast a swift glance at the roadside; the driver said, "Want a lift?" He said, "No, thanks—just going to the next house." He didn't like the pounding of his heart—above all he must be calm. At the next patch of woods he left the road, hoping there would be no dogs—and, for that matter, no cows. A hundred yards in, he lay down behind some underbrush. He heard a truck going by, his wrists throbbed, and he fell asleep.

He woke at dawn cold to the very bones, his clothes sodden with dew. Today would settle it—and at dawn, without breakfast, the hours ahead looked ominous with the chance of disaster. He muttered, "You've been lucky so far—keep going," and could at last examine himself. His legs were bruised widely, his forearms were pitted with gravel, his knees stiff, his bad wrist swollen. He found Gordon on his road map; if it was twenty-two miles from Cornwall then he must be seventeen or eighteen. But the St. Lawrence looked very wide at Cornwall. To the westward it narrowed, but the farther west he went, the more time he would consume. He thought hard, measuring distances with a fingernail. He would try to get to a place called Prescott. What if he found a welcoming committee? He shrugged. Think fast and trust your luck.

He got coffee, doughnuts and cigarettes at a roadside stand at half past seven. Half an hour later a surly French *habitant* gave him a lift in a market truck for some miles. Then for an hour no one wanted to pick him up.

The sun was intolerable, he had had two little food and sleep and too much watchfulness; his eyes swam and his legs trembled. A truck disregarded his thumb. Another one, a succession of cars, two more trucks. A girl driving a roadster honked him out of the way. Then an ancient touring car stopped.

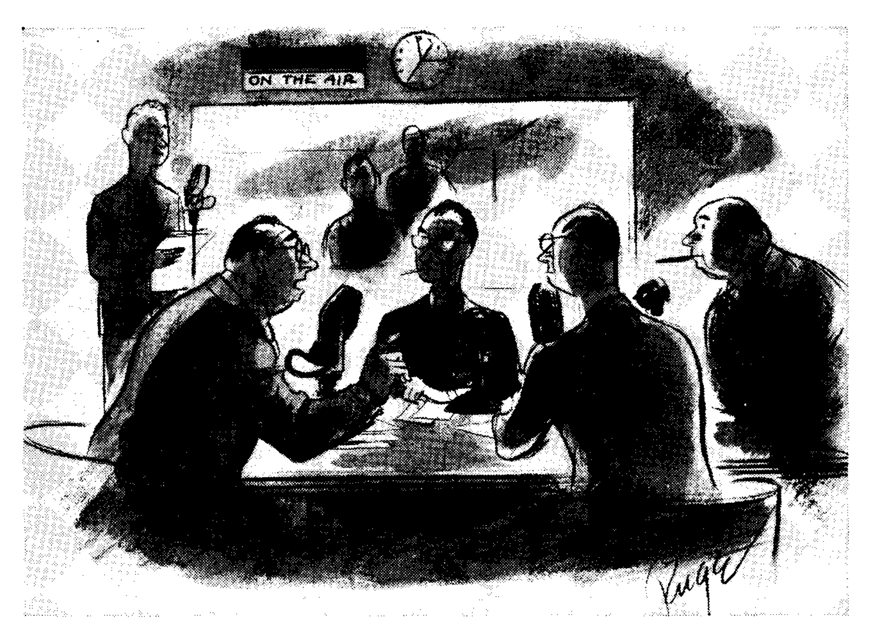
"I'm goin' as far as Cornwall," the whiskered driver said. "If that's any help to you get in."

AND in the town of Windham, Berkshire County, Massachusetts . . .

It had been an eventful summer for Abigail Heath Armstrong, the most eventful, most troubled time since she had come back here, a widow, five years ago. She had been swept out of her quiet way of life into turbulent emotions, she had put away inconspicuousness to touch the edge of notoriety, and the peace of mind she had known for five years had gone down before a dilemma that was nearing crisis. Was she in love with Lynn Scovil? Was she going to marry him? Were her emotions fighting a losing battle with her good sense? In the war summer was it possible to know herself?

Five years ago Gerald Armstrong had died of alcoholism after running through his estate, and Gail had used his insurance—all that was left—to buy an old white house back from the common in the town where she was born. She had started a bookstore whose principal patrons were the girls of Martha Case College for Women, two or three miles out from Windham. A couple of years later she had added a sweater and lingerie shop, and both enterprises had prospered moderately. Everything was moderate with Gail Armstrong now, and the hope was that, in the little Berkshire town, everything would be moderate for the rest of her life.

BUT that expectation had left out of account the war, and Lynn Scovil, and Lynn Scovil's daughter. Six months ago it had become clear that he was falling in love with her. There had been exhilaration in that, for he was a national figure, his face familiar in rotogravures and on movie screens, his voice challenging on the radio, a firebrand, a rebel and a friend of rebels—fanatically admired by many, denounced and hated by hundreds of thousands. Before long it was clear that she might easily fall in love with him, and with that possibility her quiet ended and turmoil began.



"—and, in closing this round-table discussion, I believe we agree that this war—as others before it—will be followed by a period of peace"

JOHN RUGE

How could she know? The emotions that centered on him were too complex. There was the glamor of his public life, the crowds that hailed him, the vigor of his causes and the vehemence of his life. And there was the far greater appeal to Gail Armstrong that she could be a private strength to a man who swam against the current, was envied by the weak and small, was neither dismayed nor turned aside by the fury of his enemies. Gail hated many of his causes, and was terrified by some of them, but clearly she could not hate him.

For instance, a mass meeting in Springfield, ten days ago: Gail sat in a box, by turns appalled, spellbound, apprehensive and proud—while the big audience roared and swirled to his oratory, broke into frenzies of applause, or hissed and booed so violently that you expected them to swarm over the footlights after him. It took great courage to stand before any audience, this summer, and make such a speech—to denounce the war and argue for peace and isolation. Some years ago he had been called a Red, now the term Isolationist did the same duty, and both words carried a curse. Gail watched and listened, her fists doubled, her pulses hammering, her whole body tense—and was chilled by the fear that he might be mobbed, and warmed by the knowledge that he had made love to her and wanted to marry her, that her five years' drought might end in his arms. Dark and athletic, his eyes flashing, his voice dynamic, he stood there defying the boos, disdaining the applause, working his way toward a tremendous climax. Before he finished there were disturbances in the audience, even fist fights, and at the end the police had to escort him to his car and clear a path for it through a yelling crowd that seemed on the point of stoning it.

Gail joined him at an appointed rendezvous; he sent his chauffeur back to Windham by train and drove her home. He was exultant, borne up on a gale of excitement, his voice vibrant. But Gail was caught in the dilemma that the summer had made habitual. She was exalted and she was scared; she responded to his magnetism and something withheld her from surrendering to it. That heroic figure in the footlights defying the world roused her admiration, her loyalty, her protectiveness. And something in his love of those same footlights, some preening pride in notoriety, repelled her. He talked in a great flood of words, oratory running on even in the car—and she was withdrawn, critical, cold. But he stopped the car and swept her into his arms—and doubt left her, her lips clung to his, her pulses drummed, and she was near surrender. Nearer than he knew—nearer, a last atom of caution insisted on telling her, than she must let him know.

SHE was wary. "Why, yes, Lynn," she said, with forced calm. "It's known that you're expert at making love. All the newspapers have said so. You've proved it to me before now. But it's easy to make love to a woman who has lived alone for five years."

He was also expert in knowing Gail Armstrong. He knew when gentleness was best and he knew when urgency would stir her more. So now he let his exultation fade into a calm, grave confidence. "If that's all," he said quietly, "what's wrong with your pulse at this moment?"

"You've made many pulses flutter. It's not so simple!"

"It's as simple as stretching out your hand."

That was a skillful phrase. But it reminded her that skillful phrases were his profession, and when he reached for her again she moved away. So an equally skillful mockery touched his voice: "It's true, you've lived alone too long, Gail. You're spinsterish—you're as scared of your emotions as a young girl."

She would take that taunt to bed with her tonight, for it echoed her own doubts and self-derision. But she said, "Or maybe I just shrink from your career, Lynn. You're spectacular as a martyr, and women have the feeblest defense against martyrs. But most of what you said tonight I hate with all my heart."

Instantly he was making a speech, a fine, exalted speech, but still a formal oration: "What have you and I got to do with the war? We should find refuge from it in each other. We should be a high peak above it—a distant island which it cannot touch. That's what I want from you, Gail—security of soul, the war shut out, the quiet of us two alone and all the world forgotten."

Words! Still, they echoed her hope—and her dilemma. She was eager to believe him, she instinctively rejected him, she scorned his rhetoric, she remembered the ardor of his lips, she resented what he stood for, she longed to protect him. It had been that way all spring and all summer—and slowly her resistance was ebbing away. She divined how it would end—and struggled to postpone the end.

SHE should have heard the talk in another automobile, in which his daughter Constance was driving home from that mass meeting with Bill Jay, the New York newspaperman who had come to Windham to recuperate from pneumonia. . . . It was Connie Scovil, in fact, who had precipitated the turbulence of this summer. Till a little before Christmas Gail had known Connie only as a freshman at Martha Case College, one of many who liked to spend late afternoons or evenings in the bookshop, talking with Gail, with one another, with members of the faculty who also used the shop as a kind of club. Then one day Connie had appeared there, flying a high color in her cheeks, and said, "I've got to have a job. You've got to give me one." She had quarreled with her father, the climax of many quarrels, and would no longer accept support from him. Years ago her mother had divorced him; when she died, Connie had gone back to live with him; now she would live with him no more. She would have a scholarship at Martha Case next year and Gail could give her a job. So Gail had hired her, and when summer came Connie had come to live in the bookshop, still rebellious, still refusing to lead the life of a rich man's daughter.

It was that rebellion that had led to the intimacy between Gail and Lynn Scovil. Before that she had had only the slightest acquaintance with him—he had merely been one of the rich men who owned the big estates near Windham. Now he was a man trying hard, if ineffectively, to understand his daughter, and she was the woman who had taken her in—and presently Gail Armstrong had been swept out of the peaceful shallows into the full turbulence. . . .

So now, driving back from the Springfield mass meeting, Connie was tense and scornful. "Why don't they clap him into jail? How long is America going to sit back and let guys like him make speeches like that? Why don't they do something?"

Bill just grinned—she had never been

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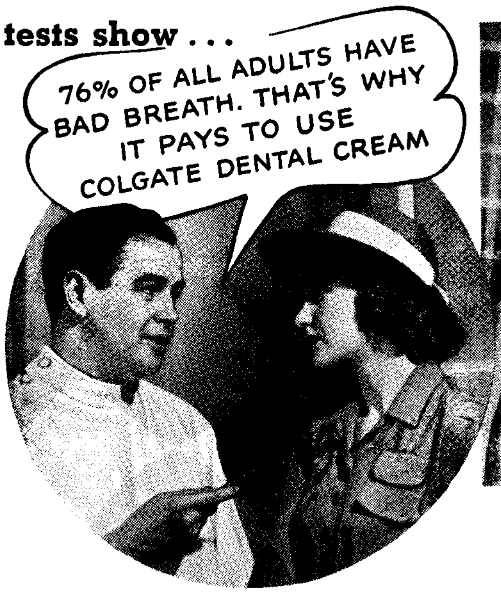
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able to make him see that her father was dangerous. "He ain't important, Toots. Just a ham actor that missed his destiny. He'd wow Broadway. Still better, he'd make a swell tenor. Give him an orchestra and a Pagliacci suit and he'd lay them in the aisles. He'd be happier too—more mash notes and fewer Bronx cheers in his press notices."

Connie pounded her fist on the cushion. "That's what you think—and it's a terrible mistake! He's as dangerous as possible. All those red, pink and pale rose societies he used to run with. Weren't they dangerous? Wasn't he dangerous as a fellow traveler? Isn't he dangerous now, sowing confusion and disorder? I tell you—"

"No," Bill said, "to be dangerous *he'd* have to be bright—and he isn't bright, Connie. Your pa is just a dumb cluck with a voice like a bull fiddle. Just a beautiful ham with a beautiful voice. He's just in the spotlight business. Let him sing his song—he won't hurt anyone."

"And," she wailed, taking another tack, "it's fifty to one Gail will fall for that voice and marry him. I can't take it!"

"You don't issue the marriage licenses in Berkshire County or write balm for lonely hearts," he pointed out. "If Gail wants to marry into the headlines, just be thankful you've got a pretty stepmother."

For a moment Connie almost hated him. It was bad enough for Bill Jay not to take her father seriously. But it was far worse that she hadn't been able to make Bill take her seriously. . . .

Gail had been amusedly watching that one-sided romance ever since Bill Jay arrived in Windham. She had known him casually in New York; he liked to loaf at the bookshop, and Connie had been assailing him with every weapon in her formidable armament, flaunting and flinging herself at him, tempting, taunting, inviting and scorning him. Bill showed no sign of weakening under the assault. He treated Connie with amiable impersonality, swam and played tennis with her, let her divert his convalescence and infuriated her by remaining completely uninflammable.

IT WAS chiefly in Bill Jay's presence that Connie dared to discuss openly the problem of Gail and Lynn Scovil which was, Gail well knew, disturbing her almost as much as it disturbed Gail. "When an act of God widows a woman out of the parasitic class," Connie would say, stretched prone on a rug or a counter, her blond curls falling over her forehead, "well, wouldn't you think she'd try to stay out of it? But no! Here's a guy who loves the poor on a hundred thousand a year, who never did a day's honest work—and this brown-eyed limp-brain is thinking of marrying him!"

Bill grinned at Gail. "You're a parasite, see? They pick up words like that at college. It's pretty easy not to be a parasite."

"All right!" Connie said explosively. "She's not a parasite—she sells books and corsets. Put it this way. She's twenty-eight and universally admired. She's got a figure like one of her own corset ads. Men love to drown in her eyes. She gives off that high-voltage come-hither that is exactly what we unfortunates haven't got at all. She could marry anybody. So she picks a man who would be a traitor if he had just a little *more* nerve."

Gail's prompt anger rose to that word, which she had heard plenty of others apply to Lynn Scovil. "It's not treason to think more calmly than you do, Connie," she said. "Be tiresome if you will, but don't be a fool."

"Don't take my word for it!" Connie took a book from the shelves and flourished it at Gail.

It was Bill Jay's book. A year ago he had done a series of articles for the New York Globe on subversive movements. Now, as "The Enemy within Our Gates," they had been reprinted as a book, and Gail knew by heart the chapter which was the one note of comedy in it. For Bill Jay had treated all other topics with deadly seriousness, but when he came to Lynn Scovil he had called the chapter, "Christopher Robin and Winnie the Red," and had treated Lynn as a character of farce. Lynn Scovil, Bill said, was anybody's fellow traveler who could make the headlines, a setup and a fall guy, a rich man who loved Russia on space rates and would love any other Utopia that could get publicity—a sucker who would pay big money for any new letterhead and any chance to make a speech in public. Bill Jay could not number him among the national dangers; rather, he was one of the national side shows and should be exhibited between the living skeleton and the tattooed lady. . . . It was viciously unfair journalism but beneath the caricature was just enough truth to sharpen Gail's conflict.

SHE was angry at Connie for appealing to the book now, but Bill Jay moved to relieve her. "Toots," he said, "if I bought a skirt for you, would you stop wearing pants?"

Connie forsook treason to take up a theme much nearer her heart: "Are you beginning to think of me as fragile and feminine? Giving me presents would be going pretty far, Bill. It would commit you."

"Just to improving Windham. Like planting flowers."

"I must be getting somewhere at last." Connie pulled her gray flannel slacks tight over hips that were conspicuously without a flaw.

But Bill just grinned. "The left one falls two full inches lower than the right, like a step. A skirt would cover up deformities like that. Only your best friends would know how knock-kneed you are."

"Don't you think that's compromising, Gail? When they start talking about your legs, I mean. Bill is an extremely moral reporter—he must have marriage in mind. It's the mating instinct."

"It's the instinct that makes a man paint the back porch."

"That's right, struggle hard—you're going down for the third time, the second time, anyway. Skirts!—Bill, that's either very, very personal or else it's downright lewd. . . . He takes things so hard," she explained to Gail. "The poor lamb keeps trying to get a commission somewhere. No dice—he's twenty pounds underweight. So he keeps trying to enlist. But he's still underweight. Naturally he turns to me and the softer emotions. Isn't he sweet?"

It was an outrageous foray against Bill's deepest humiliation—Gail knew how intensely he wanted to get into the Army. He scowled, and Connie was delighted. "Somebody has to be the civilization that gets saved," she pointed out. "Preserve America's family life and you save America. Go on, Bill, be patriotic—we could be a marvelous family."

"No sale. Ask the boss if you can play a set of tennis."

"Gail loves to give our romance a helping hand. . . . If you get mad when I beat you, it will be a dead giveaway."

"Put on one of Gail's skirts."

"No, I'm shy about showing my legs. I'll wear some shorts."

Connie went upstairs—the lower floor of the old house was occupied by the two stores and a kitchen. Alone with Bill, Gail came back to Connie's slur.

She yielded to an impulse: “Bill, what do you really think about Lynn?”

Bill Jay was tall and skinny, narrow-faced, homely, hard to read. “Peace, it's wonderful,” he said flippantly. “And doesn't a peace offensive bring together the darnedest bedfellows? There's serious money in it for some, power for others and great big headlines for orators. I can't prescribe for your heart, Gail. I'm quite sure he's incapable of doing anything dangerous. But I don't know how much longer this country can afford to let rich clowns enjoy their fun.”

It was a hard, cold judgment to offset Connie's—the clown or the traitor. And there were other elements in Gail's indecision and Connie's anxiety. One evening Connie wandered into Gail's room and talked too hopefully and a little desperately—talked round and round the subject till she dared walk straight up to it. “It's swell to live with you,” she said, “it's swell to have you around, but I'm darned if I want you for a stepmother.” She doubled her tanned fists. “Gail, it's all wrong, he isn't up to you—you mustn't—it's a mistake you simply must not make.”

Gail faced her coldly, but her own conflict was riotous within. “Why is it all wrong?”

Connie turned hard too: “His ego is just short of screwy—and you're mad too, if you don't admit it. He stands for everything you hate—how can you be in love with him? Well, say we don't mention that. All right, then—” she paused before taking the hurdle. “Still, how can you bear to be the successor of . . . oh, nuts, who do I think I am? The pastor of the First Church?” Half heartbroken, she stalked away to her own room.

“How can you bear to be the successor of . . . ?” Gail had no trouble finishing the question Connie had broken off. How can you bear to be the successor of Mathilde Winkler? Connie's mother had divorced Lynn Scovil, but all the rotogravure sections that printed Mathilde Winkler's picture and all the gossip columns that chronicled her activities knew that Mathilde had not even married him. Mathilde Winkler belonged to the strange and dying world of the international rich, that other world which Lynn moved in as naturally as he moved among the radicals who hated it. The curious group without meaning or place or even nationality, who had only Palm Beach left now, and Nassau, and Long Island, and Fifty-second Street.

BLOND, cosmopolitan, beautiful, Mathilde was indeed part of Gail's uncertainty. Before this summer she would have been just as incredulous as Connie that she could calmly contemplate succeeding such a woman.

So one night, a week or so after the Springfield mass meeting, Lynn himself finished the question that Connie had left unfinished. As if the time had come to force the issue. As if her hoped-for summer of forgetfulness and companionship must be finally disposed of. As if he would no longer be put off with subterfuges but would force her to make up her mind.

“Be honest, Gail,” he said, when, as usual, they had advanced, retreated and evaded till she was half angry and half frustrated. “If you weren't in love with me, you wouldn't have to deny it to yourself so frantically. What is it that holds you back? Is it Mathilde?”

Nothing was so simple as that, and how could she possibly know? She had as many doubts of herself as of him. Maybe her unhappy marriage had made her afraid of any marriage. Maybe he was right in calling her spinsterish—maybe she was timorous, virginal, cold. But certainly she was no prude!

“I'm not a child, Lynn. Nor a schoolgirl. Nor a . . . nun.”

“I haven't so much as seen her all year. We haven't—she hasn't meant anything to me for a long time. You know that. You know you've made me forget there is such a woman.”

NO DOUBT she wanted to believe that—but it did not come near the real conflict. Not hoping to say it better now than many times before, she said, “I'd marry you, Lynn. Or I'd—not marry you, I'd simply live with you. Only . . .”

“Only what?”

“I've known you a little for years. I've known you better for six or eight months. And the rock-bottom truth is that I don't know anything about you. I don't trust you and a good part of you scares me.”

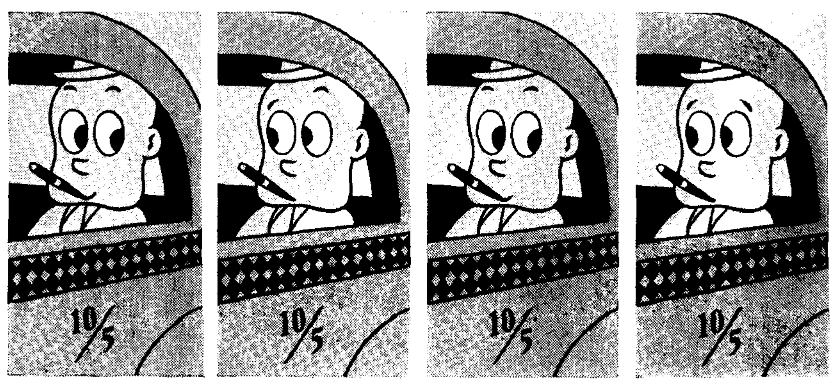
She roused in him the bewildering and compelling energy she had often seen before. “What you mean is that I have thousands of enemies!” She saw all too clearly that he was proud of the thousands. “You're too honest to let them sway your mind,” he swept on. “None of them can show that anything I've done is illegal—unpatriotic—call it what you will. I don't have to answer to them, Gail—and you don't have to, either. My guilt is that I've kept my head in a world gone mad. My crime is that I've stayed sane while America has betrayed its heritage. My job is to fight a battle already lost. Well, they must take me for what I am—and so must you. This is a time when a man must be a man, Gail.”

No. It was false, it was windy rhetoric, and it repelled her. One of Connie's barbed questions came into her mind: “Can you take it when he gets himself mixed up with God?” Gail said coldly, “I'm not a public meeting, Lynn.”

He saw his mistake and his voice grew quiet and grave: “I say these things badly, Gail—how can I think clearly this near to you? And what has any of it got to do with you and me?”

“Oh, a great deal,” she said unhappily. “We were talking about whether I'm in love with you or just hypnotized by shiny words. Whether I'm afraid to marry you or just don't want to. When do we ever talk about anything else?”

Still more quietly: “I don't advise you



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Mary Jr: Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.

Mary Sr: Obviously, darling! But why didn't you *ask* to use my perfume?

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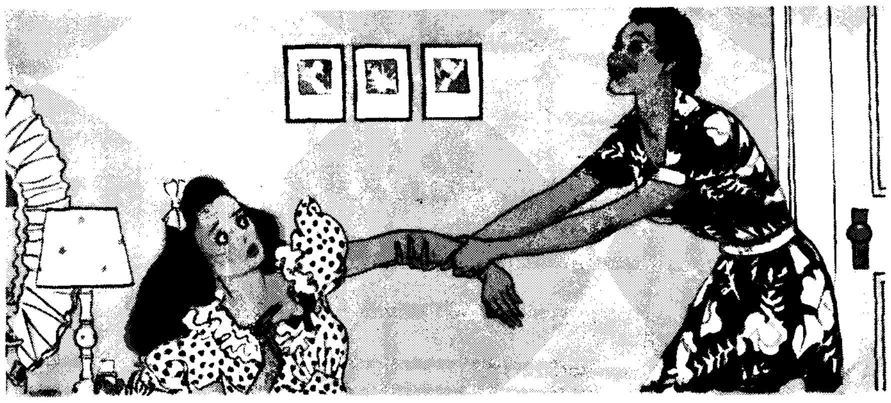
Mary Jr: I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: *“Fatal Evening”!* I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's *got* to have a *little* appeal—or *something.*



Mary Sr: You don't know how right you are! And the “something” *you* need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little *“pep appeal”* will do more for you than all the perfumes in the world!

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Mary Sr: And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all,* you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, B_1 and D.

Mary Jr: Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

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Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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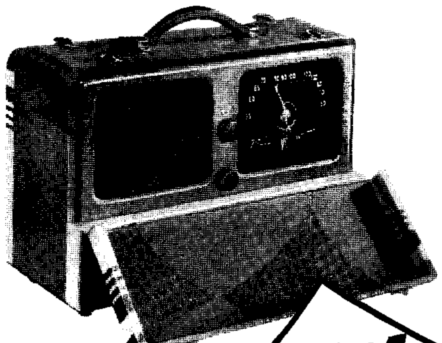

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to—if your blood is cold. Scorn, injustice, public contempt—no woman of cold wisdom would choose them for a marriage portion. No woman whose blood is cold would take such a risk." His handsome, dark face had a melancholy smile. "But if a woman were *warm and loyal, they* could be shut out and ignored. If sharing meant more to her than the applause of fools."

She was no more able now than before to decide whether the deep response she felt was a response to oratory or to the courage of a man she was in love with. How much simpler if she could remain a tranquil widow selling books! But every month she had grown less tranquil, had come nearer surrender. "If we could forget the war!" she said passionately. "You always say it should be just you and I. It never is! The war always comes in between."

"It will always come back. And if you married me, you would be marrying great trouble, my dear," he said. "No careful woman, no woman who is shrewd and calculating, would consider it." He paused for a long while. Finally, "We're telling the truth tonight. And the truth is—you would be marrying a man who might have to write to you once a month for twenty years from a federal penitentiary."

"What do you mean?" Her breath caught.

Aloofly, "No one has ever proved anything I've done illegal. It will be easier now. I'm telling you what must not be repeated, Gail. That mass meeting in Springfield will have more important successors. On September first—on Labor Day—those of us who have kept our heads will hold peace meetings in many places. We'll go on holding them. To preach peace may be a crime now. Be sure they'll do their best to get me. I think their best won't be enough—but it may be. If it is . . ." He shrugged.

Part of her mind protested that this was merely theatrical, that he was in love with spotlighted martyrdom, that the fire in his eyes was only play-acting. But it was only a small part of her mind—and he had summoned up the terrible symbols, the angry crowd, the thrown missiles, the terrible dark row of cells. He was talking about final things—terrible, urgent things—things that had broken through to touch her. Quite suddenly she had begun to tremble with the realization that her defenses were down at last. The war could not be shut out beyond the Berkshire Hills, no more delay was possible, and she must make her choice.

He whispered, "I'm a very lonely man, Gail."

Blindly, she put out a hand. He had loosed the arrow that must pierce any defense. Loneliness was what had always dramatized him to her, the one lone figure against the world and the wolf pack. And now the lonely fighter and the lonely cell. She could not bear for him to be alone. "What is it you want, Lynn?" she said.

SHE knew that he knew she had surrendered, and she saw the triumph in his eyes—and no matter. "Three weeks of letting the world go hang!" he said. "Let's seize our hour before it's gone. Let's take what we can before the war snatches everything from us."

Yes, the small, calm part of her mind asserted, it would be a war marriage. Her second marriage would be different from anything that could have been foretold. Calmness flickered out . . . There was no choice. When it came to the point, there never was a choice. Widowhood was behind her and her own lonely years—and don't forget Connie's shocked eyes, don't forget all the doubts and fears and ugly facts she had gone over till she was dizzy with them. Don't forget—but she had forgotten. They didn't exist any more. She said, with a long sigh, "Things shouldn't come out this way, Lynn! You shouldn't stampede me—we should be deliberate, we should know what we're doing—"

He silenced her, "Will you always be deliberate, Gail? Look—on Friday I'm to give this vast party for the orchestra." His lips curled a little. "The summer patriots being gracious to the arts! Well, if my friends could come to my house and find you there! If they could meet not Gail Armstrong but Gail Scovil. The rest of August will be ours—quiet, peace, the war obliterated. After that we can run our chances. But neither of us will ever be alone again."

While it was still possible to question anything, she wondered if this also might not be only the power of a skillful orator to drown out her sense in pretty words. "Friday?" she said. "So soon as that, Lynn?"

"Sooner! You're going to that ball at Manchester on Wednesday—everyone will be there—the same crowd, the same emptiness . . . We can quietly leave the dance and be married, there in Vermont. Then on Friday you will welcome our guests to our house."

He had everything planned; he had counted on her. Well, why not? He had been right to count on her; she had made her choice, no other choice was possible. So much for Connie's fears and Bill Jay's ridicule—so much for her own virginal foreboding! Tenderness overwhelmed her and she walked into his arms. "I'll marry you at Manchester," she said, and there was no more conflict, she was altogether happy.

Or . . . was she?

THE lieutenant came out of the movie at Cornwall toward six o'clock and bought a newspaper. In a little park he hunted through it till he found a short item. A German prisoner of war, it said, had contrived to escape from a train that was taking a detachment to a concentration camp. The escape had occurred near Glen Nevis and it was assumed that the prisoner would try to reach the United States. Military patrols were looking for him, all the proper authorities had been notified, and a description of him had been broadcast. He was identified as Senior Lieutenant (Oberleutnant, they meant) Friedrich Römer.

Oberleutnant Römer would have liked a copy of that description. But he felt exhilarated and renewed. Up to now he had been in flight—he had felt like an animal on the run. But now he was a man taking the offensive after a long retreat. . . . The United States, which it was assumed he would try to reach, was something like a half mile away. An old song came into his mind, "There's one more river to cross." He felt confident, sure of his luck—he was going to finish the job! The odds had been enormously long but they were a good deal shorter now. *"Achtung! Römer, und vorwärts!"* There was also an old poem: "Let us be up and doing."

He began to make a survey of the town and in a few minutes had found an international bridge. How very simple, he thought, whistling a chorus which he abruptly broke off, realizing that it was *"Krambambuli."* As simple as possible! All he had to do was swing on to a truck that was going across that bridge. That would have been perfect except that there were sentries at this end of the bridge, a patrol marching across it and unquestionably Canadian and American customs officers and American patrols as well. Superman, he thought enviously, Superman would clear them all with one leap.

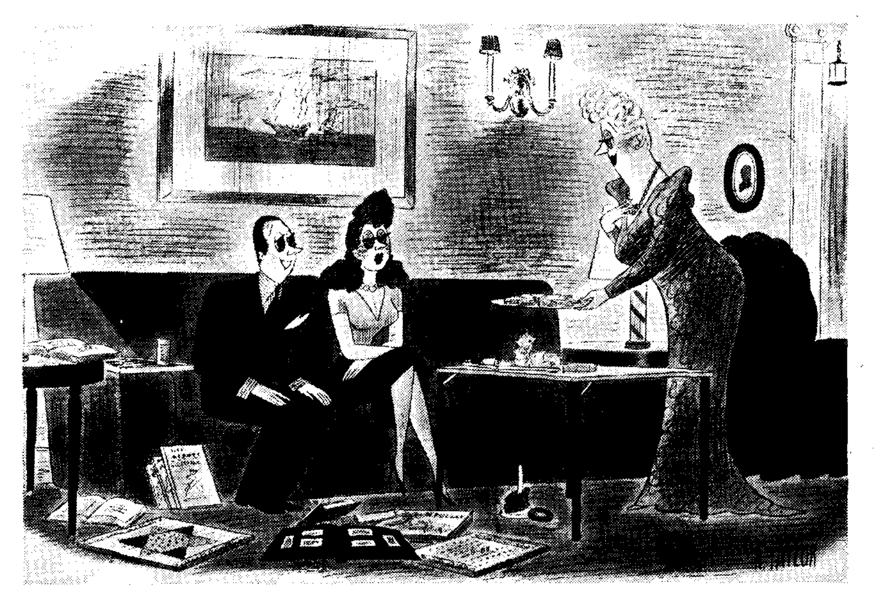
IT WAS also a railroad bridge, and Oberleutnant Römer stood where tracks crossed a Cornwall street and could have swung aboard a freight train that bumped past—except that there were soldiers on top of the cars and on the platform of the caboose. Still, here was an idea, he made for the freight yards. There were guards where the tracks came through the fence and it was a ten-foot fence surmounted by barbed wire. He followed it all around the yards and the two other gaps were guarded, and there were plenty of floodlights that would be switched on at night. "Get out of here!" a guard yelled, brandishing a club. The lieutenant got out. *Report on railroad: not a chance.*

Yes, he reflected, it would be no problem at all for Superman. Clearly, he would have to have a boat—it was impossible to exaggerate his loathing of boats. A quarter of a mile above the bridge he got down to the riverside. He could see the back yards of a pulp mill and a chemical factory. Several gas boats were moored a few yards out from shore—a most attractive idea, but one could not invade the United States at night with an outboard motor. Still, the owners must have a rowboat, a skiff, a canoe—there must be some way of getting to them. He went closer.

"Hey!"

A man came running toward him. The lieutenant had a sudden vivid realization of how beautiful this calm evening sky would seem if he ended up in jail.

It was a little man, furiously angry, shockingly profane, an automatic pistol in a holster at his belt. He stopped ten feet away. And, the lieutenant mused, even if he had come closer there would



"Mrs. Bristow, won't you just leave us to our own devices?"

RICHARD TAYLOR

The best reason to buy it is because it is a Ford

It is a fact, we believe, that no name in the automobile business tells you as much about the car that bears it as the name Ford.

If you knew nothing about cars, you could buy a Ford on faith, with full assurance that you had bought great value. Or you could know all about cars, and buy a Ford because of the great mechanical quality that goes into it.

This has been true of Ford cars now for more than thirty-eight years. It is true because of the very nature and beliefs of this company.

Henry Ford did not start the Ford business just to compete, but to create. Good low-cost cars were needed and did not exist. He saw a way to make them, and he did it.

And our main purpose today at Ford is not just to make a car that we can sell, but to make cars that will keep on bringing better things to buyers in the low-price field.

In that purpose, we are helped by a motor car plant which has no equal, and by the fact that as a company we do not need and do not take big profits on our work. Although we produce more of our own Ford parts and materials now than ever, the only profit that we take is still the small one on the finished car.

This year we invite you to drive the finest Ford we've ever made. At many points its quality is greater than its price buys elsewhere simply because it *is* a Ford.

SQUARE
DANCE
AND
SUPPER
—$1.00—

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

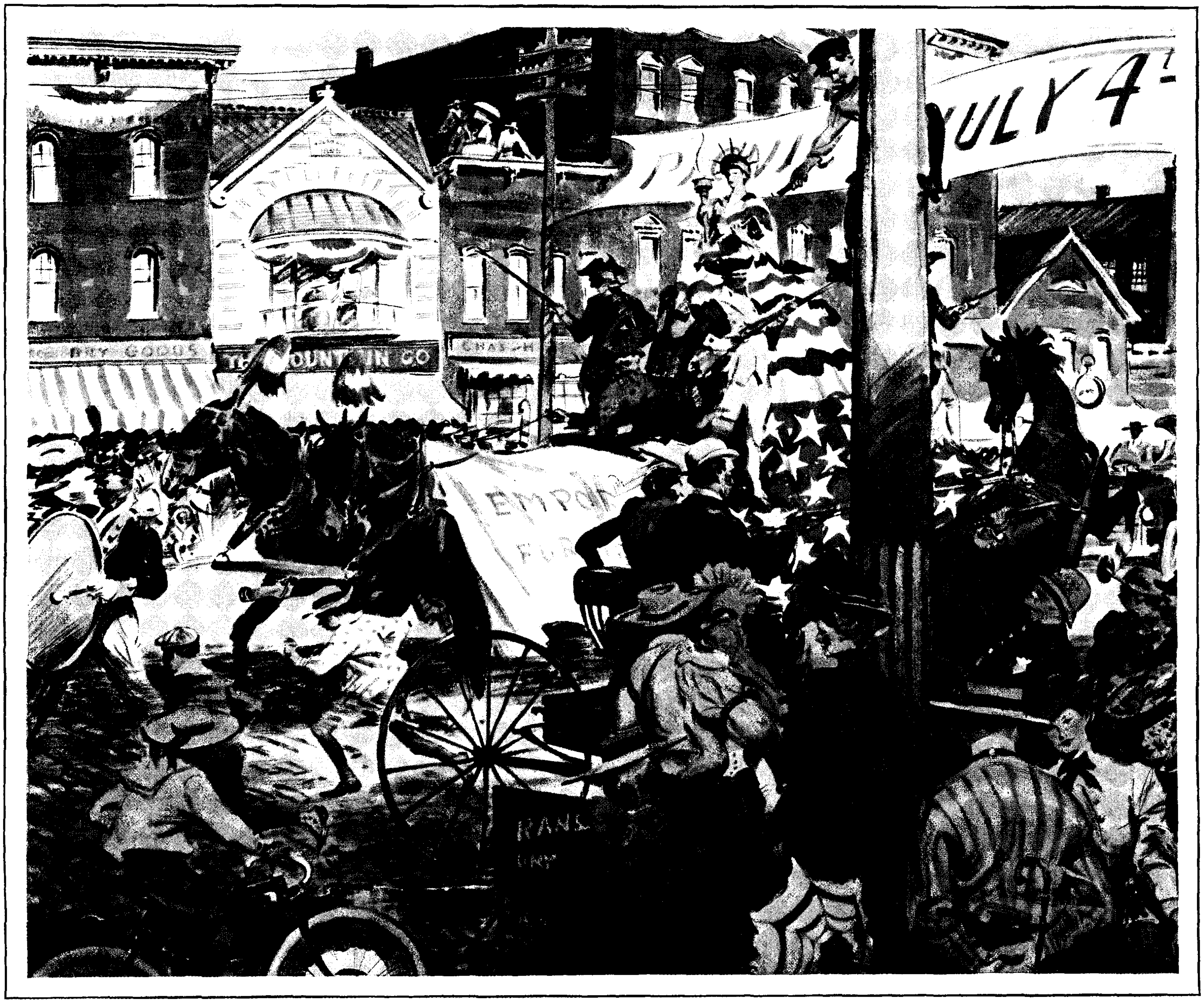
POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

Ford

GET THE FACTS...
AND YOU'LL GET A **FORD**



The Glorious Fourth

An Old American Institution

WILL YOU ever forget the sounds and sights, and most of all, the very special smells of the Fourth of July, years ago . . . the sputter of "sons o' guns" set off with a whirl of your heel against the paving . . . the fragrance of dew-wet clover lawns, mingling with the sharp, burned-powder smoke of firecrackers?

THE day was usually hot . . . and sultry. A powdery dust sifted softly over your Sunday shoes as you marched in the parade. And the band played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever".

PEOPLE called out to you as they sat and watched from their hospitable shady verandas. The porch swings had fresh-starched covers tied with tapes. And the rockers wore decorous "tidies". Around the banisters, bunting twined. There was a potato hung by the string—stuck with a dozen penny flags—remember?

IN THE afternoon, you had a picnic in the grove—beyond a hay-shorn stubble meadow and a fence where elderberries bloomed. You sat in little groups on the ground and *ate* of tawny-crusted "fryers" and potato salad just touched with onion; sweet little pickled gherkins and fat, pale dills; smoky country ham and homemade bread, fine-grained and white as Silver Cake.

SUCH memories—poignant and homely—are the stuff that patriotism is made of. Memories of friendly gatherings; small-town festivities; good food. These make up the pattern of American living—a pattern in which H. J. Heinz Company has had its part for more than seventy years.

THROUGH these years, Heinz has helped to keep alive interest and pride in old-fashioned customs—old-fashioned American food. Among the 57 Varieties you will find, at their best, many of the notable culinary specialties of our country. There are the lusty chowders of the Atlantic coast . . . gumbos of the Deep South . . . New England's glorious baked beans . . . even the traditional Seven Sweets and Sours—like jellies, pickles, chow chow, chili sauce and tomato ketchup—without which no table was complete in those rich farmlands of Pennsylvania, where the House of Heinz began.

WE, AT HEINZ, believe that good foods are as much a part of the American heritage as our language and our laws. We hope to go on in the future, as we have for 72 years in the past, helping to set a fine table for American families—with the best of American foods.

57

H. J. Heinz Company

An Old American Institution

have been nothing whatever to do: "What in hell are you doing here?" the little man roared.

"Looking for a plank."

"Looking for a plank!" The little man discharged a star shell of sparkling oaths. Get out of here. Go back where you belong before I get mad. Get going!"

The lieutenant got going—and he loved the peppery little man as a friend and brother. When he was out of sight, he leaned against a tree and laughed till he was weak. But he was more confident than ever—clearly luck was on the side of the offensive. Clearly also, he would do better outside of town—and so he sought the highway again and headed west. When the highway curved away from the river he grew anxious and turned down the first dirt road that led off toward the left. It ended at a point of land that jutted into the river, where in a little cove boys and young men were swimming. He stretched out at the edge of a fringe of trees, smoked a cigarette and watched them in the growing darkness. There was a little dock, and a rowboat was moored to it. So this was the place! Suddenly his breath caught, his knees shook and he was weak with the need to rush down and get that boat. He clasped his arms round his knees. Careful! Remember Superman!

Downriver he could see the lights of Cornwall, but the whole length of the American shore was black; that meant a stretch of forest, and a forest would be bad going after dark. The lieutenant chuckled—he had reached a point where he could be fastidious about the avenues of escape! A small freighter moved upstream with a great clanking of machinery, and ten minutes later there was another one. They would be carrying lumber or pulpwood or oil. Another boat made a strong impression on him, a swift patrol launch that swept by, passing a searchlight along the bank.

IT WAS discourteous to find fault with the Dominion of Canada, which had treated him so hospitably, but it did seem a leisurely place—they swam late. Little by little the shouting and the splashing diminished, by twos and threes the boys came in and dressed and wandered off, but it must have been nine-thirty or later when they were all gone. It was completely dark, altogether silent except for the swish of the current, and he made himself wait for many minutes in the deep shadow before he went down to the boat.

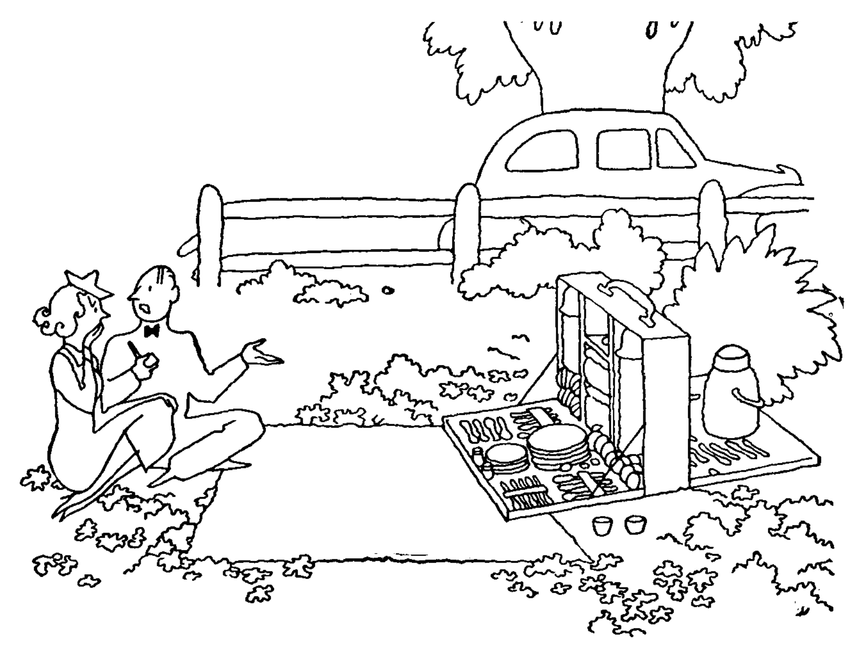
He stood up, cursing—shocked and alarmed. There were no oars! But there had to be oars! They must be hidden under the little dock—and what if they weren't? He stretched out on the planking and groped underneath. There they were, neatly stowed on the crosspieces . . . and his swift satisfaction perished, for someone was coming down the sandy beach! He rolled off the edge, ducked between the two piles and stood up to his waist in water, his head almost touching the under side of the dock. Slow steps reached the dock, there was a giggle and a kind of scuffle. Two pairs of legs dangled over the edge, not a yard from his face.

His feet settled in the mud, he leaned against a pile, and the invasion of the United States was halted by the most appallingly vapid conversation he had ever heard. In Canada love scenes were inconclusive and even more leisurely than swimming. They had the most limited ideas, they expressed them in the most saccharine language, and the girl was not going to let herself be kissed more than once or twice. The lieutenant hated them and his legs grew stiff and his teeth chattered. It would have been pleasant to yell and scare them stiff.

They went at last, with more giggles and scuffling. He flexed his leaden arms and legs, moved out to the edge of the dock and watched their dim figures disappear in the darkness. He pulled out the oars, cast off the rope, climbed into the boat and rowed out into the current. Next stop, the United States!

The stars were partly overcast. The river was lighter than the sky and the current strong. His left wrist was sore, but rowing warmed him up. And relief broke over him in a great wave. He had done it! In something like twenty-seven hours, from train to boat, he had beaten the odds, shown his heels to the British empire and held his luck. If the rowboat had had a deck he would have danced on it. He rowed steadily and comfortably, his satisfaction growing.

IT WAS a wide river. A half hour must have passed when the current slacked off; he saw the deeper blackness of trees over his shoulder, the boat grounded on sand, and he could step out. End of the voyage—this was the United States. At that moment the beam of a searchlight, no doubt from the patrol boat he had seen, passed down the bank. He stood transfixed, but no Canadian patrol could touch him now. He thumbed his nose at the beam, but it swept over him and on down the river. He could not see the North Star—and did not care. Away from the river would be south, and it didn't matter in the least where he came out. He shoved the boat into the current. It slid away downstream.



"If only we hadn't forgotten the food!" GARDNER REA

The bridge was to the east—at his left—and he had better give it a wide miss. Slanting to the right, he went into the woods, moving with the greatest caution, straining to see in the impenetrable blackness. Underbrush caught at him, gouging his cheeks and forearms. A root tripped him and he went down heavily. He waded through a swamp to his waist. There were intervals of tall grass where the going was only less difficult, and beyond them was always some further clump of brush. Till at last he saw an opening beyond the trees. He came into it—and there was a rocky beach and, beyond it, a flowing river.

He had not reached the American shore. He had landed on an island.

His overcharged nerves exploded in a sudden fury. He ran down the edge of the woods with some crazed notion of getting the boat he had abandoned. He stopped short, struggling for self-control, realizing that the boat was gone for good. And the short run had done the final damage. Someone yelled "Halt" from the trees. The lieutenant dashed into the river, fell forward and began to swim. There was a long jet of flame against the night, someone was shooting from the edge of the woods, the island was patrolled, and the current had him by the throat.

A sandbar rose black against the water. He let down his feet and stood up. He stripped off the canvas grease suit, fought to untie his shoelaces, tied the shoes around his neck and dived in. Voices were yelling on the island. Several guns were shooting—but not in his direction.

The river rolled a great wall against him and there were ominous flecks of white. Alone in an immensity of water, he became a machine of thrusting arms and legs and his consciousness diminished to a mere point. He could see nothing but dim water, feel nothing but the drive of his muscles, hear nothing but the pounding that was not the river but his heart. His strength ebbed; he buried his head deeper and struggled on. His arms were lead, then wood, then nothing. He could hardly turn his head to breathe and lassitude began to spread over him. He floundered, he shook his mind awake, grew drowsier. Keep going! A crazy thought struck him: how preposterous to be licked by a river after he had licked the Dominion of Canada. Keep going! Suddenly he had the clearest picture of himself asleep. His mouth opened in a yawn; he swallowed water, gagging. Just let your feet drop and go to sleep! No, don't argue foolishly, stick to a good idea and keep going. The shoes were going to pull his head under. Well, why not? What was the point?

HE BEGAN to thresh aimlessly. Simply stop swimming. Simply go to sleep. He rolled over, and water covered his head and he struck something solid. He raised an arm and his fingers gripped something, slid off, caught a root. He rolled into a shallow and lay face down, strangling. He stood up and fell again. He heard a loud voice say, "Superman would never go to sleep, keep going." He thought, why, that's me talking—and talking like a fool. He stood up, fell, crawled, pulled himself up on a driftwood-littered bank and fainted.

Then it was still dark and he was putting on his sodden shoes. He had shoes, he had underdrawers, and he must keep going. . . .

Then it was nine o'clock the next morning when Oberleutnant Römer rode into the town of Malone, New York, on a dairy truck that had brought him the last ten miles. He had walked all night and he had committed two more burglaries. He had got another suit of canvas overalls from a filling station and, finding no money in its cash drawer, he had smashed a window in the crossroads lunch counter across from it and emptied the till of seven dollars. Then he had run in blind panic down the road till he could run no farther.

A fair criticism would be that his nerves had not been too good since the time he left that island. Still, there was some reason for that sudden panic—the burglary had not been planned for, was extremely risky and might still cause some trouble. But the proprietor of the filling station was going to be puzzled when he found a pair of water-soaked shorts on his floor.

He needed more tranquil nerves—he was going to need as much nerve as possible from now on. Most of all he needed sleep. But the town of Malone was too near his burglaries, and there remained one vital job that must be done at once. He went into the cheapest-looking store he could find and bought overalls, a work shirt, underwear, a pair of socks, a cheap razor and a canvas hat. His battered shoes would have to do. In the washroom of the railroad station he shaved and put on the clothes. There was a small square of mirror. Children would not love the face that looked out of it at him, he thought, and it would be no help in thumbing rides. His eyes were rimmed and sunken, his cheeks had no color, there were creases and wrinkles he had not had the day before yesterday.

HE DROPPED his stolen clothes in a trash barrel outside the station. How to get better clothes, how to get money, remained to be worked out. Those burglaries bothered him—he had not planned them and much could go wrong because of them. Well, what do you do when you enter a country with only a pair of drawers? You take a chance.

He had had to take a chance. So, though Malone, New York was the most beautiful town he had ever seen in all his life, though it sparkled with freedom and success against the odds, he had better get out of it fast. Too near the border, too near the scene of the crime and too far from his destination. He had another journey to begin.

He found the telegraph office—then decided not to go in. He changed his remaining dollar bill and found a telephone booth in a drugstore. There he phoned a telegram. It was addressed to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company, on Vesey Street, New York. It read:

WE ARE ABLE TO RESUME SHIPMENT OF THE INTERRUPTED CONSIGNMENT OF JULY TWENTY-SIXTH. PLEASE NOTIFY YOUR DETROIT OFFICE TO EXPECT DELIVERY WITHIN FOUR DAYS. SOME FINANCIAL ADJUSTMENT WILL BE NECESSARY AND WE WILL INFORM YOU PRESENTLY WHERE PAYMENT MAY BE MADE. HOPE FOR CONTACT WITH NEW ORLEANS REPRESENTATIVE.

PHILIP GARFIELD,
FOR TRANSOCEANIC SERVICE

He came out of the drugstore—and the thing was done. Or started . . . and at once he knew that, no matter how necessary it might be to get out of this town, he was not going till he had had some sleep. Had he not earned some sleep? Without overvaluing the job he had done so far, he could confidently say that he had. There must be a park. There was a park. He stretched out on the grass.

So that was done—or rather, that much was done. Yes. The slighter hazards of his undertaking were now behind him. So the real dangers could now begin. He went to sleep.

(To be continued next week)

FIGHT HEADACHES
3 ways at same time!

HEADACHE
NERVES
STOMACH

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach—all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. *That's headache's "vicious circle!"*

And that's why a mere single-acting pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you with a dull, sickish feeling.

Millions today break headache's vicious circle with a product that works *3 ways at the same time*—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer is a scientifically-designed formula that not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Next time you get a headache, fight it these 3 ways! Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer*. See how quickly it brings you grateful relief, if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed, more alert—both mentally and physically! Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

How To Appear INCHES TALLER!

DR. SCHOLL'S HEIGHT ELEVATORS

$2.95 Pr.

Why feel inferior because you are short? Dr. Scholl's Height Elevators—improved invention—make you appear inches taller. Worn invisibly. Slip into your shoes like an insole. Transferable from one pair to another. No one knows what you wear. Very comfortable. Made since 1912. Many regular users. Formerly sold up to $8.00 pair. **Now only $2.95 a pair.**

SEND NO MONEY. If your dealer isn't supplied, order direct, giving your height, shoe size and width, and Dr. Scholl's Height Elevators will be sent in plain package. Pay mail man $2.95, plus postage, or send check or currency and we will send prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. HE, Chicago, Ill.

ATTENTION! ITCHING SKIN SUFFERERS

Don't give up! Try soothing Resinol for the itching, burning torment of eczema or local irritation. For 45 years it has given comfort to many sufferers and it's ready to help *you.*

Buy and try it today. For free sample write Resinol, C-4, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL *At all druggists*

Don't Say *O-U-C-H* Say *Band-me-Quick!*

That's the new way to say finger bandage—Band-me-Quick! Just wrap around at tension *you* want, and it

Sticks to Itself but Not to You!

Stays on without binding, even in water. Keeps out dirt and allows air to enter. Can be removed instantly without pulling skin or hair. *Leaves no gummy stain.* Band-me-Quick is ¾" x 9", strong, but thin and light—a marvelous comfort. Medicated pad. Used by physicians. At all Drug Counters in U.S. and Canada

Twenty for 25¢

Band-me-Quick is made of GAUZTEX the white surgical gauze that sticks to itself but *not* to you. A host of users buy GAUZTEX in rolls of various widths and lengths—10¢ and up.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for

GAUZTEX *Band-me-Quick*

Po-Chile No More

Continued from page 25

"Gimme eighty-six," Giles demanded. "Efn you kin find de copper, you still got money in de treasury."

"But, Mist' Giles!" the preacher protested. "Us savin' up to buy a stove for next winter. Dat ole stove fallin' down!"

"Gimme," Giles said. And the money was dug up and delivered. Giles added fourteen cents and bought a pint of cod-liver oil from the drugstore in Benton.

In three days Grant had come back for more oil.

"Is Po-Chile done drunk up dat bottle, already?" Giles wanted to know.

"Yassuh," Grant said. "Him, and my young'uns, too. I gi'ed 'em all a little taste."

The thought of providing cod-liver oil for Grant's brood of twenty-six brought a quick decision. "Grant," Giles said, "you take Po-Chile and gi' him to Reub and Sugar."

Later, Giles delivered to Po-Chile's new foster parents a case of cod-liver oil which he'd persuaded the druggist to sell him on credit.

"I don't know how come I'm takin' all dis patience wid dat young'un," he said to Sugar. "He ain't no weary er mine." He could not explain why then, and he never tried to explain later on.

With everybody else on the plantation, he was ever the big, roaring, short-patienced foreman, but with Po-Chile he always took time to help him along.

Giles had watched the orphan grow from a rickety "dirt-eatin' " little soul to a husky, healthy youth.

BUT when Po-Chile grew big enough to plow, he displayed no talent for the job. He could do it well enough when he put his whole mind as well as his body to it, but Po-Chile was usually mentally relaxed, and the best he had ever done was barely good enough.

And now, Po-Chile was smitten with pure love. It hit him suddenly as he was walking down the turnrow toward the barn, minding his own business and thinking about nothing. Then he looked up and there stood Grant's Little Livvy.

Little Livvy was digging yams with a hoe. Po-Chile had seen her a thousand times and had felt no emotion. This time she looked different, swinging her hoe and picking up sweet potatoes.

"Hy-dy, Little Livvy!" Po-Chile greeted.

"And you, Po-Chile?" she responded.

"You looks mighty good, diggin' dem yams," he told her. "I c'd marry up wid a gal like you."

"You's a fool," Little Livvy snorted.

Po-Chile wandered on. He was filled up with love for Little Livvy and, naturally, he went to Giles. But he had drawn small comfort from the foreman.

"Two bitses for a weddin' present!" he mumbled to himself. "And talk about bein' man enough to do my own cou'tin'!" The least the all-powerful foreman might have done, Po-Chile thought, was to have compelled the girl to marry him. It was all discouraging.

He thought as he walked: "I'm got to ack like a man. Giles say I got to do dat."

He hurried back to the sweet-potato patch. Little Livvy's pail was nearly filled.

"I kin th'ow you," Po-Chile stated. "I c'd jest grab you and chunk you right on de ground—"

Little Livvy stepped back and raised her hoe. "You tetch me," she challenged, "and I'll bat yo' brains out." From the way she wielded the implement, Po-Chile knew she could and would.

He backed out of reach, shook his head, and walked away. Love, he thought, was a strange business. "Giles claim," he told himself, "she want me to ack mannish, and den when I does she try to knock my haid off."

He walked back to the barn, still mixed up in his mind but his heart still overflowing with love. At the lot, he learned that the ration truck was about to leave for Shreveport, and Po-Chile climbed into the truck. He had no business in the city, but he had no business in the country, either, and the solitude of a stranger in town appealed to him.

The crowds of people along the levee in Shreveport served to distract the mind of Po-Chile from the pangs of love. After a while he left the levee and, for no better reason than that he happened to be walking in that direction, went into the Elite Club.

Po-Chile had heard vague talk of people going to the Elite Club. Some of the wildest young men on Little Bee Bend claimed even to have visited it, and they spun weird tales of sin and gambling there.

There was a bar—a fine one with a big mirror—much finer than the little one at the dago's over at Benton. There were pool tables and dice tables and a long row of slot machines against one wall. Po-Chile gazed around until his eyes grew accustomed to the cool, dim light. There was a man shooting pool balls across the green table, and a bartender in a white apron dozed at one end of the bar. Po-Chile walked to the slot machines and stared at each little glass box filled with coins. He had seen slot machines but never so many at one time. He was awe-struck.

"Hey, Country," the bartender said, "what you up to? Either play de Chiefs or git goin'."

"I'm jest lookin'," Po-Chile said.

"Yeah? You's lookin' at a two-bits Chief. You might be country or you might be casin' dis place, but efn you wants to hang around, le's see you put two bits in de slots."

"I'm jest lookin'," Po-Chile repeated.

"You ain't got two bits," the bartender challenged.

"I'm is, too, got two bits."

"Den feed de machine wid hit."

Po-Chile hated to part with his money, but the man had spoken with authority and Po-Chile never was one to go against authority. So he put the twenty-five-cent piece into the machine and pulled the lever. The disks spun and, right before Po-Chile's eyes, it seemed that the machine began to fall apart and quarters poured out.

"He hit de jacks pot!" the pool player shouted. "And on a two-bits machine!"

"Not on dat one!" the bartender yelled as he started around the bar. "Dat machine is s'posed to be plugged!"

Po-Chile, dazed but pleased, began to rake in his quarters.

"Smart guy!" said the bartender. "Dressed up like a fiel' hand and jimmy-jackin' my two-bits machine!"

"I bet he jest lucky," offered the pool player. "Boy, lemme rub yo' haid."

"Take away!" Po-Chile jerked back. "I'm tetchous about my haid." He straightened to his full height and looked menacingly at the pool player. The bartender noticed Po-Chile's size and belligerent voice simultaneously.

"Aw, hard guy," said the bartender. "Wants to fight." He went back to the bar and reached beneath it. "I'm sendin' for de po-lice to handle you."

AT THE mention of police the pool player laid a large pistol on the table near Po-Chile, and, muttering something about " 'leven months and twenty-nine days gittin' kotched wid dis," left hurriedly.

Po-Chile picked up the pistol and scooped the rest of the quarters into his pocket.

"Don't shoot me, please," begged the bartender. "I ain't raley rung for no police. Jest take yo' money and git on out, please, suh."

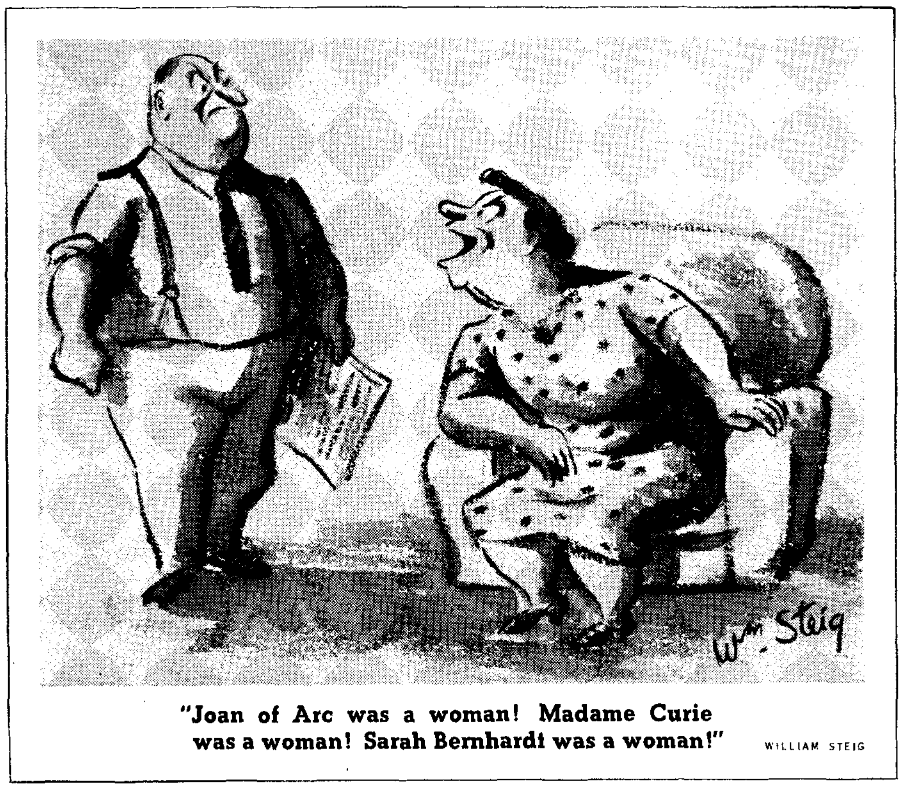
Understanding no part of it, Po-Chile felt a glow of self-importance at the bartender's plea. He walked over to the bar.

"Gimme a pint er wine," said Po-Chile with what he hoped was casual gruffness.

The bartender shoved a bottle into Po-Chile's hand.

Po-Chile put a quarter on the bar. "Gimme a nickel change," he said.

The bartender looked at his cash till and had visions of being slugged and robbed as soon as he turned his back. "Looky," he pleaded, "I ain't fixin' to



"Joan of Arc was a woman! Madame Curie was a woman! Sarah Bernhardt was a woman!"

WILLIAM STEIG

designed for happy holidays

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Take along a few Palm Beach Suits and Slacks on your vacation • They're so light, you can pack several into an ordinary grip • So cool, you'll find them perfect for active sports and moonlight dances • So washable, you needn't worry about perspiration stains and summer soil • So flattering that your sweetheart will take pride in your appearance • So economical, you can afford a White, an Airtone pastel—a super-light Icicle Weave...a cool, correct Formal—as well as several smart slacks.

Slacks, $5.50 • Formals, $20 • Students' Suits, $16.50

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$3250 IN PRIZES
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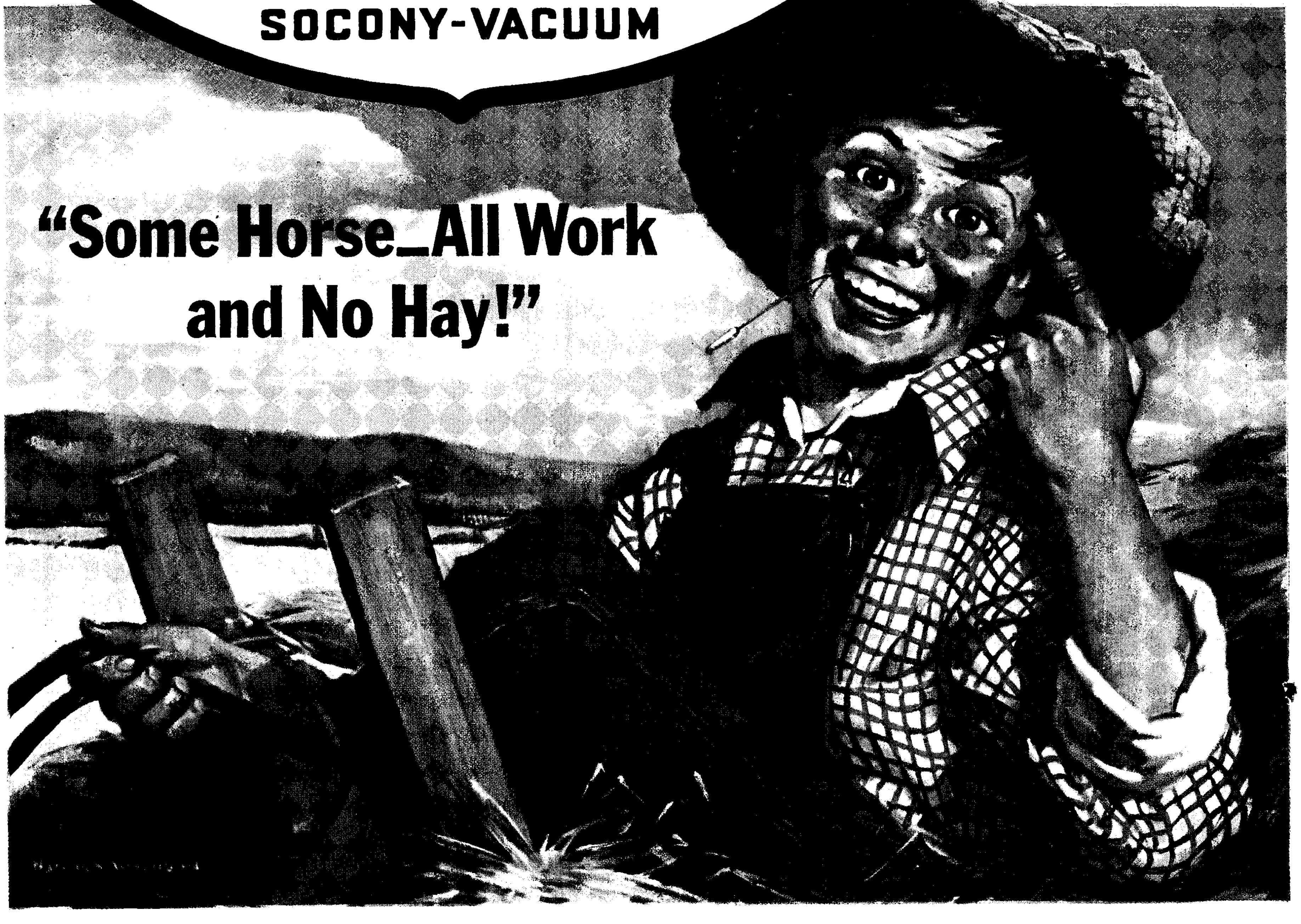

"Some Horse—All Work and No Hay!"

charge you for no wine. You take hit and yo' two bits and all de yuther two bitses, please, suh, and go haid and leave me be."

"You mean," asked Po-Chile, "you's fixin' to gimme dis wine, free?"

"Sho. Now, please, suh—"

"Thanky kindly," said Po-Chile, putting the pistol in his overalls bib.

Back on Texas Street, Po-Chile began to get a vague feeling that something wrong had taken place in the Elite Club. He was uneasy about it and leaving Texas Street hurriedly, he returned to the friendly levee.

Soon, the levee tired him, too, and his mind went back to his sweet love, Little Livvy. Thinking of her, and of how strangely she had acted when his heart was bursting with pure love added to his general bewilderment. All of it was taxing his brain and he sought out the plantation truck, climbed into the cab and went to sleep.

He woke when Doc came to back up the truck to the platform. He heard the porter talking to Doc while the rations were being loaded. "He broke up all de slots machines and tuck de money," the porter was saying, "and den dared de bartender to speak a word."

"In de E-lite Club?" Doc was incredulous. "What did he look like?"

"Looked bad. He was dressed up in a pair er overhalls over his spo'tin' clothes and he come walkin' in jest like a fiel' hand. But quick as he got inside he grabbed a pint er wine offn de bar and pulled his pistol f'm under his overhalls bib. Den he tuck a drink er wine wid one hand and shot his pistol off wid de yuther. Den he drawed back his elbows and yowled like a wildcat and started struttin' about de place, archin' his back and liftin' his lef' foot high and bustin' de slots machines and all."

"Mankind!" Doc exclaimed. "He sho sound rocky. What did ev'ybody else do whilst he was doin' like dat?"

"WHAT did dey do?" the porter repeated. "Dey jest natchally stood and shivered. Ev'ybody dat was smart done dat. But one fool tried to run out and dis bully shot him right in de back er de haid, and den tuck a big drink er wine, and laughed."

"Did hit kill de man?"

"Sho," said the porter. "Only he was runnin' so fas' when he got shot, dat he got plumb 'cross de bridge befo' he drapped."

"Lawd, Lawd," Doc said. "Dat must er been a bad man."

"Bad don't even start tellin' hit," the porter told him. "Ev'ybody say he de baddest man hit dis town since Little John cut his way f'm Milam Street to de river."

On the way home, neither Doc nor Po-Chile did much talking. Doc was studying his mind over the big story he would have to tell when he got home. The tale was already taking on improvements in Doc's imagination.

When the truck turned from the concrete highway into the bumpy plantation road, the first jar bounced quarters from Po-Chile's pockets. Doc, eyes on the road, heard the clink of coins.

"Boy," he said, "you jest droolin' change! Whar'd you git all dat money?"

"Outn de slots machine at de E-lite Club in Shrevepo't," Po-Chile said simply.

Doc wondered briefly, and dismissed the thought as fantastic. "Well, hold de money in de pockets wid yo' hands," he suggested. "Hit's plenty er bumps betwixt hyar and home."

"I can't," said Po-Chile. "I ain't got but two hands and I got to hold my pint er wine wid one hand and my pistol wid de yuther."

Doc gulped. "You ain't raley got no pint er wine and a pistol, is you?" he demanded.

Po-Chile drew the bottle from his hip pocket and the pistol from his overalls bib and exhibited them. Doc swallowed hard and pressed the accelerator to the floor. He glued his eyes to the road ahead and concentrated on getting home.

At the commissary, Po-Chile slipped from the cab and started to thank Doc for the ride, but Doc was gone.

"Now!" said Po-Chile, puzzled. "What did he do like dat for?"

Doc found Giles passing the cool of the afternoon on the Widow Duck's front gallery.

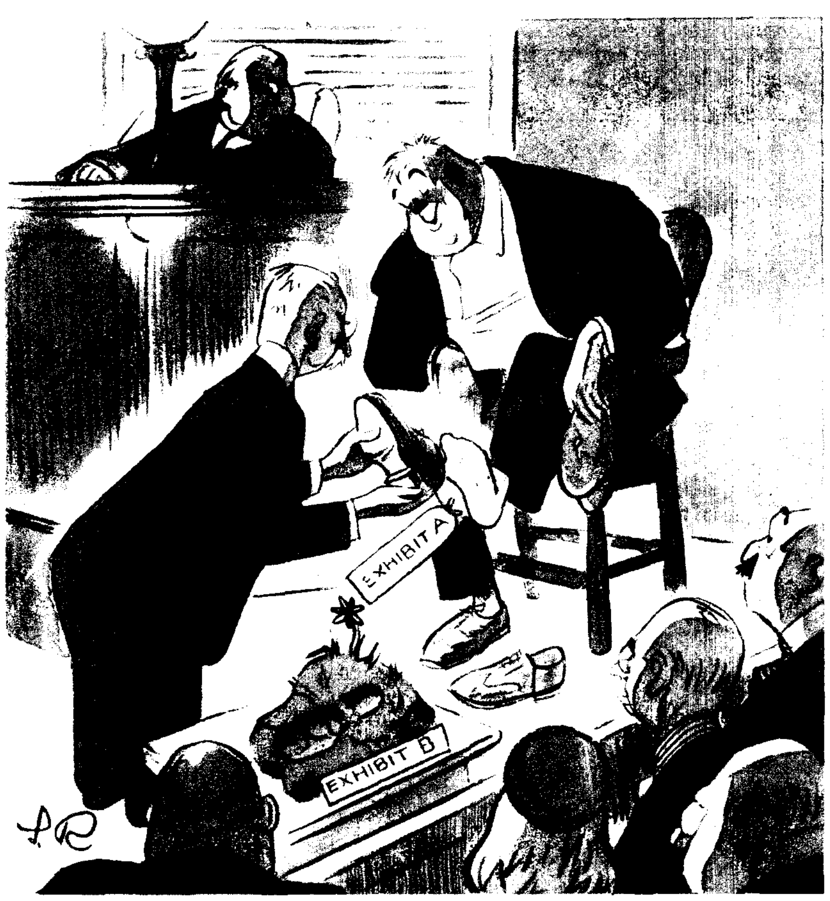
"You onloaded mighty quick," Giles said. "I seen you pass jest now—"

"I ain't onloaded," Doc panted; "nothin', 'cept Po-Chile. He onloaded befo' he kilt somebody else. You better git de bossman quick and de law—"

"Take yo' time, Doc," the Widow Duck said. "You's all in a swivit and you's talkin' in chunks. Start at de bottom and work up."

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"I feel like Cindereller"

Doc related his version of the porter's story.

"And you didn't had time to onload cause you got to come and spread de news to me, hunh?" Giles demanded. "How many times I got to tell you I ain't intrusted in doin's over in town? What take place in Shrevepo't is dey business, but gittin' dat truck onloaded is my business."

"But wait," Doc protested. "You ain't hyared what dat buck-steppin', pant'er-squallin' bad man is name!"

"And I don't keer," stated Giles.

Then curiosity overcame him. "Hit wa'n't ole bad Little John agin, was hit?"

"Naw," said Doc. "Hit was ole pokey Po-Chile!"

"Po-Chile?" Giles repeated.

"He ain't got hit in him," the Widow Duck sniffed.

"He tole me he done hit," Doc said.

Giles was worried. "I ain't never kotched Po-Chile in no lie," he said. "He tole you—jest like dat?"

"Naw, I axed him," Doc said. "He had de bottle and de pistol right in de truck wid me. De money drooled outn his pockets when de truck bounced, and dar was Po-Chile lookin' sleepy like always and I wa'n't studdin' 'bout him. De pistol was p'intin' right at me and de wine was a-joshlin' and de money was a-rattlin' all over de seat. 'Whar'd you git all dat money?' I axed him and he say, 'I robbed hit outn de E-lite Club. Now, you jest drive dis truck and leave me be.' And, mankind! I mashed my foot down and prayed hard and I almost got hit up to fawty."

"H'mm," Giles pondered. "You ain't been drinkin' wine yo'se'f?"

"Not me," said Doc. "You knows I don't like hit."

"Don't never let me ketch you drinkin' and drivin'. Now, you git on back and onload, and I'll tend to Po-Chile."

When Doc left, the Widow Duck turned to Giles. "You leave Po-Chile be. I don't b'lieve a word of hit."

"Doc ain't no reg'lar lie," Giles said. "Cou'se he c'd he'p out de facks a little, when he git skeered. But he ain't gonter make up no lie jest to keep f'm onloadin' de truck. And, anyhow, Po-Chile comed f'm up in de hills. And hit's been some bad people come f'm dar. Dey gits hongry and mean."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck said crossly. "Po-Chile ain't hongry nor neither mean. He slow and friendly and you ain't hyared him wantin' money bad enough to go robbin' and killin'."

"Nawp," Giles said. "He ain't got no need for money, only—" the foreman's brow furrowed.

"Only which?"

"Only he was wantin' to git married up wid some gal and she wouldn't have him. Maybe—"

"'Twon't do," the Widow Duck snapped. "Even efn Po-Chile was all bad, he ain't got no pistol. He ain't got no money to buy one and he ain't rogue enough to steal one."

"Dat's a fack, Mis' Duck," Giles admitted. "Hit couldn't 'a' been Po-Chile, cause he ain't got no pistol."

At that moment, a shot roared into the stillness of late afternoon, followed by a frightening: "Ye-wow! I'm a bad turkey gobbler and I'm struttin' about!"

Giles and the Widow Duck exchanged glances. "Po-Chile!" they said together.

Grant came racing up the path, yelling hysterically for help. "Po-Chile gone wild!" he gasped. "And he's killin' off my chilluns. Git de owl gun, Mist' Giles, and cut 'im down f'm behime! He drunk and wild and wadin' in blood, and he's tearin' down creation!"

The pistol roared again, followed by Po-Chile's yell.

"Shet up, Grant," said the Widow Duck. "Come on, Giles, le's see." But the foreman was already on his way to the scene of carnage.

A turn in the bayou path revealed all. In front of Grant's house, Po-Chile was rampaging up and down, his pistol in one hand, the wine in the other. He was stepping high and wide, swigging his bottle, firing his pistol and shouting.

"Wait behime dis stump," Giles told the Widow Duck. "I'll slip up and grab him."

Po-Chile turned and saw Giles and grinned happily. "Hit's doin' some sort er good, Mist' Giles," he confided.

Giles grabbed the pistol and slapped the bottle from Po-Chile's hand. "Drunk and raisin' a ruckus!" yelled Giles. "What got into you, you fool?"

Po-Chile was surprised. "Ain't nothin'. I was jest—"

"I'm gonter beat yo' years offn you," Giles promised, but before he could do anything about it, a door in Grant's house opened and Little Livvy came running out. "You let Mistuh Po-Chile alone!" she screamed at Giles. "You put a hand on my man and you got to do de same to me!"

GILES grabbed Little Livvy by the wrist and held her off. "What in de name er fool is all dis?" he demanded to know. "Is I'm gone crazy or is ev'ybody else in de world gone crazy?"

"You is crazy," Little Livvy told him. "Po-Chile wa'n't doin' a thing but chunkin' sweet love at me and I was in de house, chunkin' hit right back at him. And hyar come you, makin' him stop."

The Widow Duck came up. "Look, Po-Chile," she said. "You ain't got much sense but you's smart enough to tell me. Whar'd dis all come f'm? What did you did at de E-lite Club and all? Now talk slow, son, and think as hard as you kin wid what de Lawd gi'ed you to think wid."

"Well, I'm gonter tell you, Mis' Duck," Po-Chile began. "I'm got good love for Little Livvy, but she won't have me onless I kin ack like a man."

"And you kin ack, Po-Chile," Little Livvy put in warmly. "You was bendin' way back!"

"Shet up," said the Widow Duck. "Now go on."

"So Giles, he gi'ed me a lucky two-bits piece. So I drapped my lucky two-bits piece in de slots machine at de E-lite Club and hit de jacks pot and got my pockets filled up wid change. But dat ain't all how lucky dat two bits was. A man come and gi'ed me a pistol and another man come and gi'ed me a pint er wine and tole me to come and git my gal."

"And you done jest dat!" Little Livvy said.

"Only," Po-Chile admitted, "de wine was too bitter to drink, so I jest made out like I was drinkin' hit."

The Widow Duck picked up the bottle. "I'll bring dis to de church for de Fo'th Sunday," she said.

"And Mist' Giles, you better take de pistol," Little Livvy suggested, "'cause when ole Po-Chile git to goin' on like dat hit make me too skeered."

Po-Chile was agreeable, but he still was puzzled. "What must I do wid all dis money?"

"I'll take keer er dat, darlin'," said Little Livvy.

The Wavy Navy

Continued from page 26

Fenton had heard it called the suicide service and he'd always thought the Old Man had had enough of it.

"Well," the Old Man said, standing up, "a man can't expect to reach back and catch his past. That other story is finished." He straightened suddenly, all officer again. "We meet a destroyer convoy at dusk tomorrow. Meantime, it's extreme caution, gentlemen. We'll be in the U-boat zone by midnight."

Fenton went about his sub-attack preparations. He couldn't help thinking about the Old Man's story. It went way back to '17 when Nate Elliot had skippered a Dover Q and to his retirement from the navy under a slight cloud and the long years in Canada from which he emerged a rich man and one of the foremost yachtsmen of the Western Atlantic.

It went back all those years of false peace, with the story scarcely remembered and the Old Man, skirting the fifties, resigned to never finishing it. And it picked up now, in 1941, with the empire in a death struggle and Nathaniel Elliot, a mere name dredged from the reserve lists, suddenly in command of one of the strangest of the lowly noncombatant fleet which backed up the navy.

His scow was without power or armament or decent quarters and her port of hail was in Nova Scotia. When the empire needed her she became the Utility 116, still under the Red Ensign of the merchant service, and a deep-sea tug with a rapid-fire gun on her foredeck and a lot of courage in her wheelhouse sent her a steel hawser and one fog-ridden night dragged her eastward from blacked-out Fundy.

To Fenton it was a far cry from the Q service and Jutland and the Great Surrender and he couldn't then see any connection between this wallowing Wavy-Navy command and that unfinished story of 1917.

FENTON doubled his lookouts and checked the hastily shipped banks dories and then weighted the codes and log—the regulation U-boat precautions. But he didn't know what good these things would do. They were still an unarmed, helpless scow.

Colby came aft, dun-colored oilers over his reefer. He was a top Canadian star sailor and had a picture of his little boat tacked over his berth where most men tacked pictures of their sweethearts. Fenton liked him as a man but he wouldn't have wanted him as a warrant on a real ship. He was too jittery.

Colby checked the straining hawser and the clearing axes, then doused the Red Duster *without ceremony.* "Make 'em come in and find out who we are," he said.

Fenton nodded. They'd meet subs; even Colby was realist enough to understand that. The convoy would be but little protection at their speed. Still . . . a month ago a floating dry dock had made it from Halifax in tow. The important thing was to try. If ten started and one got through it helped and that was all that mattered.

They turned toward the winch house for their usual two-bells ceremony of naval tea. Fenton approved of that. It was a tradition of a service he knew and respected. Halfway along the waterway Colby brought him up with a quick tug on his arm.

"Look, Harry," Colby said, his face furrowed deeply, "perhaps it's none of my business . . . but we can't let the Old Man talk of Q arming."

"With what?" Fenton demanded. "Outside of side arms, we haven't a weapon on board."

"I know," Colby said shortly, "but I know Nate Elliot. He'd attack a Kraut U with a bow and arrow if he had half a chance. It's that past. He might try to reach for it."

"Rot!" Fenton growled.

But he wasn't so sure. For twenty years the Old Man had chafed under the deuces the last war had dealt him. His Q had been a herring smack. He'd stood the German test fire until only he and his gunner were left alive and at forty yards he'd dropped his false bulwarks and sunk the sub with six perfect shots.

WHEN the Dover patrol happened on him next morning his gunner was dead and there wasn't a bit of evidence that he'd drawn oil. In a way, because he was young and proud and submarine credit counted for so much in those days, he'd carried his fight to the Admiralty Board. He'd made some hotheaded charges that he was sorry for, and the whole episode became a slight mark *against his record. Not too bad, not too* serious, but enough to sting in the delicate adjustments of Royal Navy traditions. Fenton could understand that it would be a natural thing for him to try to vindicate himself.

"I didn't forget to wind the film—I forgot to take out the sandwiches!"

ROLAND COE

But that was impossible now. Orders were for colorless derrick duty at Bristol station and Fenton could understand the Old Man's bitter disappointment. And he could feel sorry for him, for, as he served naval tea, which isn't tea at all but a beverage much more pleasantly potent, Fenton saw something that perhaps he wasn't supposed to see.

Under the spread ocean charts on the desk was a folded Blue Duster, the ensign of the Royal Naval Reserve. It was the Old Man's rightful flag and if his crew had been anything but the Wavy Navy it would have flown where the lesser Red had until a few minutes ago. Now, it would take distinguished service and an admiral's order, recognizing the Wavy Navy as part of the regular service, to two-block it on such a vessel as the 116. The Old Man flushed, watching Fenton; then grinned sheepishly.

"I was so sure we'd be given a gun," he said. "This scow would make perfect Q bait. I could have flown it then."

"But the Blue!" Fenton said almost in awe. It was an ensign as honorable as his own White one. Naval tradition placed a slight stigma on the Red, as it did upon the volunteer service, and it was these things that bothered Fenton.

"It was a balmy hope, Harry," the Old Man said, looking at Fenton keenly, "After all, we're only the Wavy Navy." He touched the wavy sleeve braid on Colby's jacket. "I've had this rag since '16, kind of hoping."

That's all the Old Man said about the Q's and his dreams.

Dawn was just breaking, calm and bleak, when the general alarm rang over the scow. Fenton stumbled to the deck, only half awake. He heard the muffled roar of the torpedo, seeing as in a dream the geyser ahead which exploded sea water and bits of top hamper from the tug. The 116 rolled drunkenly and helpless for Colby had already cut the hawser. "Without warning," Colby muttered, ashen.

"The tug was armed," Fenton shrugged, "this is war, man, not yachting. We're next!"

THE submarine lay surfaced, green and reptilian, a half mile to windward. Her big deck gun was trained on the scow, but she made no move to come into torpedo range. Not a bit of wreckage, not a struggling swimmer showed on the ocean where the tug had been. Fenton strode to the bridge.

"It's our turn next," he said. "Shall we abandon, skipper?"

The Old Man's eyes narrowed, his face drawn and white under the iron-gray hair. "If I could only Q 'em," he whispered. "If I had only one two-incher . . . Fenton, *what I owe 'em!*"

"Steady," Fenton said. "Do we abandon, sir?"

"No," the Old Man said quietly, "a torpedo wasted on a tug." He talked to *himself, his knuckles white:* "It's wrong. It's not German efficiency. Fenton, I think we've got time . . . we won't be sunk yet."

The U-boat circled suspiciously, keeping well off. Fenton waited tensely for the shelling that would test out the scow.

But nothing happened. The submarine lay against the rising sun, her decks deserted, and at noon she blew her air and submerged. She went straight down, without the telltale periscope feather that would indicate she had way on. The Old Man swore. He swore angrily and savagely.

"I've had my wish," he said bitterly. "I'm in the Q service! For the enemy! That German knows we're expecting a convoy and we're the bait. Fenton, we're the lure for our own convoy!"

FENTON could never remember being so dog-weary as he was by sundown that evening. The calm had picked up to a shifty southerly, rolling the scow scuppers under and making what had to be done doubly tiring. The Old Man alone seemed indefatigable. He had no rank. He was Nate and he was everywhere, cheery, encouraging and a friend—getting results.

All the afternoon the men had been sewing a heavy bolt rope to the monster midship tarpaulin, turning in cringles, lashing a short edge to a quickly altered ridgepole that was to serve as a yard. Palms were pricked raw and manila and wire splinters burned under torn finger nails. But nobody complained. Nate needed a sail and some rigging; that's all that mattered. At four bells they climbed into damp berths for brief shut-eye before the night's work commenced.

Fenton, taking his supper with the Old Man and Colby, almost slept at the table. He was too tired to marvel at what had been done.

"Everything good so far," the Old Man said. "That convoy's looking for us right now. Failing, she'll steam west and be here by midnight. But by that time we'll be on the way to Iceland."

"If we can slip by Adolf," Colby said drearily, "and the wind holds."

The submarine had been up once, leaving no doubt that she waited for whatever came to take the 116 through the blockade. She lay to the northward and eastward about two miles, drifting, well clear of the only path the scow could hope to sail with her freak square sail.

"She'll stay there," the Old Man said. "And she'll be up, with lookouts posted, charging her batteries. Fenton, we'll swamp a dory for a rudder; lash her bow to our stern and rig tackles from her tail to our quarters . . . you manage it, will you? By eleven o'clock we'll be miles to north'ard and not even our convoy will find us. Q bait . . . hah!"

The Old Man went out, slipping his night shields over his glasses. "The westward puffs are getting stronger," he announced, closing the sliding door.

Fenton, leaning against the bulkhead, achieved fitful troubled sleep, wanting not to think. He didn't believe in thought transference particularly, but he wanted his thoughts stifled now; not wanting to give the Old Man ideas. Once he'd heard of a Brixham trawler ramming a threatening submarine. Not that the scow had a chance of making a course to the waiting submarine. But

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the Old Man owed that U more than a mere escape. He'd sounded oddly satisfied, announcing the strengthening of those westerly puffs that alone could send them to it.

"If that U ever discovers us," Colby whispered, "he'll shell us without mercy. It would make it personal, Harry. God help anybody when a German is crossed. He . . . he hates then."

"You've never seen a destroyer torpedoed without warning, have you?" Fenton said, not opening his eyes. "Superheated steam, burning oil . . . a magazine explosion for the lucky ones. Colby, I don't know much about sail but I'm trying this stunt a hundred per cent back of the Old Man."

Colby shuddered, his face white. It was funny, Fenton thought, trying to make a man believe in something you didn't believe in yourself.

The southerly had piped up to a fresh breeze . . . a good L racing breeze, the Old Man chuckled, looking in. It smelled of pleasant weather down under 65, with a whiff of floe ice when it hauled westward in the puffs. It was hard to understand that a murder-spawned reptile lay in the darkness off there, breathing the same good-smelling wind. Eight bells struck dully when the Old Man whispered orders came, but Fenton was alert at once.

"All hands!" he whispered hoarsely. "Make sail, lads! Harry, you're going yachting with my Wavy Navy."

Fenton didn't think it was funny. Yachting was one thing . . . these men might be under fire if something miscarried. It would be different then.

They raised the great trussed steel boom by hand, using the winch cranks, not daring to risk the rumble of machinery. It towered over the scow almost two hundred feet, extending over the bow, snapping at preventer tackles and the blocks that held it to the shear legs. With the tremendous weight aloft the roll increased to a mad lunge and staggering recovery. Icy sea water came to torment the crew as it struggled with the stiff tarpaulin sail and the heavy wooden yard that was to spread it. They hooked tackles from the boom into the readied slings, hoisting it slowly into the night sky on slushed blocks; taming the wild thrash of the free corners, the clews to all but Fenton, by quickly rove braces to the scow itself.

ODDLY, it was Colby who took charge of the sail management; no hint of doubt in his orders or his voice. "Sheet in the weather clew," Colby sang out. "Come on, chappies . . . we'll walk 'em in and roll downwind, hey-ho!"

The rudder tackles kept Fenton busy, feeling for steerage way, but he could take a second to cheer silently. Colby was all right . . just another one he'd gotten wrong.

Under the bluff forefoot a gentle gurgling commenced, the slight song of a bow wave. Fenton tested his rudder, leading both tackles to a belaying cleat amidships. With care . . . and luck . . . the thing would steer a straight downwind course. And that was all right; clear of the submarine. Almost, Fenton could believe in what he was doing.

"Three miles an hour," the Old Man said, "about what a good L would do in a calm. Wind's still shifty, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Fenton carefully, "but it's still south. I can keep her clear."

"If it was west now," the Old Man said . . . "um! But it isn't. That U's only a half mile away, Fenton. Don't get caught aback."

In the darkness he could see the flash of the Old Man's teeth. Great guns! . . . Fenton thought, he's officer enough to make his escape but as a man he's praying for the chance to mix with her.

From someplace in the eastward came a long, weary sigh, like an exhaled breath. It might be the sub, blowing ballast. Or it might be whales broaching.

"Wind's making to westward," Colby chirped. Without an order, sensing the shift, he eased his weather clew, keeping the sail filled and quiet. Fenton put his dory rudder over, fighting for a straight northward course to escape. If she ever broached to, sheered from her course, she'd be down on that sub in minutes. Fenton didn't know about ramming. That was only an unexpressed hope of the Old Man's . . . his bow and arrow. Even now the scow, with that boom and sail high aloft, was drunken and unsteady. If she accomplished the fantastic, found that low black sub in the inky night, she'd kill herself too, rolling over and sinking like a stone.

Fenton heard that restless sigh again, almost abeam now. Another mile and they'd be safe to leeward, off for the protection of the horizon. After that it didn't matter. Iceland, maybe a lucky patrol or plane. The convoy was all that mattered, racing to them at this minute, not suspecting the trap.

"Fenton!" It was Colby's muffled yell, "Bear up!"

Fenton tore his fingers, hauling his rudder tackle. He heard the wind shift coming. First it was calm; a second later the wind was down on the staggering scow with a triumphant wail . . . straight from the west, holding there, steady and freshening! The rudder became useless. The big sail hung back-winded, stiff and lifeless and the song under the bows ceased abruptly.

Time waited for the slowly yawing vessel. Time waited while she made up her sullen mind to remain hove to, windbound and defeated or to fill again and race eastward to where the nightbound enemy blocked the only path to escape. Only the wind could decide. Only the wind and the Wavy Navy, poised at her limp braces. And perhaps the Old Man.

He stood forward of Fenton, a wraith against the winch drum, and Fenton could sense the impending events that waited but for his word. It was the Old Man's opportunity to chance reaching back, to make a last desperate try for vindication. Time and place had stopped so that he could decide.

"There was a Brixham trawler once," the Old Man said, "a lucky ship, some say. They killed half her crew before she rammed. It—it would finish the story."

Fenton shuddered. As a navigator, he knew there wasn't a chance of chasing down the sub. To meet her, on their only possible course, would be utter coincidence.

"No," the Old Man said quietly, "no. It's a personal matter. I haven't the right to do that to them either. Mr. Fenton," he said. "Mr. Fenton, prepare to abandon ship."

Fenton sighed, approving. It was a hard, bitter decision for the proud old man to make but a right one for a king's officer. They could still save the convoy, scuttling the scow and taking to the dories. The thing to leeward hadn't been alarmed and she'd never torpedo that destroyer unless she slowed up to take the scow in tow.

"Very good, sir." Fenton nodded.

BUT he never gave that order. Time suddenly moved again and with it moved the elements of cause and effect and there was no decision, no choice to be followed but one. And curiously, to Fenton, it was Sid Colby and the Wavy Navy that made the deciding move.

The braces whined suddenly in the well-deck gloom. Four men at each, they were being handed in, giving life to the sail.

"Sailors can sail," Colby muttered. . . . "Home with the clews, lads! Put her before the wind! We—we shipped to fight, chappies; not run!"

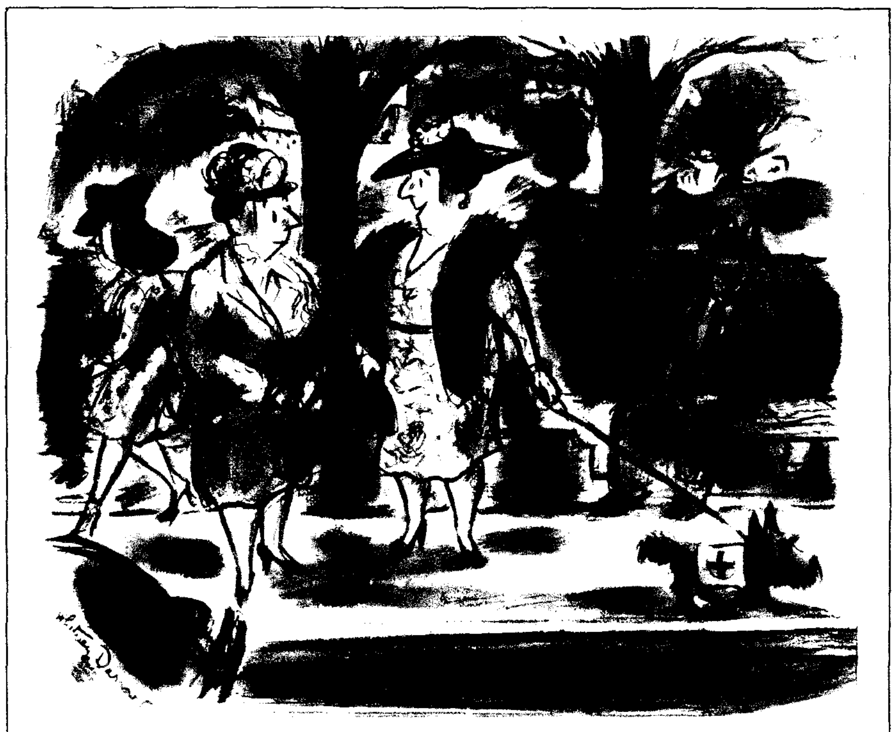
"Aye, we shipped to fight, sir!" came a mumbled chorus.

"Colby!" Fenton cried. "Belay it . . . there's no chance of ramming. We haven't a chance of contacting and we can't steer . . ."

But it was too late. The Wavy Navy had decided. Fenton could feel the courage and will of them: almost like an odor as fear is said to be. Fenton knew it from Jutland and the first line and it was strange finding it here again. But, oddly, he could approve of it and what was happening now.

Colby's sail whispered and rustled, reaching for life and power, as expert hands presented it to the stern wind. Then with the crack of a turret gun it suddenly filled, shivering the great steel boom to its tip far over the bow. The 116 growled angrily under her forefoot and plunged forward, snarling at the black ominous east.

Fenton dashed to his rudder tackles, cursing. The crack of that sail had been lubberly, revealing their nearness to the sub. But it was still silent ahead. And then suddenly the braces whined again, the scow stumbled and once more the great thunder of the filled sail boomed in the night. Colby, it flashed to Fen-



"When he's thoroughly trained I'm going to offer his services to the War Department" WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

ton, was doing it deliberately, making that sub reveal herself!

Almost immediately, this time, the wail of an alarm siren stabbed the darkness. Ahead and slightly to north'ard! Frantically Fenton put over the dory rudder, aiming for the sound.

"Cover! All who can." It was the Old Man, his voice steady and clear, taking charge. "Clew men, remain at your stations. Fenton, there'll be gun flashes . . . bear on 'em!"

The scow veered, attempting to sail a course that a square rigger couldn't sail. Fenton's rudder could do no more. They'd miss that submarine, unable to ram, but having to stand her fire. Off in the darkness tiny spurts of flame flashed and tracer came, searching for that sudden sound on the sea, the unseen something that charged downwind. Fenton could hear the shells, singing angrily into the steelwork above his head. The heavy deck gun spoke then, sharply, firing low. There came a solid crash on the port quarter, hardly shivering the scow. But Fenton heard the angry hiss of steel splinters; then a scream. The German had found them.

"Bring axes!" It was the Old Man, calling.

"Axes!" Fenton groaned, "axes and side arms against her!"

A heavy shell bored into the trusswork of the shear legs. It sounded like breaking glass and Fenton found himself laughing crazily. He couldn't say why, because Colby was coughing at his feet, clutching his belly.

"Ease off, weather clew!" Fenton had two jobs now. And not much help. The sub beat a withering fire across the deck, her big gun pounding the hull, low down. Each burst from her brought screams. Mess brought axes, handing him one. "I've got my Scottie," Fenton mumbled, patting his holster.

"Take the ax!" the Old Man said. There was a blotch on his service jacket, growing in spurts. "Splinter," he said. "Nothing. Q stuff. Sail her, Fenton!"

THE scow bore down on the sea-rolled sub. Figures ran from her decks answering the cry of the dive alarm deep in her steel heart. But it was too late for her to dive. In seconds the derrick would ram, crash her tons into the plating of the U. Then they'd both disappear into the sea, the scow capsizing over her victim. That weight aloft, that great heavy boom and the tugging sail. . . . Fenton shook his fist at it crazily. It would be easy for those helpless wounded men. Easy and quick. He and the Old Man and a few others would linger . . . struggling, floating, freezing. . . .

"Let her sail now," the Old Man said quietly. "Fenton, your ax!"

Fenton abandoned his rudder. She couldn't miss now.

"Cut!"

Fenton swung his ax, following the Old Man, not knowing what he was doing. He felt it bite into steel, making insipid sparks. He was striking at the winch drum—at its stored wire cable.

"Now! Together!" the Old Man groaned and the dark spot on his jacket grew suddenly larger, damper. "Now, Fenton!"

Fenton gave a last powerful stroke. The cable shrieked, its severed end hissing up and out, into the night sky. An ominous rumble commenced. The sail became suddenly helpless and slack, falling, and the great steel boom fell from the heavens like a plummet. Straight for the sounding submarine it crashed, bridging the narrow span of sea. Fenton closed his eyes.

When he opened them the boom was deep into the submarine, like a stick whacked into dough. The scow had stopped, her still-rolling bow wave lapping the cold scales of the speared steel reptile. The conning tower was a nest of metallic wreckage. A man struggled in its coils, clutching at the collapsing sail. At the water line there was a deathly gurgle. Oil oozed from the wound, quieting the sea.

And then the submarine slowly settled, leaving the boom, freeing the twisted figure to the sea, and disappeared, retching, into the ocean's blackness.

"Nate!" Fenton whispered, "skipper. . . ."

But the Old Man lay at Fenton's feet, the dark spot spreading to the cold deck beneath him.

"Reporting for duty, sir." It was Jim Somethingorother, his awkward salute suddenly frozen at what he saw. Fenton looked up, haggard. There were six of them—six out of fifteen.

"The . . . Wavy Navy," Fenton muttered bitterly and cried.

THE blockade and the torpedoed Canadian troop ship and the Irish coast mine fields were behind them. The convoy broke up north of Lough Swilly and an admiralty tug took the Utility 116 from her destroyer, plunging southward through the Irish Sea.

It was past dawn, striking eight bells, and Fenton raised the Red Duster, two-blocking it in the riddled shear legs. Bristol lay ahead, the early smoke of her munitions works mingling with the screen of barrage balloons.

"Tug's making signals, sir," Jim said at his side.

"Take 'em," Fenton said.

"I'm not as good as . . . as Mr. Colby was, sir," Jim said.

"Try," Fenton said. "You chaps can do anything."

Fenton went forward. Or was it aft? He still didn't know. But now it didn't matter. It wasn't these things that made ships. He knew that now. There were two sullen Germans below to be questioned, all that they'd yanked from the oily waters that night. It was the little things . . . information, an insignificant derrick scow, the forgotten art of sailing . . . that England needed as much as her first-line ships. Fenton understood that now. Jim came again, handing him a message.

Fenton glanced at it. Then he went aloft. The Old Man lay in his berth, a borrowed surgeon's mate at his side. Fenton rummaged under the charts.

"He's pretty bad, sir," the surgeon's mate said.

Fenton didn't answer. He took something from under the charts and strode to the Old Man's berthside.

"Request permission to fly it, sir," he said huskily. In his hands was a spread Blue Duster.

The Old Man looked at him, not moving. "No orders," he whispered.

"Yes," Fenton said. "Yes, they came just now. Relayed from the tug, sir, direct from the Admiralty Board."

The Old Man smiled thinly. Fenton thought he looked young and terribly eager to live under the pallor—a man he could serve with pride for the rest of his navy days. "Long time, Harry," the Old Man said. "Since '16. Fly it, boy!"

So Fenton two-blocked the Blue Duster, making the Old Man's outlandish box an honored ship in the empire's honorable navy. Fenton had grown wise and tough beyond imagination since that foggy night in Fundy yet he wasn't ashamed of the tears now. He'd been wrong, with those others, so dead wrong. He would like to have had the Old Man know that before. . . .

The surgeon's mate came to him. There was respect in his smart service salute.

"Commander Elliot's compliments, sir," he said. "Will you take tea with a Wavy Navy man at two bells, sir? . . . God, sir, I never saw a man pick up so. He'll be at sea again in a month!"

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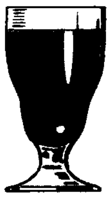

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WINNIE: You could be right. I was a faithful yeast-eater once, and I felt 100% tops, too. But I never learned to like the taste.
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MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

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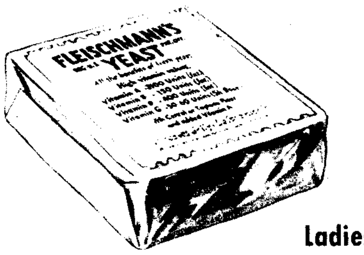

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Don't Throw It Away

Continued from page 17

since early this century. Converted to the cause of conservation by Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt, he went them one step better. Why not save other things besides trees? he asked. Agricultural wastes, for example.

Sweeney, then a youngster teaching chemistry at Ohio State, listed twenty wastes that he thought could be processed into a board suitable for partitions, insulation and plaster base. Strangest waste product: refuse removed from cow stomachs at packing houses. Proud of his little intellectual exercise, Sweeney marched into the office of the university president. He was cold-shouldered out with directions to come back when his ideas were past the talk stage.

Back in his laboratory, Sweeney puttered and stewed and finally produced a board made out of bagasse. His researches hadn't got beyond this when the last war started and he was assigned to work on poison gasses.

Hoover Takes a Hand

At the end of the war he took a job on the faculty of Iowa State and got down to work in earnest. Result of these early investigations was a chemical called furfural, derived from oat hulls and corncobs. This substance is used in the plastics industry and thousands of pounds are required to remove sludge from motor oil. Largely as a result of Sweeney's work, one of the biggest breakfast-foods manufacturers added a furfural-extracting plant to consume the mountains of oat hulls produced at its Cedar Rapids plant.

Sweeney next turned to a cornstalk building board. He shredded, boiled and pressed stalks and leaves until he had a board that satisfied him. Result here was a plant at Dubuque whose huge tonnage goes chiefly to one of the big mail-order houses. After this success Sweeney decided he needed help. The refuse pile was too big for a one-man attack.

He told his story to his friend, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Why couldn't the government participate in this business? he asked. Use up a lot of waste, give the farmer more income and bring industry to the corn belt? A lot of little industries sprinkled through rural regions would help even out the bumps that came when farm prices slumped. Mr. Hoover listened attentively, and said he would see what he could do. The idea appealed to his engineering mind and he got a $50,000 appropriation to be spent jointly by Iowa State College and the Bureau of Standards.

Benefits from this feeler expenditure were great enough for the Department of Agriculture to take over in 1931. In 1935, money was forthcoming for a compact little brick building, the Agricultural By-Products Research Laboratory, which was located on the campus at Ames. A dozen chemists were turned loose inside and told to see what they could fish out of their test tubes that could be translated into more dollars for the farmer. The big assault on the farm junk heap began.

Already the Ames chemists have developed a number of new products and are working on a host of others. Step into the workroom of T. R. McElhinney to see how things go. Tom McElhinney is a lanky, jut-jawed Iowa farm boy who hails from Waterloo. He took chemistry at Iowa State, got a job in the laboratory when he graduated and was assigned to work with plastics.

Trucks dumped assorted debris—corncobs, stalks, straw, bagasse—in McElhinney's barnlike lab and he flew into them. He chopped them up and treated them in pressure cookers with various chemicals. In powerful presses he'd put the resultant messes under pressures up to 3,500 pounds to the square inch. Like as not they'd stick in molds and have to be removed with a cold chisel. Other times they would be runny and gooey. Finally, he made a plastic out of bagasse that looked good. It was hard without being brittle, satisfactorily water-resistant and had the luster of a piece of highly polished marble.

The plastic was all right, but what about costs? McElhinney started out with one thing in his favor here: bagasse, unlike most other farm wastes, offers no particular problem of collection. Cane is hauled to mills and refuse material from thousands of acres is automatically collected in one neat pile. To be well over on the conservative side he figured cost of bagasse at $8 a ton, whereas board mills are able to get all they can use from $4 to $5 a ton.

After totaling up all material costs, the finished powder, which is pressed into various shapes, figured out at 5 cents a pound—half the price of the cheapest molding powder on the market at present. Cheapness of the new material opens up vast new fields denied present plastics because of cost. It can be pressed into tiles for kitchens and bathrooms that are cheap enough to compete with better grades of lumber. Door frames, wall panels, baseboard and even roof tiles are other possibilities. Two of the three largest motor makers are already at work with the new material, testing its adaptability to single slab dashboards, steering wheels, and so forth. A small plant in Louisiana, run in conjunction with a sugar mill, is about ready to go into production with molding powder which it will sell to manufacturers of ash trays, electrical goods, portable radio cabinets and other such objects.

All this, understand, has taken place quite recently. Whether McElhinney has struck on an idea that can be translated into more dollars for the sugar farmer, and cheaper products for the home, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, he is busy in his noisy laboratory—filled with the huge presses and hissing pressure cookers—trying to see what he can make out of straw and corncobs.

Iron Out

Upstairs from the plastics lab Drs. G. H. Nelson, chemist, and Robert Straka, bacteriologist, cut out another project. At the outset they decided it would be nice if they could find bacteria, molds or fungi which would eat away unwanted materials in stalks and straws and leave pure cellulose for papermaking. Following their microscopic hounds, they went far afield of the project originally outlined.

Lignin, which accounts for about 25 per cent of all pulpy vegetable matter, offered greatest difficulties. No microbes would touch it. Nelson, who hadn't the slightest idea about why they turned up noses at this food, started out on a long-range study of the substance.

Very little is known of the chemistry of lignin beyond the fact that it appears to be the glue that binds cellulose together to make trees, cornstalk, hollyhocks and other such vegetable matter.

Wanting to see how it reacted with various metals, he stirred pure lignin into a solution which contained some of the common salts of iron. When he filtered the solution, the filter paper was covered with a blackish substance! Lignin had precipitated about 98 per cent of the iron out of the solution.

Realize the role iron plays in water and you'll catch the significance of this happening. Iron, which imparts an evil taste and color to water, is disastrous to textile, paper, ice and laundry industries. It discolors bath fixtures, clogs pipes and is otherwise an expensive nuisance in municipal water systems. Next to the suppression of bacteria, it offers the biggest problem in the life of any water company.

Thousands of tons of the mineral zeolite, lime, soda ash and other iron removers are used annually in the United States. From advance data so far available, lignin does the job more cheaply and more efficiently than any of these materials.

Lignin can be extracted from corncobs, stalk and straw, and is also available in paper-mill wastes. At present it has only two uses. Since it extracts moisture from the air it is utilized to a small extent to keep down dust on country roads. A minute amount goes to make synthetic vanilla extract. Nelson's work opens up an enormous new outlet.

While Nelson was making this discovery Dr. Straka kept at the problem of fermentation. Scores of jars containing a grim-looking black mash made of cornstalks and other debris bubbled away. When no cultures were found that wanted to eat lignin, Straka began to analyze gases given off by fermentation. Most of the bottles were giving off hydrogen, a small amount of carbon dioxide and a large amount of methane —inflammable marsh gas. An idea struck. Why couldn't farmers use waste straw and cornstalk to manufacture their own fuel gas? Use it in their cookstoves and light their homes with it?

Straka weighed bottle charges of chopped stalk, and metered the gas produced. Resulting figures indicated that a ton of fodder would produce 10,000 cubic feet of gas. Since domestic consumers of manufactured gas pay an average of $1.18 a thousand for this fuel, Straka's fodder has an indicated gas value of $11.80 a ton.

Factory at Home

For the average home, Straka figures that it would be necessary for the farmer to fork 50 pounds of fodder into the fermenter each day. The tank, which would be about eight feet in diameter and six feet deep, would require cleaning every four or five months. Scores of wrinkles have yet to be ironed out before such a system can be made completely foolproof. At the moment, finding a satisfactory tank is giving trouble. Metals seem to inhibit bacterial action, so work now is progressing with tile and brick containers.

Straka is also thinking in terms of larger units to supply the gas requirements of small, farm-belt towns. Carbon dioxide produced by the fermentation could be compressed into dry ice, and residuary mash could be pressed into board. Then the chemist's ideal would be achieved. Nothing would be wasted.

Down the corridor from Straka's laboratory another man, Dr. Nandor Porges, made microbes jump through hoops. He sets them to work on corn sugar, watched results. This sugar isn't, of course, an agricultural waste. Rather it is an agricultural by-product. But new uses for corn sugar can be translated into more farm income, and more industry for towns and cities. That, after all, is the chief aim of the laboratory. Dr. Porges, smiling and rotund, has made his microbes perform astonishing tricks. Money-making tricks. Setting them to work under various conditions of pressure, vacuum and heat, he has produced a large array of new chemicals.

He has devised a radical, new method of producing calcium gluconate—used in tanning, metallurgy, toothpaste, human and veterinary medicine. In medicine this chemical is used to supply quickly the calcium that the body may need. Although the material is getting clinical trials for a host of human ills, most of this work is still in an experimental stage. Best results to date have come in cow medicine. Due to the drain on body calcium imposed by calf bearing, cows frequently topple over after delivering their young. Calcium gluconate is assimilated so rapidly that a single shot will revive them in a few minutes. Until a few years ago this substance fetched $150 a pound. Now, since Porges has tamed microbes and put them to work, a small commercial plant in Missouri is producing the material for 50 cents a pound.

Paper Profits

A similar project—again using microbes to do the work of men and machinery—had reduced the price of a chemical curiosity called sorbose from $450 a pound to $11 a pound. This is the parent substance from which Vitamin C (anti-scurvy) is derived.

The ideal of by-products chemists is successfully to make paper out of agricultural refuse. Reasons for this are obvious. The United States consumes over 12,000,000 tons of paper a year. If cellulose for this production were derived from farm wastes, it would make a handsome hole in the waste pile and save countless trees.

There are numerous catches to achievement of this goal at the moment. For one thing, papermaking demands cheap power—something not available in the farm belt where the wastes are produced. For another, pulp prices have been so depressed that few pulp mills operated profitably. These twin factors rule out utilization of farm wastes only insofar as present paper-mill processes and methods are used. At Ames, chemists are seeking radical new methods of production. They know that they *can* make excellent paper out of nearly any of the wastes they work with. Hawaii has a mill operating on bagasse, and Italy and South American countries have subsidized mills using straw. So it is purely a question of price.

The research men at Ames are interested in a variety of things, beyond those already covered. The work is national in scope and in this respect differs from work to be done in the new regional laboratories which the Agriculture Department has opened in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Peoria and San Francisco.

Congress appropriated $800,000 to build the stations. The one at New Orleans is seeking new uses for cotton, peanuts, sweet potatoes and their by-products; the station at Philadelphia is working with apples, dairy products, tobacco, and by-products of each; Peoria is concentrating mostly on corn; and San Francisco is seeing what can be done with wheat and all fruits except apples. Because of better laboratory facilities, much of the Ames work is being shifted to Peoria.

They're a dreamy crew, exploring an endlessly fascinating field. They dream in terms of new industries scattered through rural regions, more dollars for the farmer and a whole array of new building materials, textiles and plastics for the home. What's more important, their dreams are beginning to walk.

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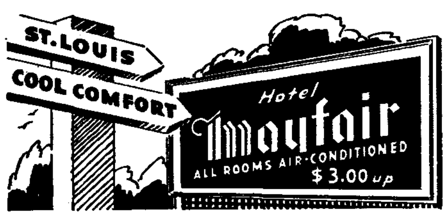

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MENTHOLATUM

Our New Army

Continued from page 18

was killed in a traffic accident; a better record than civilian drivers managed over the Decoration Day holiday.

The exodus from the fort still left a sizable bunch at hand—some 12,000, in fact. A couple of battalions of the 205th (antiaircraft) stayed home to do their firing on the sand dunes at Grayland off the western Washington coast; other outfits weren't considered seasoned for war games; and a few tank, antitank, cavalry and artillery groups didn't have enough equipment to make any kind of showing. Some of our superpatriots who keep screaming that we're ready for all comers ought to get around a little.

SOME of the worst roads in Western Washington bear the names of some of the C.O.'s at the fort. Makeshift signs stuck up alongside the old wagon ruts used by Army trucks in cross-country maneuvers bear such titles as Burns Bog (which would be named after the 10th F.A.'s Major Burns) and McClenaghan Blvd. (for Major McClenaghan of the 39th). The officers concerned aren't sure about it but are inclined to believe this recognition is no compliment.

OREGON

FORT STEVENS. The garbage details here are made up of a truck driver, a shotgun guard and any two men who may be residing temporarily in the clink. When the wife of one of the civilian engineers living on the post saw one of the boys rescue a magazine from the debris, one day, she began to make a point of stacking a few periodicals atop the garbage can. Time passed; then came the day when she found a note from the grateful reader. "I won't need any more magazines," he informed her. "My sentence is up tomorrow." On the following Monday she found another note. "I'm back in again," it read. "I run into some beer. I could use some reading."

CAMP CLATSOP. It was all very hush-hush. Only the ranking officers were supposed to have known that the troops at this camp were destined for service in Alaska. The excitement, therefore, was somewhat rampant when all of the men were heard discussing the forthcoming trip, and there was some talk of calling in G-2 to ferret out spies, etc. It was pretty simple, though; the men had been issued heavy woolen underwear—with summer coming on. Men at near-by Fort Canby had a reverse experience. Last midwinter, while they were shoveling their way out of the Oregon brand of winter storms, along came an issue of featherweight shorts and tops. The old-timers took one look and yelled, "Panama!" That's where they went.

CALIFORNIA

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. That swing number entitled Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy has stirred things up considerably here, what with ninety-eight per cent of the buglers trying to slip some hot licks into their calls and a hundred per cent of the company commanders warning them to stick to the regulation blasts—or else. Buglers John Morris and Art Hill, of the 32d Infantry, were among those dressed down for what sounded like boogie woogie reveille. They gulped and said yes, sir, it wouldn't happen again. Reveille was okay the next morning but assembly was terrific. On the third morning one of the officers climbed out early, trailed the buglers and found one of the Ord canines had developed the habit of following the buglers around and adding a few yowls to the calls that went out through the big megaphone.

CAMP ROBERTS, San Miguel. As soon as the buglers here do their daily dirty they grab vantage points along the line of the band's reveille march, spread their ears and moan with envy. Tossing off notes that would split the lungs and lips of the ordinary bugler are Trumpeters Jack Cathcart, from Artie Shaw's band and Harvey A. Thomas, from Paul Pendarvis' orchestra. Both men get up, these days, at about the same hour they used to retire. Also in the new band are Pvts. Charles Jones, who was Bing Crosby's arranger, and Merle S. Howard, formerly with Paul Martin's aggregation. On the other side of the camp is the Field Artillery band, and the rivalry between the toot-and-oompah outfits is something. They tried to get Leopold Stokowski himself to decide which was the better outfit, but he merely beamed at the respective leaders, Tech. Sgts. Bernard Pelligrini and Joseph Dimeo, and said, isn't it a lovely day?

FORT ROSECRANS, Point Loma. Luck may have had something to do with it, but still . . . Minnesota boys from Fort Snelling recently dusted off two of the 10-inch disappearing guns defending San Diego's harbor and whammed away with the first service ammunition that had been fed into the weapons for nineteen years. The target, an imaginary battleship, was only four yards square, ten miles at sea, and officers figured that the dropping of a projectile in an area 160 yards long and thirty-two yards wide would have rated an excellent rating. One of the shells, however, smacked plumb into the middle of the target, which immediately became extinct. With its sighting point gone, Battery F, 19th C.A., called the whole thing off.

TEXAS

36TH DIV.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. Pvt. Frank Silva asked for an honorable discharge and got it, because he decided he liked the Army, but the incident isn't quite as screwy as it sounds. The facts are these: A few weeks ago Pvt. Silva reported to do his one-year stretch, fully convinced that he wasn't going to like military training worth a hoot. But just four weeks ago he asked for an honorable discharge, as related before; and when the papers were issued, Pvt. Silva turned around and signed up for a three-year enlistment in the Regular Army.

SOME of the workmen employed in the construction of this camp were of draft age and are now back at the cantonment they helped build. Pvt. T. E. Oglesby, of the 1853d Service Unit, is a good example. As a civilian he helped install the machinery in the camp's big cold-storage plant; as a soldier he's right back there, in charge of the engine rooms.

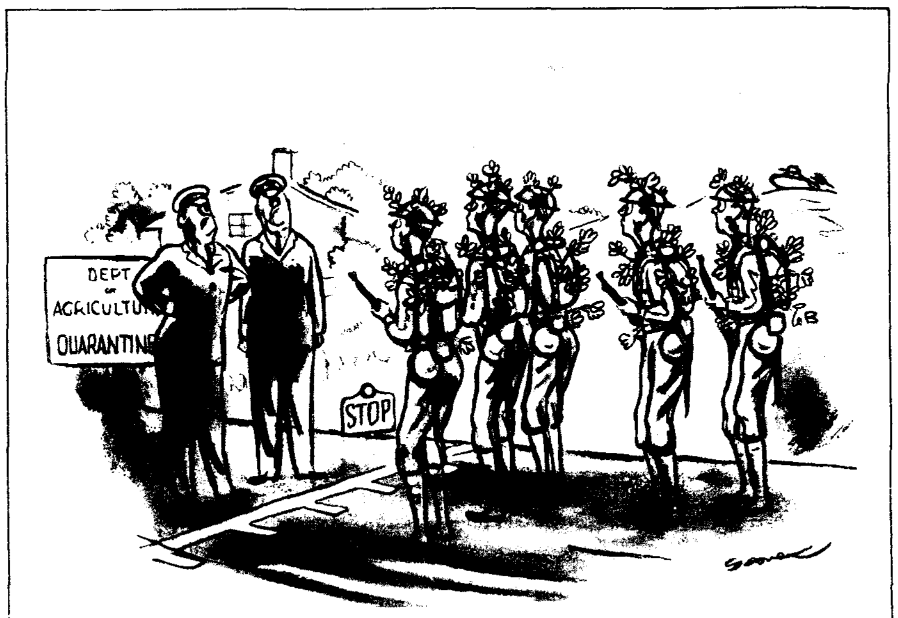
GENERAL

NEARLY every man in the 45th Division at Camp Barkeley, Texas, from Camp Executive Officer Lieut. Col. Charles McK. Kemp down to a list of privates a couple of feet long has taken the trouble to tell us that California's Camp Roberts is not the only post named after a private (Collier's, May 24th). The Texas cantonment was named after Pvt. David Barkeley, who was drowned in the Meuse River, two days before the Armistice, while trying to fulfill an important mission. He was one of sixty-seven men to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor and is probably Texas' most famous hero of the first World War. Last April 6th, Pvt. Barkeley's mother was a guest of the Commanding General at the post.

OUTSIDE of a few mild gripes that there aren't enough hostesses to go around and that some of the ladies are definitely over sixteen, the hostess program seems to have met with general favor. There's a chaplain in one of the Texas camps, though, who thinks the whole idea is the bunk and thinks a lot of Army men agree with him but just haven't cared to open their traps about it. "It's just a waste of money and will fizzle out," the chaplain predicts. "The War Department says not to baby the men, then turns around and sends us hostesses. When a fellow has the blues he doesn't need female sympathy; it's better for him to have a cry and get it over with. And if he has to tell his troubles to somebody, he can always talk to another man better than to a woman. After all, this is a man's Army."

OR is it?

G. W.



"Maneuvers or no maneuvers, the Japanese beetles stay on *that* side!"

LEONARD DOVE

But Everything!

Continued from page 15

I had trouble getting Polly home. Red wanted to celebrate at a night club, insisting that Polly could sleep in the morning, that this was "but an occasion." He had Polly's little convertible, so we foisted him off on some friends he found and I took Polly out to Long Island on the train.

Once we were rid of Red, Polly took over and began talking about the match and how she would outgeneral Waring. After a while, I said, "You used to play them, Polly."

She gave me a look. I didn't quite understand it, but it seemed as if she was mad at me. I said hastily, "I'm sorry."

Her voice lifted a little: "You're always sorry! You always back off and look like a—like a hurt pup! You go away and do law business—every time!"

"Every time what, Polly?" I didn't get it.

"Everybody loves Joe Woolcott! He'll be governor some day! You're an up-and-coming lawyer, Joe! You're wonderful!"

I said, "Now wait a minute, Polly. . . ."

"I am going to marry Red Anson. I'm going to turn pro and support him! Next year when I'm twenty-one, you'll have to give me my money and . . ."

I said, "Polly, you shouldn't upset yourself like this when you have a match tomorrow!"

SHE glared at me with the most venomous expression I have ever seen upon man or woman. She said, "Tennis! Joe Woolcott—I hate you! Hate you! You can—you can go to hell!"

She ran into the house. I tried to stop her, but Polly is quick as a whippet. I went back and got on another train. I sat up in the hotel room until four, smoking cigarettes.

It didn't help much. Red called at four-thirty, just as I was finally getting to sleep. He was stuck with a check and had no money. Would I okay it? I did.

That was the first time I ever had to force myself to go to a tennis match. I managed it, finally, getting there just as they were coming on the courts.

I sat up high in the stadium, with a small pair of field glasses so that I could watch Polly's face. I could tell how she was going by her expression—in spite of that poker face they all say she wears. I saw her at once, standing over at the edge of the field, listening to Red.

He was waving his arms, pounding his palm with his right fist. No one could miss it, even if Red hadn't given out interviews telling all about it.

They couldn't kid me about Martha Waring. I knew her of old. She was one of those big, lumpy girls who are all tennis. She had been around, yet she was no aging veteran. She was steady as a rock and her service was terrific, and she would give her right eye for that championship.

I screwed the glasses and squinted at Polly's face. The little lines were still there. She bobbed her head at Martha, very polite, but cold, and they spun a racket. Polly won and chose service, which was smart.

Martha took plenty of time going to position. Red was right about her slow warm-up. I looked for Red, but he was nowhere in sight, which seemed strange. The girls rallied for a while, and Polly made Martha play as quickly as she could.

Then there came that little hush, as Polly took the new balls and toed the line. Just before first service this silence always falls, and there you are.

You're all alone. Your carefully laid plans are something far in your past, quite academic. Over across the net is a good player—mighty good to have come up to the nationals, you well know. It's up to you, then—and nobody else in the world.

Polly threw up the ball and served. She didn't use that fireball I had taught her. She used twist and put it in play on Martha's backhand.

That was the strategy of which Red spoke. Put the ball in play. Make Martha speed up. Don't let her warm up the way she would like.

Martha cross-courted. She must have been a little nervous under her phlegmatic exterior, because she should not hit to Polly's backhand, but should lay it down flat. Polly moved crisply and her square shoulders turned in that natural, beautiful pivot and her own backhand was a cross-court placement to win the first point of the match.

Alongside me, Red Anson said, "I been looking for you all over the place. What's the idea being way up here? You see that shot? Polly will *cream* her!"

I said, "Shut up!"

He stared at me and I saw the red-headed temper close to the surface and I hoped it would boil over. But not so, not ever. I should have known that. He smiled commiseratingly and said, "I understand. Okay, Joe!"

Polly swept right on through the first set, hurrying the play, pushing that backhand past Martha. She dropped only three games and the crowd fluttered, thinking it was a push-over. I turned the glasses on Martha Waring and she was implacable, sweating a little now. Red started up as soon as the set was ended.

"Now we'll see. Polly's got her, now. But indubitably! Polly will . . ."

"Lose this set," I snapped at him.

He chortled, "Not a chance! Not half a chance! Why, Polly's got to win in straight sets. She can't afford to drop one to Waring—and she knows it. She'll outsteady her now—change her pace. It's in the bag!"

I said again, "Shut up, will you?"

THE lines had deepened in Polly's face. I wondered for the hundredth time why she should be weary. She had not been extended too much in the earlier rounds. Polly never dissipated, never stayed out late nights. Red had been arguing with her about that last evening.

Martha had warmed up. She was steady as Gibraltar. Polly hit the ball back and forth, back and forth. She had the strokes, all right, crisp and flowing. She looked very graceful out there. But Martha won the points.

Martha led at four-two. Polly stuck in there doggedly, playing safe, and pulled it up to evens at four all. Each point was long-drawn-out. It was not Polly Harkness tennis.

Polly bent and fixed a shoelace which did not need fixing. She was tired, all right. She got up pretty fast, though, and Red muttered something. Red was mumbling to himself all the time, now, but I didn't pay any attention to him. Martha served, turning on the heat.

Martha won at love. Polly served, staring at defeat. Polly had a little habit of standing there, ducking her head, staring a moment at her opponent just before she threw that service. She was booming it, now, trying for the ace. She missed. For a few shots she

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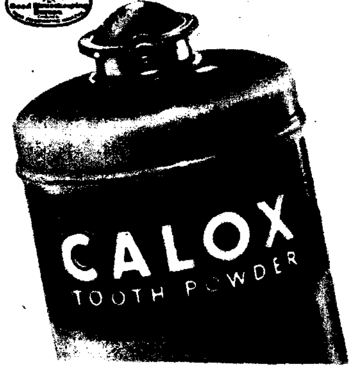

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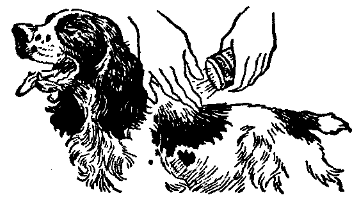

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floundered. Martha took away the play. Martha won the set at six-four.

Red got up. He said, "The dumb bunny! I got to go down there. I got to think of something. That Polly wasn't steady. Women ought not to play this game. They have no brains—but not any brains!"

He started pell-mell for the steps. He was going down to shoot off that mouth. He was going to try to tell Polly how to win the third set and the championship, so that she could turn pro and support him in the style to which he was not accustomed.

I let him go. If she wanted to marry him, what could I do about it? I let him get all the way down on the field before I started after him.

She was inside, taking her shower. It would be some time before he could get to her. I followed him to a secluded spot behind the dressing rooms. I said, "Go away, Red."

"I got to think of something." He was panicky, all right. "She was dumb, letting Waring take it away. . . ."

I said, "Are you going? Quick!"

He said, "Don't bother me, Joe. I got to . . ."

He took a look at me, then. His mouth hung open a moment. I said, "Go ahead. Get mad. Get good and mad."

He did not get mad. He swallowed hard and said, "Okay, Joe. Maybe you're right. You're her old coach. You do it, Joe."

He walked away, swaggering even then. He had found a way out. He couldn't lose, now. It was right in my lap.

POLLY came out too soon. She should have taken the full rest. She was white around the lips. She said, "Where's Red? It—it went wrong. Where is he?"

"He had to see a newspaperman," I said glibly. "Told me to tell you what to do, Polly. You're to turn it loose."

She said, "I'm—I'm pretty tired, Joe. Haven't been sleeping too well, somehow or other."

"Turn on the heat, baby," I said. "It's supposed to be fun, you know. That's tennis—a game. So you can't beat Waring! So what? Turn it on and go out game!"

She said, "Red told you to tell me that, Joe?"

"Sure. He knows. It doesn't matter to him whether you win or not. He wants you to forget everything and go out there and slug. You know—that old-time stuff, baby!"

She said, "Remember Mrs. Addison, Joe? My first championship!" She was grinning a little. Her shoulders were squared up again.

"She was steady, too," I told her. "Like Waring. Pretend Waring isn't too good for you, baby. Have fun!"

Polly said, "Good old Joe!"

"Red said for you to try it that way," I said recklessly. "And for you not to worry. Remember that—don't worry!"

I was holding both her hands. She looked at me out of those hazel eyes. She was like the little girl with the auburn braids, then. She said, "I got it, Joe. You know best, Joe."

She squeezed me hard, in that man's grip, and went out there, carrying two rackets, her head up. I went back up and sat on my shelf.

Red was there. He said, "Uh—Joe!"

"Yeah?"

"What did she say?"

"She's all right," I told him. "I gave her your instructions."

"You did? Say—you're a good guy, Joe. I was rattled. I wouldn't have been any good to her. . . ."

I said, "Shut up!"

Martha was serving. Martha still was hot. She blasted away, winning the first game with ease.

Polly took the balls. She ducked her head in that little gesture. Then she looked up, over Martha's head, at Red and me, up there on the shelf. Then she served.

It was the cannonball. Martha blocked it, but could not get pace on her return. Polly's slim legs seemed to float her up to the net. She volleyed like a man, slapping for a placement. She put it away.

Red said, "She's opening up!"

"But indubitably," I said, and he shut up once more.

Polly was a gazelle, a leaping little panther, only prettier. She kept coming in, charging like Morgan, like Stuart, gallantly, with banners flying. You could hear the bugles blowing.

I put the glasses on her and she was smiling, like in olden times. It got to be five to two and Martha was bushed. Polly spoke to her at the net, detaining the big girl, giving her time to get her wind. Martha patted her with an awkward, large hand, appreciative.

Polly served, that beautiful fast one. She followed it in. No rallying now, not waiting for Martha to miss. The lob fell short and Polly was under it, all the sweet lines of her coiling and uncoiling, the racket flashing overhead, all caution gone . . . booming for that placement.

Martha was game, running, panting, trying to reduce it to steadiness. Polly could be beaten at that game. But Polly wasn't having any that day, in that last set.

The last bitter point rode to Polly's backhand and she cut at it and sent it spatting on the back line, taking the dust from the lime, proclaiming her victory in the small, white cloud.

It was over and Martha was really smiling, conceding defeat with generosity, hugging Polly and meaning it. The photographers and the stout fellows of the committee swarmed about them.

Red said, "She won. She won!"

I said, "Nuts."

Red said, "Uh—look, Joe. Could you let me have, say a hundred—until later? I mean—we're getting married at City Hall, right away. I've had the license for days. I'll pay you back—or maybe you could sort of take it out of Polly's money—couldn't you? I mean . . ."

I said, "Red, you kill me!"

I scarcely heard him, right then. I was savoring every golden second of it. Polly was the national champion and I didn't want to lose a moment of it.

When you've got tennis in you and a pal wins a title like that, it's something you never forget. The big cup means all the world when they bring it out there and the pictures are taken for the official book and the newsmen push around and a halo is sort of over everything. I didn't want to lose any part of Polly's championship. . . .

We went down and you could see she was waiting for us. Her face lit up when she saw us and the happiness was shining out of her and it made me glad, and sad, too. Red ran over and hugged her, lifting her off her feet, but she swung away before he could kiss her for the cameras.

A reporter said, "I hear you're getting married, Polly."

She nodded. "It's true."

"You'll turn pro, of course?"

Polly said, "No!"

Red said loudly, "Wait a moment. That's not final. . . ."

"It's final," Polly assured the reporter.

Red said, "After we're married . . ."

"Aren't *you* making a little mistake, Red? I never said I was going to marry you. I just mentioned to Joe that you wanted to."

I said, "Hey! Now wait a minute! You mean it wasn't all set—last night when you . . ."

She said, "No, Joe."

I said, "You hadn't accepted him?"

She shook her head. I thought she was going to burst into laughter. The reporter said puzzledly:

"Er—I'd like to get a word from you about the strategy with which you defeated Waring, Polly. Red said he gave you . . ."

"Red is a jackass. Before the last set, Joe Woolcott, the only coach I ever had, came to me and told me how to play Martha. He was right, and I won the championship."

THE reporter was getting dizzy. Polly did laugh, then. She said, "Joe and I are getting married soon. I want him to be among the first to know it. Will you publish it, so he can find it out?"

Red Anson looked about ripe, then. It would be all right if I busted him one, I thought. I had been wanting to hit him, ever since Kaycee.

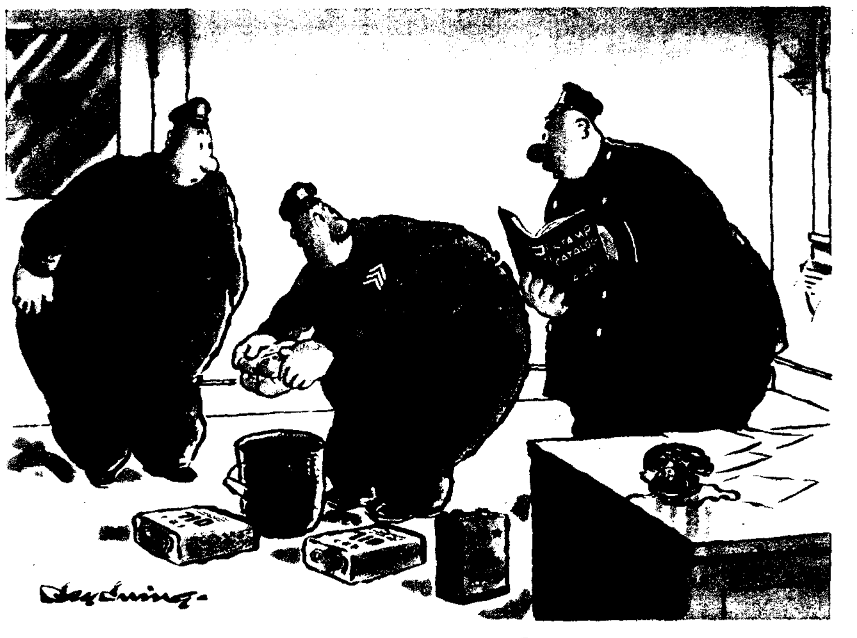
But I didn't. I was too busy hugging Polly for the cameras. I kissed her, too. A couple of times, real hard.

She whispered, "You fool! Trying to tell me Red sent word to me to go all out. And then giving me, word for word, the same old pep talk you've been handing out for years!"

I said, "I love you, Polly. For years . . ."

"You—lawyer!"

We had the championship. We had love. We had the world by the tail. We had *but* everything!



"Wait, Sarge, before you soak it! I wanna see . . . I think one o' those stamps is worth dough" JAY IRVING

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 20

picked up a stamp with a delicate tweezer tip. His tone was unconcerned:

"That, of course, you'd have to decide."

Yawning gulfs of desolation seemed to be opening about Dina. She had a sudden realization that when she left this house, in a few minutes now, she would leave her one hope behind her. She would be all alone again, alone with her secret and her thoughts. Desperately she pushed on:

"Do you know Vere's address at college, Mr. Holland?"

His surprised look seemed to disclaim all responsibility.

"I? No; haven't the faintest idea. I'm sorry Vere hasn't played a little bit handsomer part, but I've not ever been very close to him, although I've always liked the boy well enough. He's always seemed to me a decent young feller. Just how he'd act at a time like this I am sure I couldn't say. His mother," he added, with his eyes again narrowed and his smile grim, "is a splendid example of the queen cobra. I was an usher at my brother's wedding, twenty-five years ago; I was sixteen. I met her that day and I hated her at first sight. I knew then that she'd wreck Van's life, and she's done her best. She sees me now and then—knows the boy will come in for whatever I leave in all probability—and that's why she did her best to break off my affair with Mrs. Havens. That doesn't interest you, of course."

"It *does,*" Dina said politely.

"Aline and Caroline are great friends, and Caroline worked up this Havens match. She probably dictated the note Aline wrote me."

"But why should she break it off, since it was with her best friend?" Dina demanded, wide-eyed.

"Because of precious young Vere's coming in for my money," the man answered almost impatiently. "Because she hates me."

"Oh." Dina felt her spirits sinking. She did not belong in this group. She had no claim on them. The futility of traveling three thousand miles just to see Vere came over her like a cold wave.

And yet, to see him again, to hear his laugh again, to feel his hand covering hers as they sat at some restaurant table talking things over—ah, that would be to live once more! There was no other way.

"WHAT would you do," Rogers Holland asked, watching her, "if you didn't find Vere?"

"Oh, but he would be there!" she said, startled.

"Might not. His father goes to Mexico, goes to Canada now and then. He might take the boy along."

"Not if Vere knew I was coming."

"Maybe not." But he was smiling that secret, dreadful half-smile of his. Dina got to her feet. "You arrange with Mrs. Bucket about going into town," he said. "Saturday perhaps. Is Saturday a free day for you?"

"Our very worst day. At the grocery—I work in a grocery—Saturdays ten to ten. But tomorrow afternoon—Friday afternoon, I'm free. Or I could ask for any morning. Mornings are quiet."

"Fix it with Mrs. Bucket. And remember, if you get stuck, just smile as if you knew all about everything, and look at me. Goodby, Geraldine."

Two minutes later she was out in the sharp winter cold, walking toward the bus.

"I am doing something," she said, half aloud. "I am doing something. Perhaps if you do something it changes things. Perhaps there will be a letter from Vere at the store!"

"Letter there for you," Frances Tack said, when Dina was back at the desk in the grocery. Dina's heart leaped. She took it with hands that trembled.

In a lull she could step unobserved behind the high racks that were filled with stacked cans of tomatoes and wrapped loaves of bread and tear open the envelope.

It was a short letter—scribbled in ink on one side of a thick, square page. Dina read it twice. Then she put it back in the envelope and put the envelope in the breast pocket of her sweater. A moment later she was back at work.

"You look queer, Dina," said Frances, slamming cans and packages into a tall brown paper bag. "Headache?"

"No, I'm all right," Dina answered. She cleared her throat, for the first effort at speech was unintelligible. "I'm all right," she repeated.

ROGERS' driver, Hall, met Dina at the Bonita Station, or rather at the open, weather-beaten shed that did duty as a station, just a week later. It was wiser, the girl thought, to keep the appointment as distant as possible from her home. She had had a shampoo early that morning before the family breakfast in the kitchen, but by no other sign did she show that there was anything unusual in the adventure upon which she was embarked. Under the somewhat mangy coat she wore a plaid skirt that had seen almost equal service and a dark blue sweater; even the hat was worn and wintry; she had had no heart for new millinery this spring.

The car rushed smoothly up the wide highway, turned at the bridge crossing, moved steadily westward on the rise of the hills and took the road that climbed through Belmont, leaving the level reaches of the bay waters and the hundred real-estate developments behind it. Homes were scattered and few now; most of them ancient mansions surrounded by gloomy trees, lifting their turrets, cupolas and towers above long-vacated rooms.

The old Holland place stood in forty wooded acres and had a deep canyon to itself. It had been built in the days of the pioneers, gold-rush, railroad-fortune days; it had been somewhat modernized in the nineties. But it was still a pretentious, gloomy, clumsy old building, crouching with the square ferocity of a bulldog at the top of a long lane of pines and eucalyptus trees.

Tonight it wore an aspect as cheerful as gushing lights and a wide-opened door could lend it. The Hollands had once been famous for hospitality, and although that day was long dead, something of its glory was on this occasion restored.

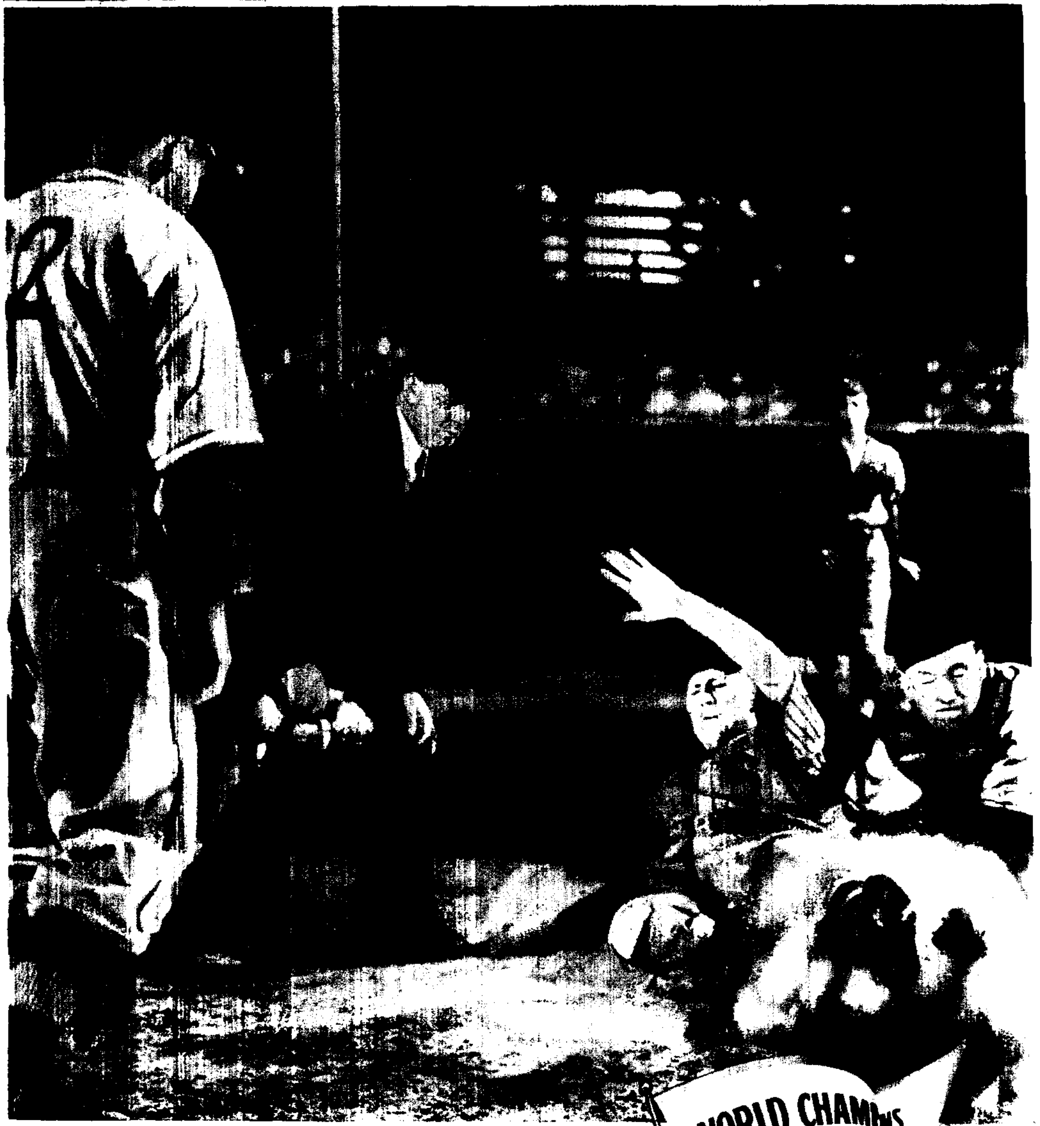
Music was playing when Dina arrived; the strains of a soft, faraway waltz were drifting through the house. In spite of herself it lifted her spirits, and she was conscious of a flutter of excitement and anticipation as she mounted the stairs.

Mrs. Bucket was waiting for her in a big bedroom that was also well warmed; in fact, the housekeeper assured Dina that a completely adequate furnace kept the place comfortable even in the keenest weather.

"But there's nothing like a log fire!" she said.

The dress, the slippers had arrived. Everything that she and Mrs. Bucket had bought, in a bewildering afternoon of shopping the previous Friday, was

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



WORLD CHAMPIONS 194

WORLD'S SERIES PENNANT. Since the National League's Pittsburgh Pirates played the American League's Boston Red Sox in 1903, the winner of the World's Series has been recognized as "tops" in baseball. You can be sure that the 1941 team that will win the right to fly the pennant will have to have "plenty on the ball"; it must be better than good!

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there. Her costume was complete. Dina was left alone to enjoy a bath, to get into her undergarments unobserved. The housekeeper returned to help her with the final touches.

The slippers were silver; there was a tiny rose for her hair. The dress was sky blue, falling and floating in clouds about her. Dina had never seen such a gown before; the saleswoman had indeed assured them that there was no other like it anywhere. The girl stood looking at herself in the mirror like one dazed.

Her soft, burnished hair rippled and curved in waves. Her face was pale, but alight with excitement; the line of her shoulders, the slender arms and slim body were enveloped in a foam of blue.

Dina's eyes were blazing. Upon the advice of the saleswoman she had used only a pale lip red; her mouth looked soft and young, and when she smiled at her reflection that smile was sad rather than gay.

"My goodness, you look like another girl!" Mrs. Bucket said, in honest admiration.

"Fine feathers," Dina said slowly.

AT SEVEN o'clock she descended the stairs; Rogers came out of the library to meet her. The fact that for one full minute he had not the slightest idea who she was was perhaps as honest a tribute to her appearance as could have been paid her. She saw admiration in his eyes before he spoke.

"Geraldine!" he exclaimed.

He caught at her hand, holding her off the better to see her.

"Why, good heavens," he said. "What on earth have they done to you?" Still holding her hand, he led her into the library, laughing triumphantly, his bulging eyes shining behind his glasses. "Well, Aline, perhaps we have something here!" he said.

She knew he was immensely pleased; responsive warmth stirred even in her own frozen heart.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, spreading her skirts.

"Yes." He spoke absently, thoughtfully. "Turn around," he said. "Who did your hair?"

"I did. But I can easily change it. Sometimes I pin it up that way to make me look older."

"I don't want you to look a bit different," he said musingly, his eyes moving over her in intense satisfaction. "You look exactly right. You look—extraordinarily right. I'm delighted. I must congratulate Bucket. Now, you'll remember the general plan, won't you? No conversation."

"Dumb," the girl agreed briefly.

"No, not dumb. With those high cheekbones of yours and the way your eyes are set, you'll never look dumb. But be mysterious. You might smile, shrug. 'I'm not bothering with any of you!' That sort of thing. Now one thing more. Someone is going to ask you where you come from. What are you going to say?"

"Russia," Dina suggested promptly.

The man widened his eyes, laughed approvingly.

"Russia. After the revolution. Escaped through Vladivostok."

Dina considered this. "I think not," she said. "I wasn't alive at the time of the revolution. I'd better say I've just escaped."

"Fine. 'You speak Russian, of course?' "

" 'Very little.' " She answered the imaginary question seriously. " 'So many years I was with my English connections,' " she added.

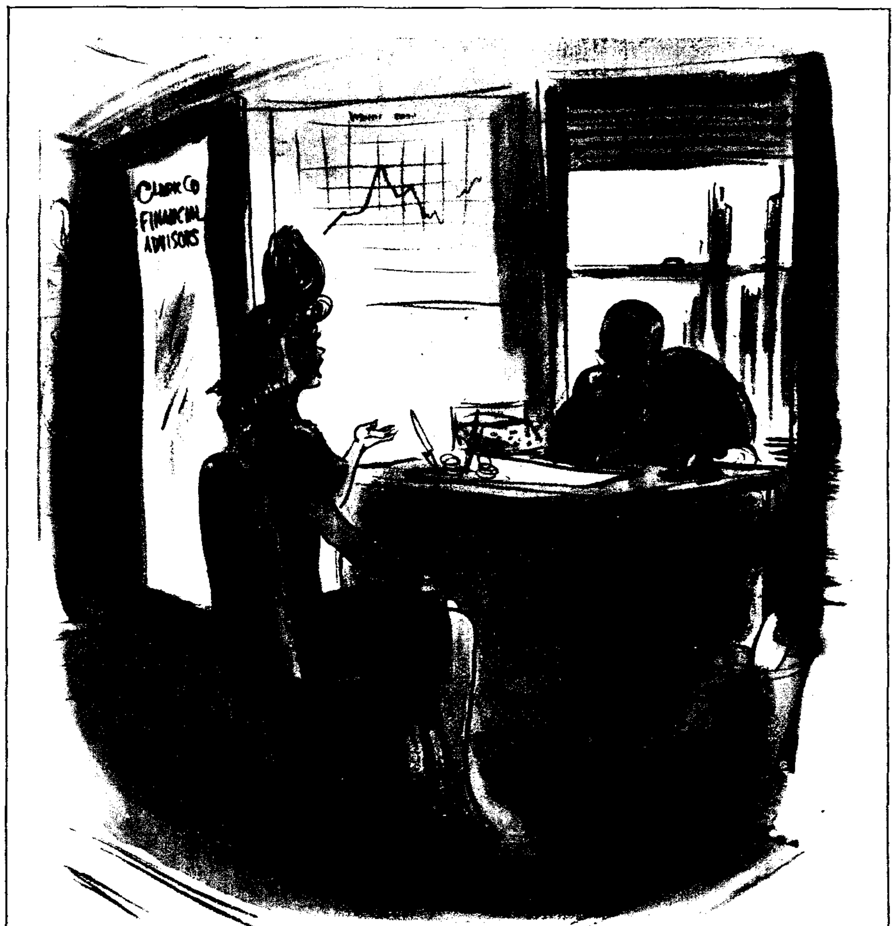
"Excellent!" the man cried, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "If you'll just remember to answer slowly. Or don't answer at all."

"They'll think I'm bored," the girl protested.

"Let them! Everybody worries about a bored person. Now sit there in that blue chair; lean your head against the back and put one foot up against the stool. That's right. Take that position whenever you can. This husband of Aline's is an artist, and it's highly possible that you'll do something to him when his eyes light on you."

"And is he rich, Mr. Holland?"

"Wait a minute! Are you to call me that?" he questioned, considering. "Yes, I think you do," he decided; "you're less than half my age; you haven't known me very long; I can call you Geraldine, but you aren't quite so familiar yet. You asked me if Aline's husband is rich," Rogers continued. "No, he hasn't a cent. And she has only what Pollock gave her in the way of stocks or bonds—whatever it was, she lost most of it. And, of course, Rosenstirn's alimony stops like a shot now. That's what interested her in me, my dear," the man went on comfortably settled opposite her now and smoking a cigarette. "Until now, Aline has always had an eye to the main chance. This is her first venture in true love. They're to live in his studio, back of Los Altos somewhere, and he's to paint portraits—I don't know whose—and keep her amused."



"Would you advise me to marry a man holding 1,400 shares of United Tin?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"I shouldn't think a person who's been rich and traveled a lot would be happy very long that way," Dina said thoughtfully.

ROGERS did not answer. He sat watching her idly for a minute, and then asked abruptly: "Did you hear from Vere?"

"Yes." Her color fluctuated. "He wrote," she said. "I had the letter when I got home the day I came to see you."

"What'd he say? Why didn't you tell me?"

"That there is no use my going east," Dina said steadily.

"That's his mother," Rogers observed, after a minute.

"Yes. He wrote that he was sorry I was bothered, and that his mother was sure I was mistaken," Dina said, in a level voice devoid of feeling.

"That sounds like Caroline," the man said, almost with triumph. "That's Caroline. What else?"

"That his father might take him to South America, and that I wasn't to worry." The girl finished the statement quietly, and sat staring ahead of her like a person in a dream.

"As a matter of fact, you're not mistaken?" Rogers asked.

"No."

"YOU seem to take this very quietly, my dear."

"I have to," she said. "I think I've known from the beginning that it would be this way. Not—not that Sunday that we came down from Paradise Valley, and we talked all the way. But since. Ever since. Watching for letters, and not having them come; telling myself that he loved me, that he would make it all right, and knowing all the time that he didn't have to—that he could go away and forget it all, that I couldn't hold him.

"So now I know," she finished. "I know that it was just liking a girl—having a crush on her—to him, and that it's something that will stay with me all my life. A human being that I'm responsible for. And I'm going to be responsible for it," Dina went on in a firmer voice. "I don't know just how I'll start, but once I get started I'll be all right. I'll have to go away from home; I won't see my sisters and brothers any more. But that's what happens to girls like me."

"I can only say that I think you're damn' spirited and plucky," the man observed. Dina moved heavy eyes to his.

"I have to be," she answered. "I would like to get out of it if I could. I've always thought myself—I've always been—I've never been the sort—" Her voice thickened and she fell silent.

"I believe you," Rogers said, "and you're how old? Nineteen? Well, keep your chin up; here comes the vanguard!"

There was a stir of laughter and voices in the hall. Hinz began to show in the guests—five of them, and then two, and two, and three, and four. They came in cold and gay and noisy: two quite elderly men, two elderly wives, a pretty girl Dina's age and the rather uninteresting-looking young man she was going to marry, a younger couple, a countess who spoke broken English, a man who had evidently won some sort of tournament and who was under a constant fire of congratulations.

Last of all, when everyone else had had cocktails and canapés and had settled into groups, the Andrew Havenses came. The man looked the artist, the hair on his handsome blond head just a trifle long, his evening clothes just a trifle baggy. He was a tall man with a pleasant laugh and a big, firm jaw; his skin was browned; his hands were long, fine and nervous. He seemed quite at ease among all these strangers.

The woman, now for the third time receiving good wishes as a bride, was perhaps three or four years older than her new mate. At thirty-four she was at the peak of her beauty, and an exotic beauty it was: Her hair was raven black, wound tight to her head; the skin of her arms and throat and her proud, lovely face was all of a smooth, creamy texture; her lips were crimson and her eyes a strange dove-blue, heavily lashed in black. The trailing gown she wore carried out a general impression of Oriental aristocracy. In her ears she wore heavy jade earrings.

SHE came in with a royal effect of entrance, was instantly surrounded and kissed by the men and women alike, for to all of them this was her first appearance since her runaway wedding.

"Is anyone speaking to me?" Dina heard her demand from the center of the circle. "Billy—Olive—this is Andy Havens, and you're all to like him very much, please, and have your portraits painted by him next week!"

"Aline, you're more beautiful than ever!" a woman said.

"Happiness, darling, happiness! We're living on nothing, and my flushed little face will soon be bending over a dishpan, but I really do like the creature, and so I don't care!"

She was face to face with Rogers; she looked up boldly.

"Toppy, you've got to like my husband," she said.

"I've liked all your husbands, Aline," Rogers said in the silence, with a bow.

Dina saw the smooth alabaster of her face flush faintly; she came back at him promptly.

"Yes, and I thought for a while that I was going to like your second wife immensely! I mean me," Aline said.

There was a shocked little ripple of relished laughter from the circle that had more or less unconsciously grouped itself about the two.

"I never liked her, really," Rogers countered. And again there was a laugh.

"She wasn't very nice," Aline said with a dangerously quiet smile.

"I think everyone knew it but herself!" the man suggested sweetly. "You know how it is."

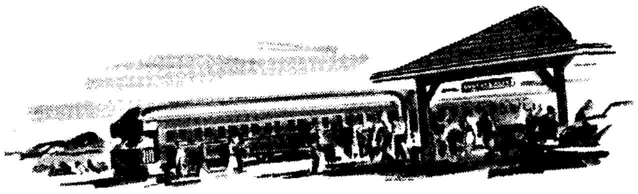
"*Indeed* I know how it is, Toppy." Aline finished the exchange on so significant a note that suddenly the laughter went out of it, and as she turned superbly away Dina knew that she had scored. Toppy! That had probably been her little pet name for him. Rogers might join in the laugh that greeted Aline's latest hit, but Dina saw the shadow that crossed his face.

A moment later in her triumphant progress Aline came abruptly upon the girl in the sky-blue gown; stopped short. Rogers introduced them:

"Miss Cashman, Aline. Geraldine, this is Mrs. Havens."

Dina rose; her eyes were wide and

“Elbow Room... that’s what I like when I travel!”



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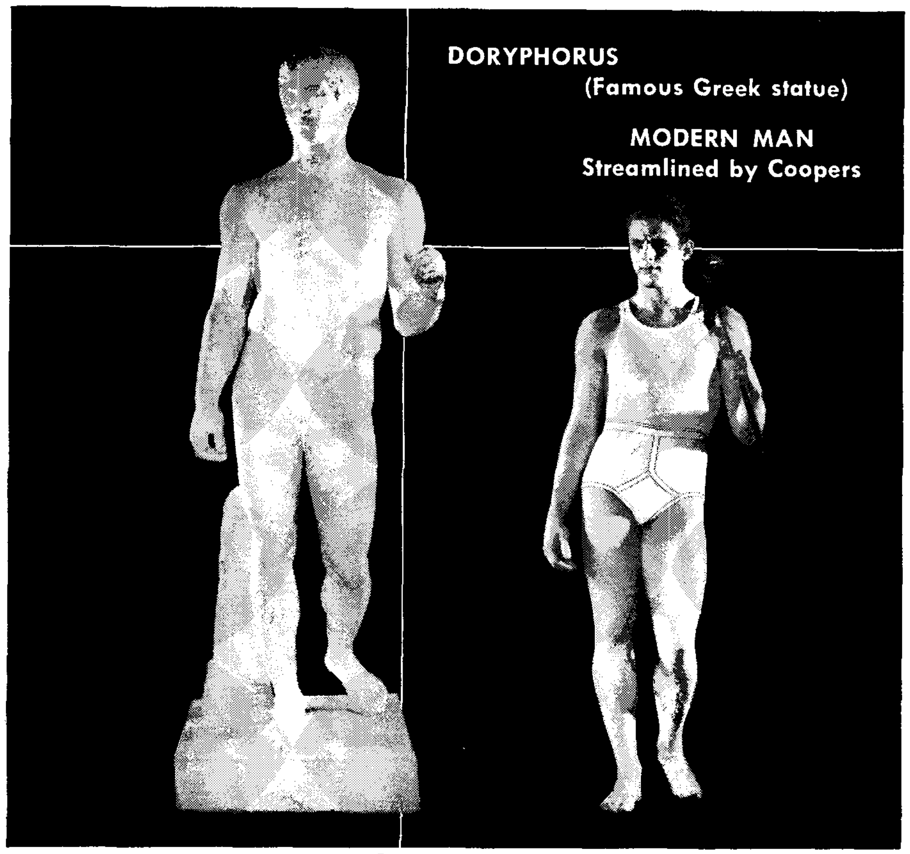

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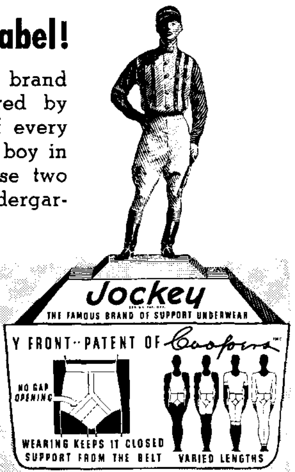
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Cooling Coverage—It's not the brevity of Jockey that keeps you cool. It's the construction and knitted fabric. Midways (at right), Over-Knees or Longs and Airlet shirts protect clothing. Airlet shirts have double fabric under arms to absorb perspiration, open vents and "bellows" action to speed evaporation.

dark, her face was pale. She looked younger even than her years—startled, shy, naïve.

"Geraldine *what,* darling?" Aline demanded.

"Cashman."

"Oh?" Aline looked at him, looked down at Dina for explanations. "Do I know her, do I know her people?" she asked.

"I don't think so. She's by way of being a ward of mine for the time being," Rogers said.

"A ward? Staying with you? But how very nice," Aline commented sweetly.

"Not staying with me. No, I'm under orders to send her home at half past ten," Rogers answered amiably. "Was it half past ten, Geraldine?" he asked.

"About then," the girl confirmed it simply.

"Although, since that perfumed little garbage barrel you call your mind jumped so quickly to conclusions, Aline," the man added, "I may say that I think Bucket would be equal to the situation even if Miss Cashman *were* my house guest."

"In school?" Aline asked Dina, after an exchange of some low-toned pleasantries at Rogers' expense upon the part of one or two of the onlookers that she did not follow, and at which everyone laughed maliciously.

"No."

"Just visiting California?"

It was cross-examination; he had warned her it would come. But surprisingly Dina found herself rather enjoying it.

"No. Not visiting," she answered thoughtfully and slowly.

"Try the red-hot pincers, Aline," Rogers said. "Try the iron maiden. You can make her talk!"

Dina turned dutiful eyes toward him. "*Should* I talk?"

Rogers smiled; he came over to stand beside her. Aline had sunk gracefully into the chair Dina had vacated now, and the girl was standing before her as if under inspection. But to have the man join her changed the situation and gave her the advantage again.

"You know very well you shouldn't talk," he told her.

"I seem to feel mystery and intrigue in the air," Aline said. "You're not Mata Hari, I suppose?" she said lazily to Dina.

DINA had seen Mata Hari in a movie. But she wasn't quite sure of the answer to this and her startled eyes went to Rogers with an effect better than anything for which he might have hoped.

"No," he answered. "She's not Mata Hari."

"Come over here and talk to me, Miss Cashman," old Mrs. Prince said authoritatively at this point. She patted the sofa seat beside her with a puffy ringed hand. "I like pretty people," she added. "Tell me all about yourself!"

This was a large order, and infinitely alarming to Dina. But she had been bred in the hard school of having to please marketing women; she knew instantly what was Mrs. Prince's favorite topic of conversation, and could find her way to it.

"They're beautiful," she said, as she sat down.

The old lady's eyes followed Dina's to the onyx-and-pearl bracelet that encircled her soft, old fat arm.

"They're old-fashioned," she said. "But I won't have 'em changed. They were my mother's."

"Oh, I wouldn't change them!" Dina protested. "Because what would you get for them?" she was going to add. Fortunately she stopped in time.

"Everybody's always for havin' everything reset," Mrs. Prince complained. "I think it's ridiculous. My mother was a Belknap of Virginia; she was raised like a princess. She had a young mammy when she was nothing but a baby, and that same mammy—Mammy Sula, they called her; I remember her well—was with my mother when she closed her eyes. There wasn't a day of my mother's life . . ."

After about ten minutes she paused for breath, and Dina said respectfully, "It sounds like a book."

"I could give you stories—wish I had time to write 'em—my cousin Missy-Lou Cromartie's just had a book published—calls it Faithful to the Gray," said Mrs. Prince. "My uncle Senator Joe Belknap—handsomest man you ever laid eyes on, used to say it took him a day to ride over his own property—you can read about him in any book about the first families . . ."

AGAIN Dina listened. She could have gone on thankfully listening for hours. It was so safe, sitting here on the wide divan and letting the dinner party ebb and flow about her! She did not have to make any effort or take any chances with the dangers of conversation. A man or two joined them—one a very old man who listened attentively to everything old Mrs. Prince said, and now and then commented with a reminiscent dry chuckle and an appreciative, "Remember it perfectly, Lily!" The other was the vapid-looking youth who was shortly to marry Miss Mary Louise Ledyard. He called Mrs. Prince "Granny," settled himself on a hassock beside her knee, and occasionally bit thoughtfully at one of her fat old hands.

"Geraldine, will you sit at the head?" Rogers said, when they went out to dinner. Dina gave him a glance of wild appeal but she had no choice. He sat at one end of the long table, and she found herself enthroned opposite him, with the stretch of flowers and candles, silver and crystal glittering between. Fortunately for her, the man on her right assumed immediate control of the conversation. He was an impeccably handsome and well-groomed person of perhaps fifty whose life was spent on the polo field, at the bridge table, at formal dinners, on the golf course or tennis courts, at Palm Beach or at Easthampton as the season indicated.

He knew a great many famous persons in society, in New York's literary and dramatic circle, and in Hollywood, and he had a great many delightful anecdotes of them to relate—all of them flattering, kindly and innocuous. Dina need feed him only the compliment of her bright-eyed interest, and an occasional "Oh, tell me about her!" to keep him content and avoid any of the silences she so dreaded. He was rapturously describing the dove shooting at Pasa Robles when the woman on his other side suddenly engrossed him by the simple method of saying, "Reggie, stop talking to Miss Cashman and pay some attention to me. After all, you and I were compromised once, at Violet's, remember? Remember how awful that was! That ought to give me some rights—"

Reggie almost instantly obeying this command, Dina found herself for a moment ignored; she leaned back in her enormous chair, surveyed the brilliant scene and told herself that she would serve Rogers' purpose just as well in silence as in any other way. He had not asked her to make any of them like her.

"Are you trying to think of something to say? I am," said the man at her left. Dina turned with a quick smile and found him to be Andrew Havens, the bridegroom who was the quite unconscious cause of her being here at all.

"Well, I wasn't," she said; "but if you can't, I could try."

(To be continued next week)

Amazing Albert

Continued from page 14

sketchy to the point of illiteracy, Mr. Albert suddenly became aware of his shortcomings about ten years ago and is now widely informed on everything from the manufacture of pigments to the occult interpretation of the Mendelian Theory.

Also he is a man of great plans, a sort of Marco Polo of finance. He is not afraid of novelty; he has no craving for stolid wealth. At the moment he is quite determined on being the shark-oil king of the universe. His boat and crew have but lately returned from a voyage made sad by the reluctance of the sharks to participate. They remained aloof; they refused to play.

Shark oil contains every vitamin from A to X and Mr. Albert will undoubtedly end up a rich man. If that doesn't do it, he has plans about whales. Early this spring his crew was cruising the west coast of Mexico in a second boat, this time to view the whales in their spawning season. What he intends to do with the whale is not readily apparent but the whales would do well to beware.

Lesson in Learning

When not occupied in this manner Mr. Albert is sending camera crews into Mexico and southwestern United States. One of his expeditions among the archaeological marvels of the Texas Panhandle has produced an educational film that is being shown in every Texas high-school auditorium that possesses a projecting machine.

"Pretty much a dead loss financially, right now," says Mr. Albert, "but we're looking ahead."

By reason of Mr. Albert's commitments with his expeditions and his kindness to strangers (one interesting gentleman showed up with a guitar and captured Mr. Albert's heart so completely that he stayed eight months), there is a constant battle on between his artistic conscience, his detestation of second-rate movies and his need of the weekly salary check. Once, in desperation, he simply went off to Mexico for three months and forgot about the cinema.

"That's the real way to get learning," says Mr. Albert. "I found out what suspension meant, I discovered the drawbacks of existence without a salary, I found that they just added the lost time on to the end of the contract. That is termed getting learning by the empiric method."

Hardly anybody could be expected to believe that this career would start in Minneapolis, Minn., with Mr. Albert functioning as a dishwasher in a cafeteria, but history is quite definite in this respect. Mr. Albert was a dishwasher, a high-school student and a member of the student body of the University of Minnesota for one semester. Also he was an usher in a movie house and later an assistant manager and still later a manager.

"They found out I could pull bum theaters out of the red," says Mr. Albert simply.

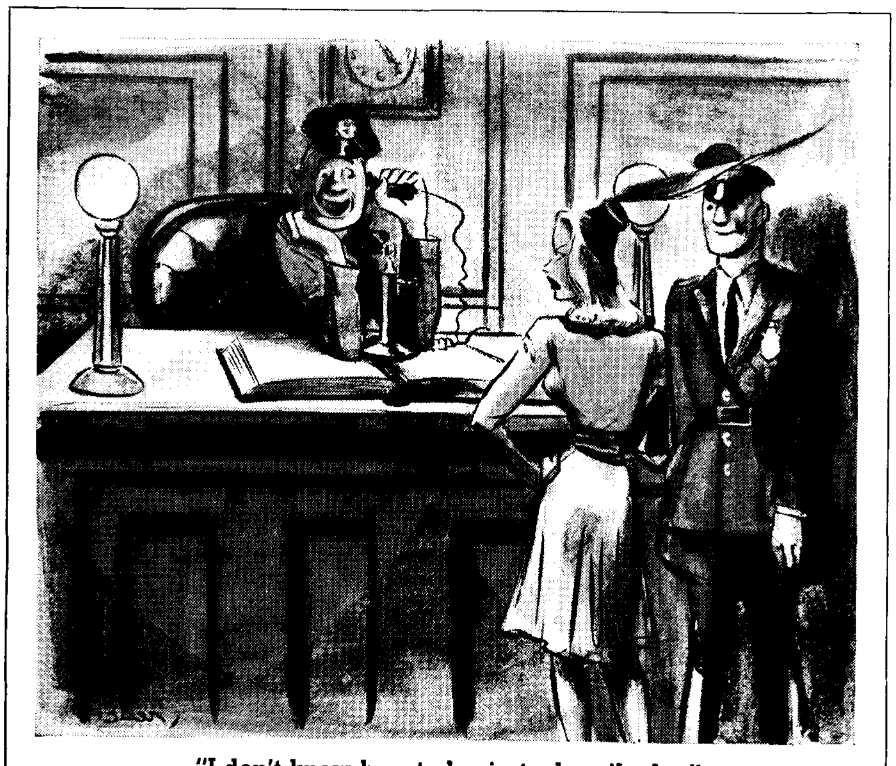
This achievement was based primarily on Mr. Albert's success with matinee audiences. In addition to furnishing gifts of only passing value, such as yo-yos, candy bars and colored photographs of baseball stars, Mr. Albert did a weekly job as master of ceremonies in a magic show. About Wednesday Mr. Albert would visit the magic shops, pick up anything that cost less than fifty cents and make that the basis of his performance.

"Great Saturday matinees," says Mr. Albert. "Two kids in every seat."

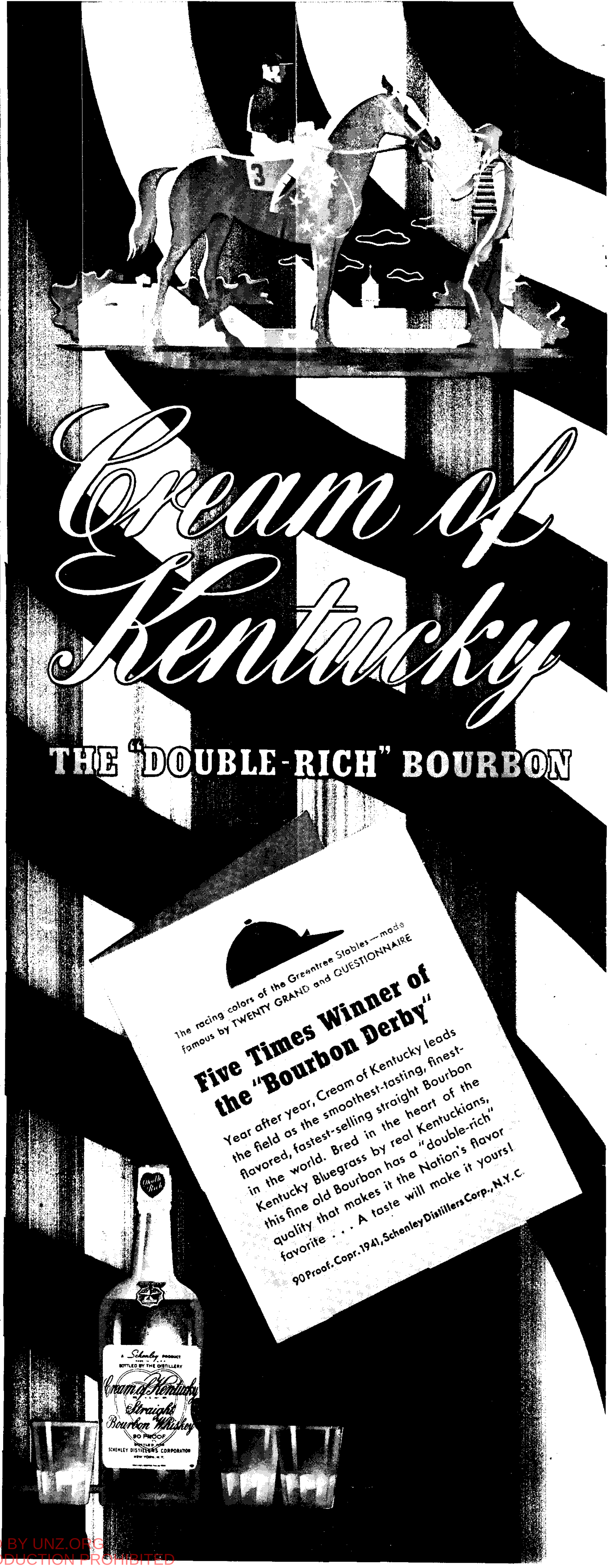
But this was all secondary to Mr. Albert's real love, which was art. Mr. Albert was a singer on a Minneapolis radio station. He acquired enough of a reputation to get himself hired successively in St. Louis and Cincinnati. Entirely overwhelmed by this success, he barged into Chicago and nearly starved to death. Feeling that he might as well starve in a more important center of culture, he came on to New York and immediately started a five-year run of luck in something called The Honeymooners, a midday soap opera that had housewives leaning on their brooms all over the land. About getting in the theater, Mr. Albert is very modest.

"I knew a guy," he says simply.

His first play was O Evening Star, on which the lights went out after about a week. Then he got the break in Brother Rat, which was a smacko. After



"I don't know how to begin to describe her" HOWARD BAER



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that came another George Abbott hit, Room Service, which made everybody very happy.

When Abbott thought up The Boys from Syracuse, Mr. Albert was ideal for it. He got back in the singing racket with that one and added dancing just to confuse the critics. Also he learned how to handle gentlemen like Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart. On the opening night in Boston, Savo's entrance was greeted with applause. That was like the ringing of a bell to an old fire horse and Jimmy set out on a complete circuit of the stage, running low to the ground in his familiar lope. This was good for Jimmy but awful for the lines. Mr. Albert took out after him and finally corraled him.

"Stand up like a man and answer me!" he howled. That brought Mr. Savo to earth.

The Versatile Albert

The success in this venture brought new responsibilities on Mr. Albert. Movie scouts approached him. Did he think he could get up enough on ballet dancing so he could play opposite Zorina in the film version of On Your Toes? Ballet dancing, said Mr. Albert, sensing the odor of gold in the distance, is what I have been doing exclusively since the age of nine.

"Let me feel your muscle," said the talent scout suspiciously.

"Don't get familiar!" cried Mr. Albert haughtily.

But, like a man of character, he made himself a ballet dancer in the three months between the signing of the contract and his appearance in Hollywood. He labored every morning and afternoon (except Wednesday and Saturday, matinee days) and was at it again every night after the performance. When he got off the train at Pasadena, the welcoming delegation took one look and withdrew delicately. It was apparent that the young man had been taken with elephantiasis; he stuck out all over with muscles. Even at this late day Mr. Albert is still marked with that experience.

"Tough work getting them but you never lose them," says Mr. Albert, patting his thigh suggestively. "Looky!"

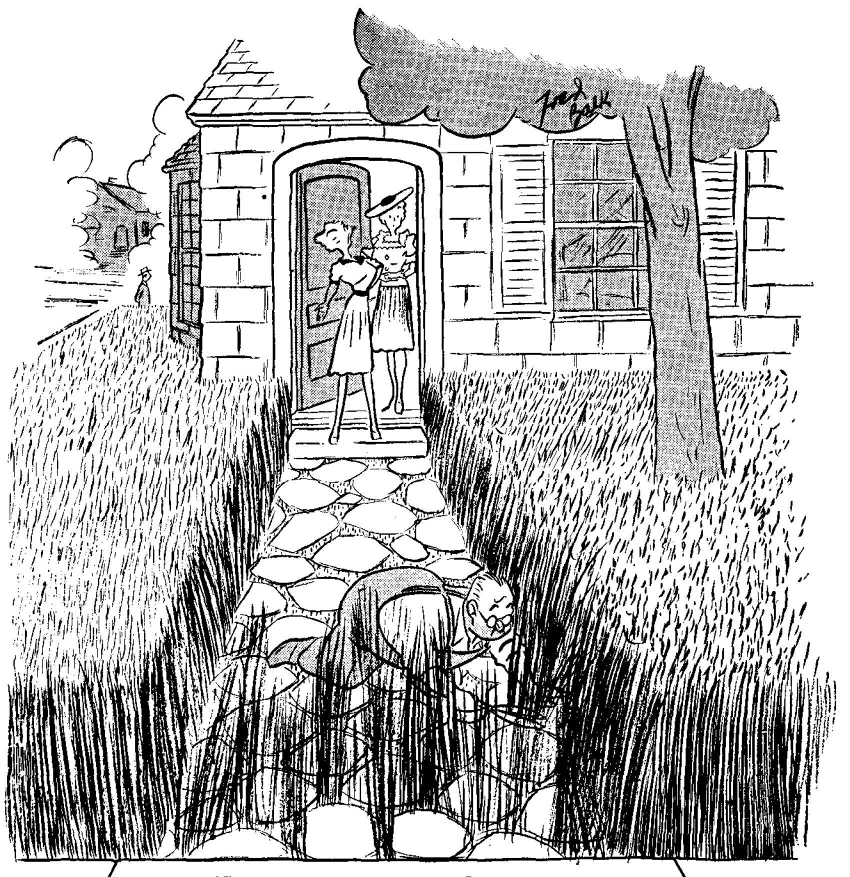
Whereupon Mr. Albert rises, leaps eight feet in the air, clicks his toes together neatly innumerable times while in flight and lands at length with the air of a thrush, his arms at an engaging angle of beauty. Coming from a young man who is as tough and hard-bitten as a Dead End kid, this is in the nature of a physical phenomenon. But it merely gives an indication of the Albert versatility.

"And don't get him started on books," say his friends fearfully. "He reads anything in the world and remembers everything he reads and he'll make a monkey out of you."

He is quite an athlete, can hoof it like a fool at the night clubs and is a hand with the so-called weak ones. He sits up on his mountaintop for months, looking at the stars and making up compositions on the ocarina, and then he suddenly decides he has to see life. He rumbas his partners right down to the ground at the Macombo; he threatens the lives of the ringsiders at Ciro's; he takes a whirl at the Palladium; he ends up at the Negro clubs on Central Avenue, doing a version of the shag that has the spectators boggle-eyed.

That lasts him another six months and he retires to reflect upon humanity. He sounds like a freak and he is probably the most sensible man in Hollywood. He has his life figured out the way he wants it. Nothing fools him and nothing turns him aside from what he decides to do. In his own strange way he has fathomed that fabulous town. He uses it and doesn't allow it to use him. Pretty astute, the Albert kid.

Lately there has been a rather serious contretemps between Eddie and the studio but there is insistence that the conflict will be ironed out. In the meantime, the young gentleman has been on leave and among other things has been in New York at the behest of David O. Selznick seeing the stage version of Claudia, which may also be Eddie's next big movie role. If Warners' are no longer under the necessity of dragging Mr. Albert off the mountain, the duty will fall to others. He is not one that Hollywood could easily do without.



"Summer or winter, he won't do more than clear a path to the door!"

FRED BALK

Long Voyage to War

Continued from page 13

destructive grunts. Days later at sea we heard the casualties had been heavy that night.

We were three ships as we sailed at dawn next morning down the oily brown Mersey, past the hulks of vessels killed by mines and enemy bombs, into the Irish Sea. We moved slowly and as cautiously as you'd walk in an unfamiliar dark room. There were magnetic mines in those waters, dropped by enemy planes. We carried an electrical device that is supposed to circumvent them, but you couldn't always be sure. And the Germans had lately begun using a new kind of death toy—an acoustic mine, operated by the sound of the beat of a ship's mechanical heart. Against this kind of sudden annihilation we carried only our prayers and I a horseshoe Jim Marshall gave me before I left New York.

Cold Comfort

It was cold on deck, so cold it congealed in lumps in your pockets. All the 120 passengers were ordered to boat stations for the first lifeboat drill. They gave us life preservers—four large, thick squares of cork, jacketed in canvas, with a hole in the covering for your head and straps that came under your arms. They tied on with strings over your chest.

I looked skeptically at the preservers and the boat mate confided, "They blinkin' well ain't much good. Get waterlogged in twenty-four hours, but you'd die in twenty of exposure in the North Atlantic, so what's the odds?"

He'd started with the superior air of a man with superior knowledge but wound up with the manner and tone of voice of a man who'd made a new and shocking discovery for himself. He turned to help a short, thick, youngish woman with a pretty face adjust her life preserver. She carried an eight-month-old baby boy on her hip, clutching him with both hands. Her smile couldn't overcome the concern in her eyes. I had a mental image of her going down the Jacob's ladder to a pitching lifeboat.

Some of the crew who came up from the galleys, engine rooms and stokeholds for drill had good life jackets—blue canvas vests stuffed with kapok with tiny red lights on the collars so that they could be found in the darkness. The boys played at lighting them as they'd do before going overside in a boat or leaping into the water. You can jump fairly safely in one of these vests. But you can't jump from a ship in one of the Board of Trade cork-block things. Impact would send the blocks in front or those behind, depending on how you landed in the water, crashing against your neck with sufficient force to snap it.

My informant told me all that, while I practiced quick tyings-on of the strings, and I told him to shut up. He was persistent, however, confiding that, "There's a way of beating gettin' your neck snapped. Look 'ere—" and he showed me how to grasp the two cork blocks in front with the hands, holding the elbows close to the body. "But don't forget to bring up your knees to your elbows when you hit the water." Drawn-up knees break the impact of the water against the elbows.

Next day we were on the open sea. She was old, that ship, but a great sea boat. The vessel rose and fell gently, urged by her sclerotic engines in that breathing motion a good ship owns and that bespeaks careful stowage of cargo, good seamanship and a well-designed hull scornful of age. The foothills of doom that roll across the Atlantic were soft dunes for her bows.

We felt secure and very brave. Two Churchills, two of those fifty destroyers Franklin gave Winston, flanked us to port and starboard. A heavier British destroyer of the Tribal Class surged ahead under a cockade of black smoke. A lithe, fast, armed merchant cruiser, as fastidious as a collie rounding up a flock of sheep, shepherded our sterns.

A blinker on the AMC signaled incessantly, ordering alterations in course, speed or formation. In wartime the course of ships is ordained by the known or suspected position of enemy submarines and raiders and not by the sun and stars. Sometimes we ran in a tight V like three ducks, sometimes we spread out and frequently we steamed Indian file. The little Churchills with their four slim funnels and low silvery hulls scudded off on mysterious missions in daytime, but at nightfall they always came back, and once our skipper confided, "Great little ships. They're old but still fast enough for the job. And how we needed them! I hear you're going to give us another seventy-five of them. They'll make all the difference in the world. It's unprotected convoys that go down and if we could spare ships to guard the cargo carriers we'd win the Battle of the Atlantic overnight, and that means we'd win battles elsewhere—"

Once we heard depth charges miles away off our portside. The steward's telegraph, the ship's grapevine that connects the wireless room, engine room, bridge and passenger decks and supplies misinformation and gossip, reported that an enemy submarine had been sunk. The Churchill did look fatter, somehow, when she returned, but there was no knowing for certain whether she'd got her sub.

On Our Own

One day we found ourselves alone. Just how long that was from the time we steamed out of Liverpool I can't say. That's a military secret. But we found ourselves on a desolate disk of gun-metal-blue water and we missed the Churchills and their larger cousin, but most of all we missed that fussy collie, the armed merchant cruiser.

The last message AMC winked at us was to proceed toward port independently. Good-luck messages were added. Thereafter we'd need it. We were on our own. The crews practiced with the antiaircrafters and manned the four-incher, which suddenly assumed the importance of a battery of eights.

The day before our escort left us I'd watched a tall Englishwoman with a thick halo of blond hair, holding a ten-year-old boy by the hand, wave a life preserver at a figure aboard a ship just off our starboard. The ship was only a couple of cable lengths away and she was one of our convoy sisters. I aimed my glasses at the figure of a man and saw he was a naval officer—a commander by the glint of gold on the visor of his cap as he moved in the sunlight.

The steward's telegraph confirmed that he was a British naval officer en route to a new command in the Far East. The woman and boy on board were his wife and son. They were to have sailed together but couldn't for service reasons. They would be rejoined in Singapore, Hong Kong or Bombay.

The second day we were on our own we sighted a Spaniard, white-hulled, distant and as unreal as though she'd been cleverly scissored from white tissue paper. That night we heard gunfire off our starboard bow. We saw star

Jane Frazee, featured in the Universal Picture "San Antonio Rose", is pictured here with . . .

. . . J. P. McNulty, owner of Sinclair-lubricated Southeast Arkansas Freight Lines whose trucks helped move the Arkansas National Guard to Camp Robinson in the first official . . .

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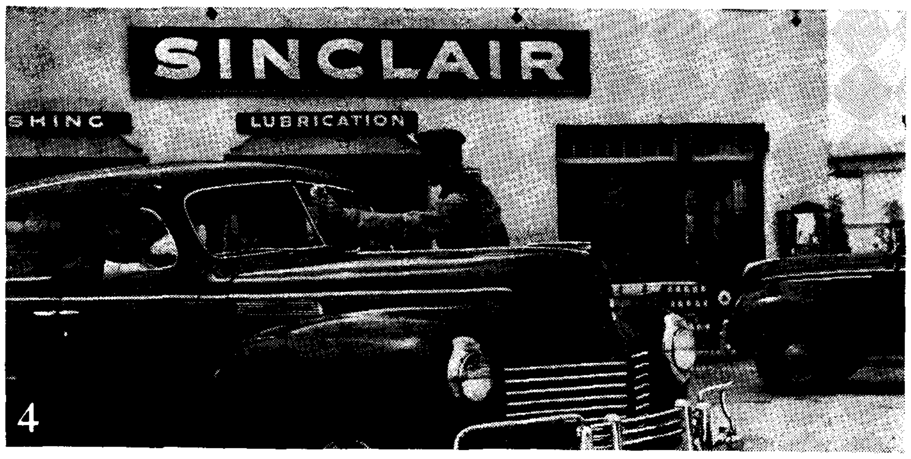

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SELECT THESE EASY-TO-SERVE JULY 4th MEATS FROM THIS DISPLAY!
Buy Skinless

Make it SAFE and SANE!

A Franky 4th!

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SKINLESS FRANKFURTERS OR WIENERS
"WEENY CRACKERS"* "WEENY ROCKETS"†
"WEENY CANNON"††
DEVILED EGGS FANCY CHEESE BOILED HAM
SAUSAGE MEAT LOAF
WEENY BUNS POTATO CHIPS OLIVES
LETTUCE AND TOMATO SALAD
CELERY MUSTARD CATSUP BUTTER
LEMONADE MILK

*(They're easy and fun to make. *Use strips of celery for fuses. †Rockets made with paper cones and macaroni. ††Cannon wheels are made of sliced sausage fastened with toothpicks.)*

IT'S EASY TO MAKE EXCITING "FRANKY 4th" DISHES WITH Skinless TRADE MARK FRANKFURTERS OR WIENERS!

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See This Novel "FRANKY 4th" DISPLAY At Your Market!

Delicious Cold Meats in clear, sparkling, flavor-guarding "VISKING" Casings and Skinless Frankfurters or Wieners are perfect for picnics and parties.

A complete display of delicious prepared meats that makes Fourth of July meal planning so much easier.

shells trace dim patterns at the rim where sky and sea meet. There was nothing we could do. The laws of the sea don't hold in wartime. For a belligerent to help a ship in distress is to invite disaster.

Down in the stokehold the boys poured on coal. Somehow the corpulent chief engineer, a jolly fellow with four greasy stripes on his sleeve, cajoled two whole extra knots out of our ship and we thought her old heart would burst with the effort. But we got away. The steward's telegraph reported S.S. Blank had gone down. It was the vessel that carried the Englishwoman's husband.

A Dead Ship on a Dead Sea

She stayed in her cabin for two days, and the skipper went down to see her. It was one of the rare times he left the bridge. When the English lady reappeared on deck we all tried to pretend we didn't know anything. That's the way she wanted it. I tried to picture a Frenchwoman, an Italian or even some American women I know in the same circumstances. None fitted.

The boy took it well, too, though I caught him staring off to sea once in a while with a puzzled look. He kept to himself more than his mother did and as the voyage progressed he seemed to grow older quickly.

The day we crossed Cancer into the flat, cobalt-hued waters of the tropics, a wireless message from the admiralty reported German raiders in our vicinity. Gossip had it they were the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst, but we learned later that wasn't true. It was true, however, that two German merchant raiders were on our trail.

The bulletin board beside the purser's office reminded us there was "Still danger of enemy action. Wear warm clothing. Be prepared to quit ship at the signal."

Somewhere between Cancer and Capricorn one day we awakened with the world red with the nascent sun to find we'd slowed to about three knots. My steward with his usual quasi accuracy said our rudder was gone. The strain of zigging and zagging over nine thousand, perhaps ten thousand, miles of sailing to accomplish six thousand miles in the direction we wished to go had proved too much for the steering mechanism of our old ship. A pin as thick as your wrist in the vessel's steering quadrant had snapped like a toothpick.

We were suddenly becalmed, in the doldrums, our rudder useless, with submarines and raiders all about us. I thought of the Ancient Mariner and of the dead ship on a dead sea. We steered by spinning our engines, revolving our starboard propeller to swing to port and our port screw to veer to starboard. The skipper didn't dare stop altogether. It was possible an enemy, hovering just beyond the horizon's rim, might glimpse our smoke and come roaring down on us and we'd have been as helpless as a sitting duck.

The chief engineer sweated off twenty pounds in the keel of the ship, squirming his bulk into tight places to repair the broken gear. It took him twenty-three hours. And then we moved again, first at six knots and then full speed ahead. The skipper came down to dinner again, smiling shyly all around.

For days we ran lightly, easily, and once we must have come close to land, for you could smell it. To a landsman it was like the smell of honeysuckle on the heavy night air. An Irishman said it wasn't honeysuckle, it was hawthorne.

We sailed under skies profligate with stars by night and yellow with molten sunlight by day. Life aboard ship lost some of its grimmer aspects. We stopped rehearsing how to grab up warm clothes, a brandy bottle and life jacket in the darkness that would come when a torpedo killed engines, dynamos and men below the water line.

The passengers gathered on the tarpaulin-sheltered veranda deck to listen to newscasts from London. The Englishwoman was there when the radio told us a Spaniard had picked up two boatloads of survivors somewhere in our vicinity. There was the flicker of a hopeful smile on her lips. We danced at night under the light of a new moon.

Three days out of Cape Town, a ship with all her lights blazing moved past us on a parallel track northeastward toward New York. She filled us with amazement that ships could sail at night with lights on. We couldn't even smoke a cigarette on deck unless there was a moon when it wouldn't matter. You can see a cigarette's glow three hundred yards on a moonless night, and the flare of a match a thousand yards. The lighted vessel was American. We wondered how much longer American ships would be able to sail the seas with lights aglow. She was on the track that American ships going into the Red Sea up to Suez will sail.

They'd better watch out for mines around the Cape. There are quite a few floating about.

It's a mystery who planted them. It's a mystery until you stop to think of the fact that Japanese vessels ply those waters, too. Certainly the British didn't plant them and Americans didn't either, and that leaves only Japs, for they alone, except for rare Portuguese, sail those seas in addition to the Americans and British. The Germans don't get down that far. Not yet. They will, of course. They'll have to.

Cape Town at Last

Either they or their potential future allies in the possibly imminent Battle of the Pacific will be obliged to attack America's Cape route to the Red Sea which swells Britain's life line to Australia, New Zealand and India.

Severed from her imperial extremities, the heart that's England would be a heart without a body, and England would die. Similarly, an America severed from democracy's battle fronts would make futile the tremendous effort of the American people to prevent the catastrophe of a German victory.

It isn't pleasant but it's the horrible truth that Britannia's rule of the waves is only relative. There's good reason for this. Her fleets must fight in the Mediterranean, patrol the North and South Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans, Tasman Sea and Red Sea; and even for Britannia that's just too many waves. Those of us who sailed for a month and a day to reach the Cape from Liverpool on a journey that is normally a thirteen-day run never at any time felt Britannia ruled the seas. Our lives weren't ordained by Britannia but rather by the enemy's submarine raiders.

Our ship delivered the goods, but one that went down some twenty-five miles off our starboard bow didn't, and hundreds of others haven't. The goods men made and the weapons they fashioned rot and rust in bursted holds on the sea bottom.

Our long voyage ended when we sighted Cape Town—a crescent of lights gleaming like gold nuggets half hidden in the black sands of night. Behind us in endless procession other ships steamed. Some would reach Cape Town and others not.

On the dock at Cape Town an Admiralty official handed the Englishwoman a cable. It said her husband was safe. But there were some four hundred others aboard his ship, and what of them?

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

The 12-ton airliner is at the end of the runway and comes to a stop at right angles to it. Now comes a test of each engine to determine important items such as lubricating-oil temperature and cylinder heat. The manifold pressure gauge shows 30 inches of mercury (or about 60 per cent of full rated power of the engines) and the revolutions per minute are around 2,000 as each engine is run up.

This last-minute engine testing also enables the pilot to satisfy himself as to the correct oil, fuel and vacuum pump pressures for his instruments; that both his generators are charging, his magnetos are working. Then he sets his directional gyroscopic compass for the course and is ready to leave.

The copilot goes on the air and asks the control tower for the necessary permission. The plane now swings into take-off position. The pilot sets the tail wheel lock to help guide the plane in a straight line while the copilot unlatches the landing-gear safety lock. On go the powerful headlights.

The throttles are advanced to full-out position and the control wheel is moved forward to raise the fuselage into level flying position. The plane gathers speed quickly and at about 90 miles per hour the pilot gently lifts it off the ground by easing the control column toward him. The copilot is standing by at the wobble pump in case the gasoline pressure should drop too low.

The moment the wheels part from the ground the pilot signals "up gear," and the copilot releases a second safety latch on the hydraulic lever and pulls up the lever which retracts the landing gear. The landing lights are turned off.

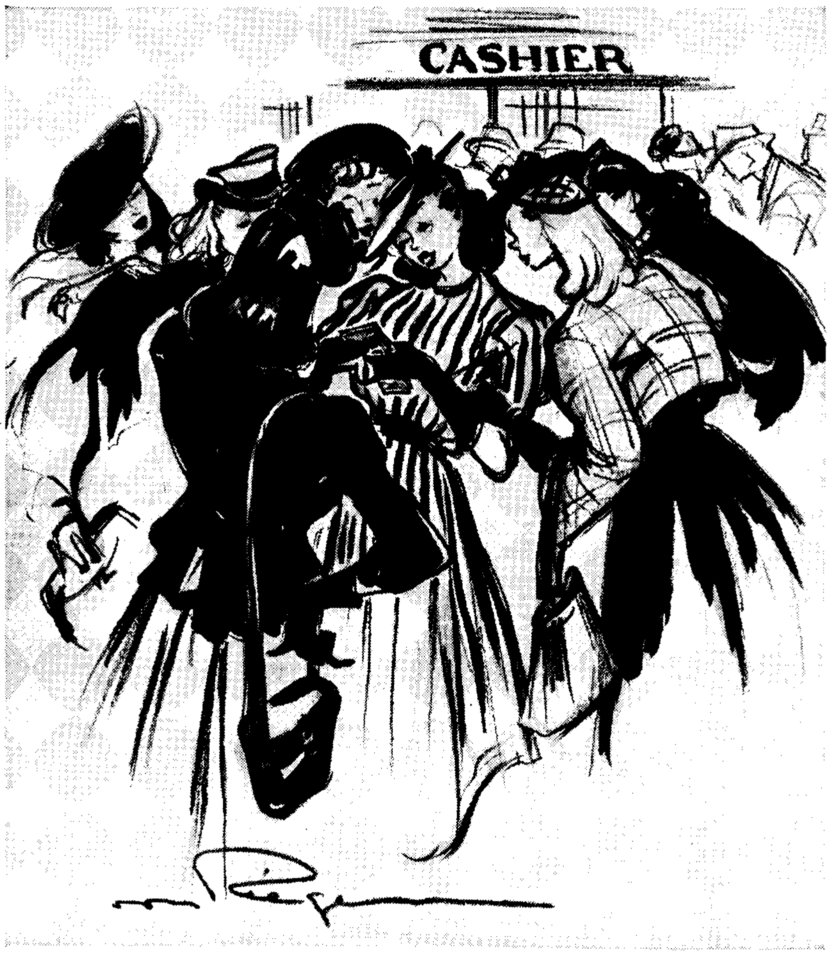
At 110 miles per hour the plane can maintain flight on one engine should the other go out and at this point the pilot retards his throttles from 2,300 revolutions per minute to 2,000 revolutions per minute and reduces his manifold pressure to about 29 inches of mercury. The carburetor controls are now adjusted by the copilot for take-off-and-climb.

It is now time for the copilot to go on the air again and he calls the tower, giving his take-off time, receives any last-minute airway traffic information and then switches over to the frequency of his airline. A report to his operations officer gives the time of leaving the loading ramp, time of take-off and the altitude at which he has been cleared. He then stays tuned to that frequency while the pilot is tuned to the federal radio beam for his navigation.

When the assigned altitude is reached, the captain further retards his throttles, adjusts the propeller controls for 1,800 revolutions per minute and his manifold pressure for 60 per cent of power.

The other 40 per cent goes along for the ride and is never disturbed unless on rare occasions it becomes necessary to dig into it to hasten arrival to outwit an impending storm or lowering ceiling. At the same time the mixture controls are leaned into cruising position, the stabilizer and aileron trim tabs are adjusted for level flight—the ship is trimmed and there is nothing more for captain and first officer to do but maintain constant radio communication with the ground, look out for airway traffic, fly blind when necessary, make corrections in navigation for wind drift, stay out of rough air, watch the ground speed and strive to arrive on schedule at the next airport.

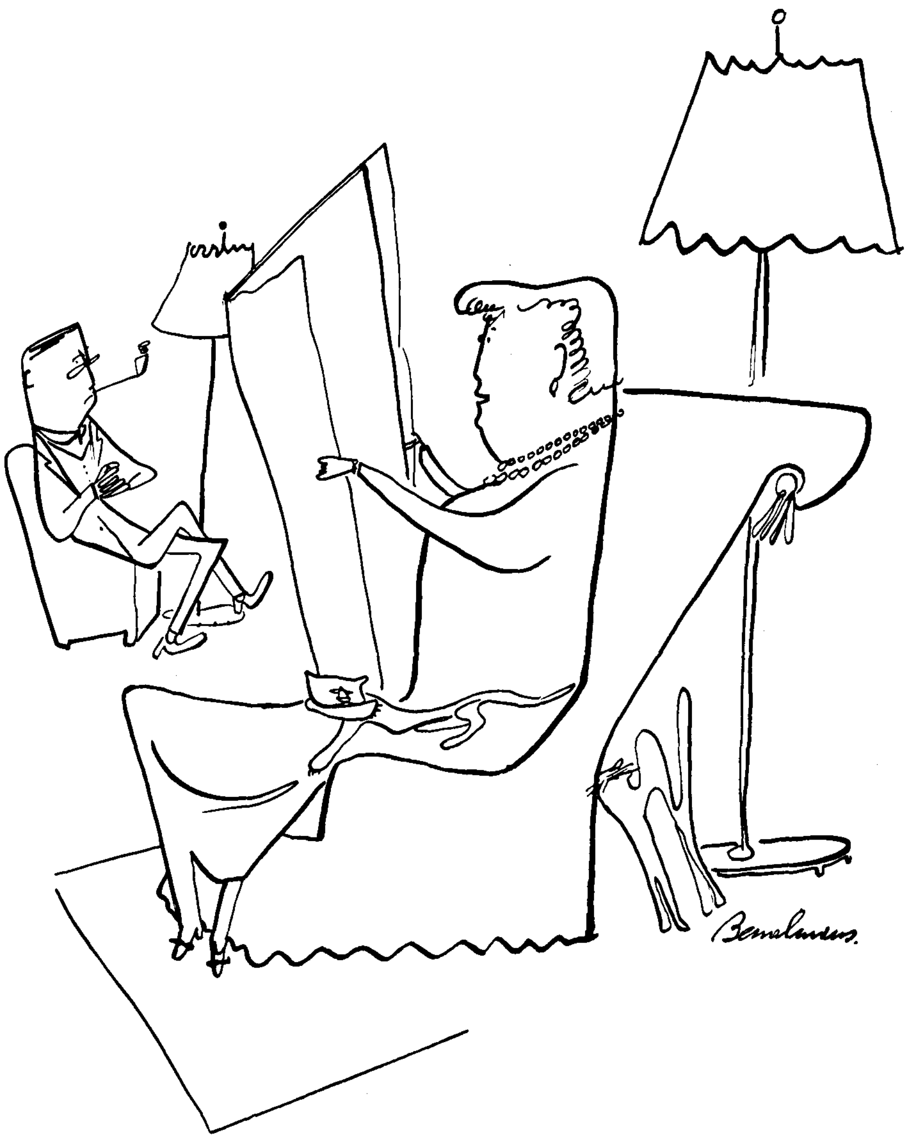
Back in the cabin the passengers are sleeping. F. R. N.



"He paid two dollars and sixty cents. Let's see now, two sixty divided by seven!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"How many is precious few, lover?"



THAT'S a good question, lady . . . even though it does annoy your husband.

The answer, of course, is that "precious few" may be any number from one to one billion—depending on whether it refers to sets of quintuplets or to molecules.

It's one of those handy abstractions like "countless" or "hardly any" or "quite a few," which we use when accuracy isn't important, or we're too lazy to be precise.

But the men who direct America's business and industry can't afford the luxury of such inexactitudes. The figures upon which Management bases its judgments must be accurate—must be up-to-the-minute and objectively interpreted—if those judgments are to be *sound* and *profitable!*

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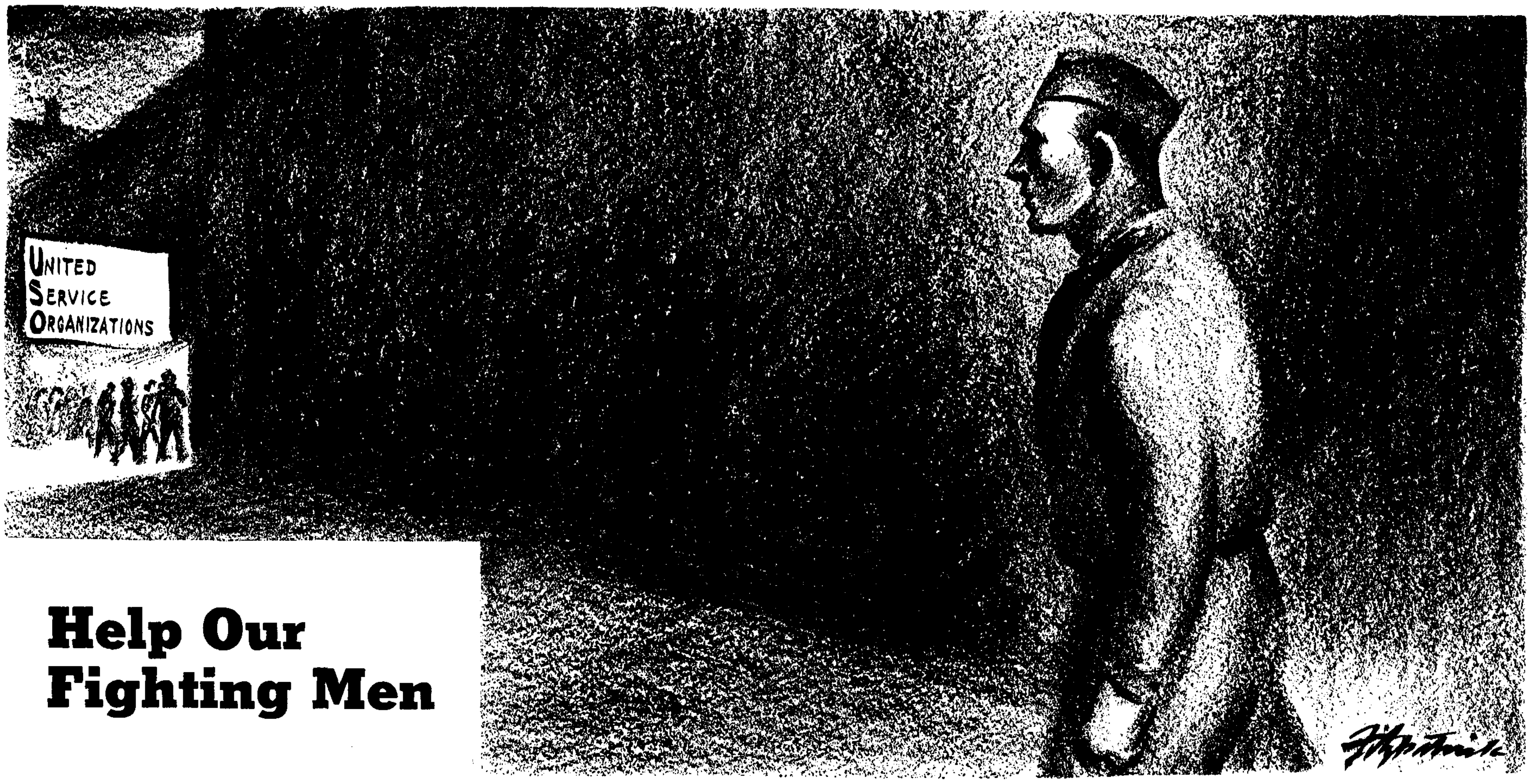


Help Our Fighting Men

IN LAST week's issue of Collier's appeared the letter that won the $100 recently offered in a Collier's editorial for the letter best describing one community's solution of the problem of hospitality to soldiers of the new national Army.

That letter told its own story. We hope it was carefully noted by private citizens and community leaders wherever this problem is arising or expected to arise.

In which connection we want to put in a bid for generous contributions to the United Service Organizations, whose three-week campaign for $10,765,000 is now in progress throughout the country.

The USO is made up of six big welfare and social-service groups: the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army, National Catholic Community Service, Jewish Welfare Board and National Travelers Aid Association. The $10,765,000 will be spent by the six groups during the next year for, to quote the USO's official statement, assorted services to "soldiers, sailors, marines and defense workers, young women as well as men in camps, bases and manufacturing areas where there are no adequate resources in near-by communities for recreational and welfare activities."

It's the soldier angle that has the strongest appeal, though the other aspects of the big and inclusive USO program are extremely important, too.

Some of the facts of life as regards the new Army are: That the boys need entertainment, recreation, human companionship, and are going to get some species of same somehow . . . that there is already developing an attitude, in some towns near some camps, of the same old snooting and shunning of soldiers that went on in some places during the previous war . . . that such stuff can only injure the morale of the new Army, to say nothing of its morality . . . and that the United Service Organizations are the six groups best organized and equipped to do fast work toward taking this particular curse off all cantonments thus afflicted.

So the USO campaign looks to us like one fund-raising drive to which any publication can give wholehearted endorsement.

We haven't forgotten the jealousies that cut into the usefulness of some of the USO groups during the World War, or the scandals and near scandals concerning the way some of them spent some of their money on the soldiers —or didn't spend it.

It is earnestly to be hoped that such frictions and mismanagements will be averted this time. They'd better be, if the USO wants any respectable press or other support when it asks the public for funds to carry it through its second year.

We hope this initial quota of $10,765,000 will be oversubscribed. Most of it will go for the benefit of boys like your own—boys who are mostly a long way from home, who aren't precisely millionaires on their Army pay and who need assorted healthy relaxations and outside interests if they're to get the maximum military skill out of their year's training.

Speaking of Gliders

WE SUPPOSE it will be a long time before it is generally known just how much success the Germans had with gliders in their air-borne assault on Crete, and how much propaganda they mixed with the truth about their gliders.

It is a fact, though, that this "vertical invasion" did greatly impress military men everywhere, and did give previous pooh-poohers of parachute tactics plenty to think about. It is also a known fact that Hitler has trained from 250,000 to 300,000 young Germans in the art of glider flying—and Adolf Hitler doesn't do anything merely to pass the time away.

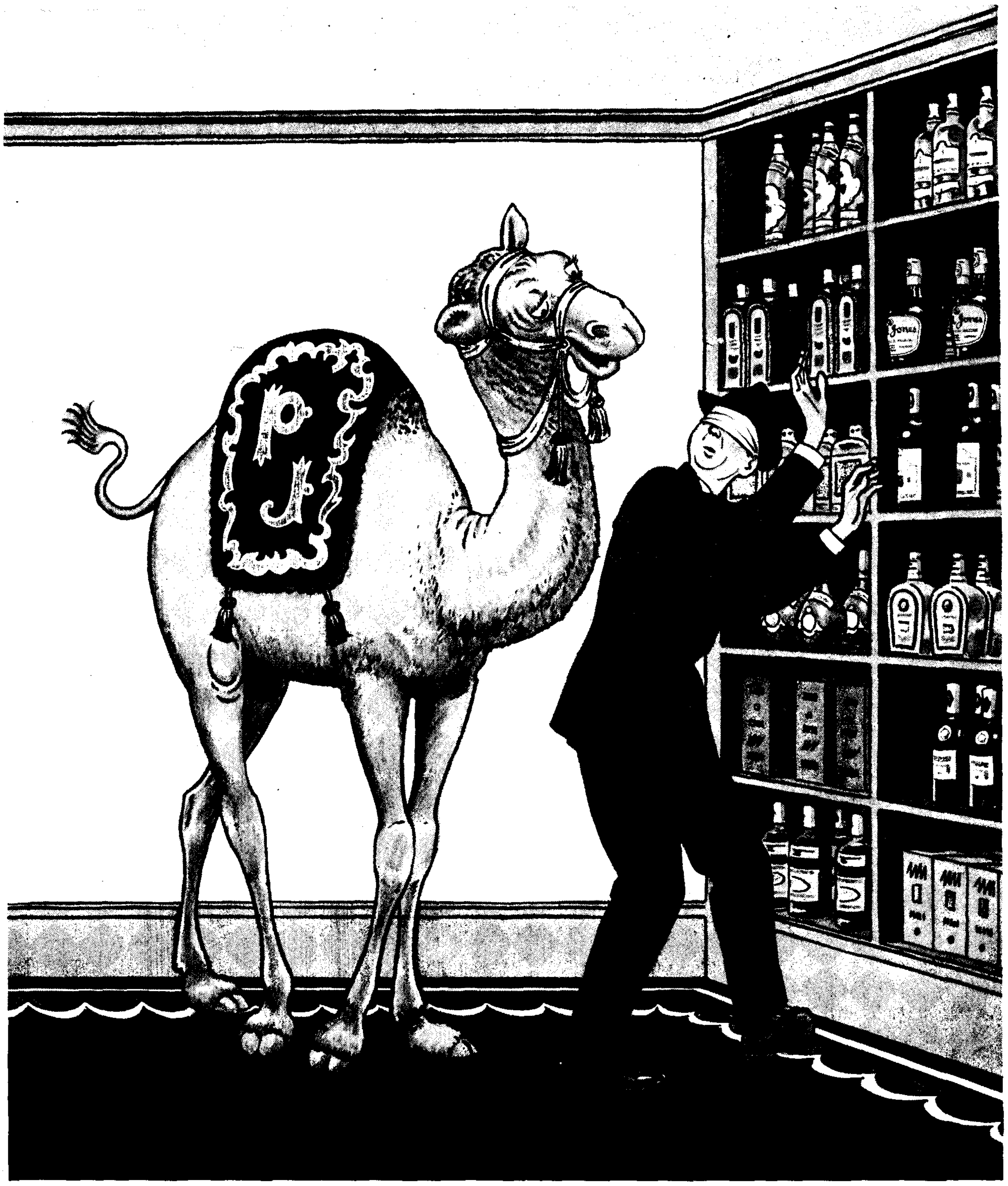
Why, then, the cavalier dismissal by Secretary of War Stimson of proposals that our government at least look seriously into all aspects of the military use of gliders? Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.) incorporated such proposals in a bill for Congress to consider. Mr. Stimson sought to laugh off the bill by saying that the Army had looked into gliders long since and found them impracticable and wasteful.

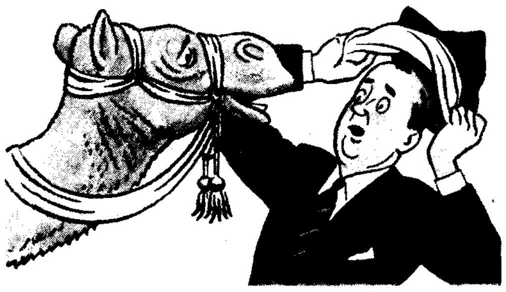
Hitler at least claims to have found them neither impracticable nor wasteful. And Hitler, despise him though most of us do, is at least no palooka when it comes to fighting wars.

The whole affair made us just a bit uneasy, after all the talk we've been hearing about new blood and new brains being injected into the Army. Are these commodities being put to use, please?

And the whole affair, to us, was one more argument for an Air Force independent of the Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard traditions, and free to carry on its own researches in aerial warfare under its own air-minded chiefs.

"Forget the eeny, meeny, miney, mo!"



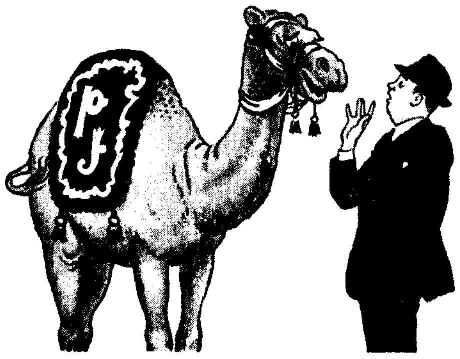


MAN: Eh? What's that? Wait till I get this blindfold off and . . . Great heavens, a camel!

CAMEL: Obviously, oh moon of my delight. But a very wise camel that knows a better method of picking good whiskey than that eeny, meeny, miney, mo stuff. In fact, I'm the symbol of one of whiskey's most desirable qualities.

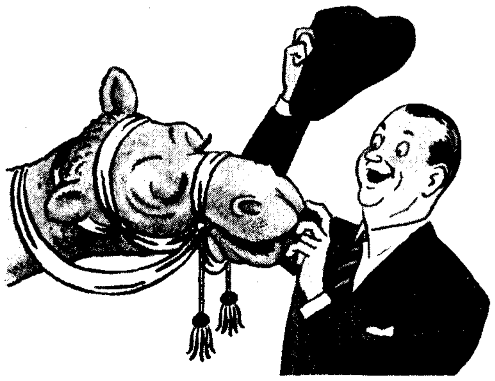
MAN: Oh, I remember. You stand for dryness . . . the lack of sweetness that lets the real, rich whiskey flavor reach your taste undistorted!

CAMEL: Sahib, you have the wisdom of Solomon. Why, then, do you hesitate in your choice?



MAN: Shucks, I can't afford a really fine, *dry* whiskey.

CAMEL: Mourn not, brother—there *is* such a whiskey of exquisite taste—and *dryness*—and at its modest price—a *buy!* The name is PAUL JONES!

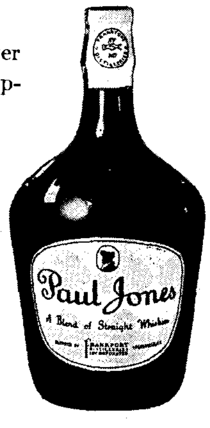


MAN: Say, thanks a lot, pal. I could have used advice like that a long time ago.

CAMEL: Did not the wise man say, "It is never too late to learn?" That's why PAUL JONES' popularity has increased five times in two years!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

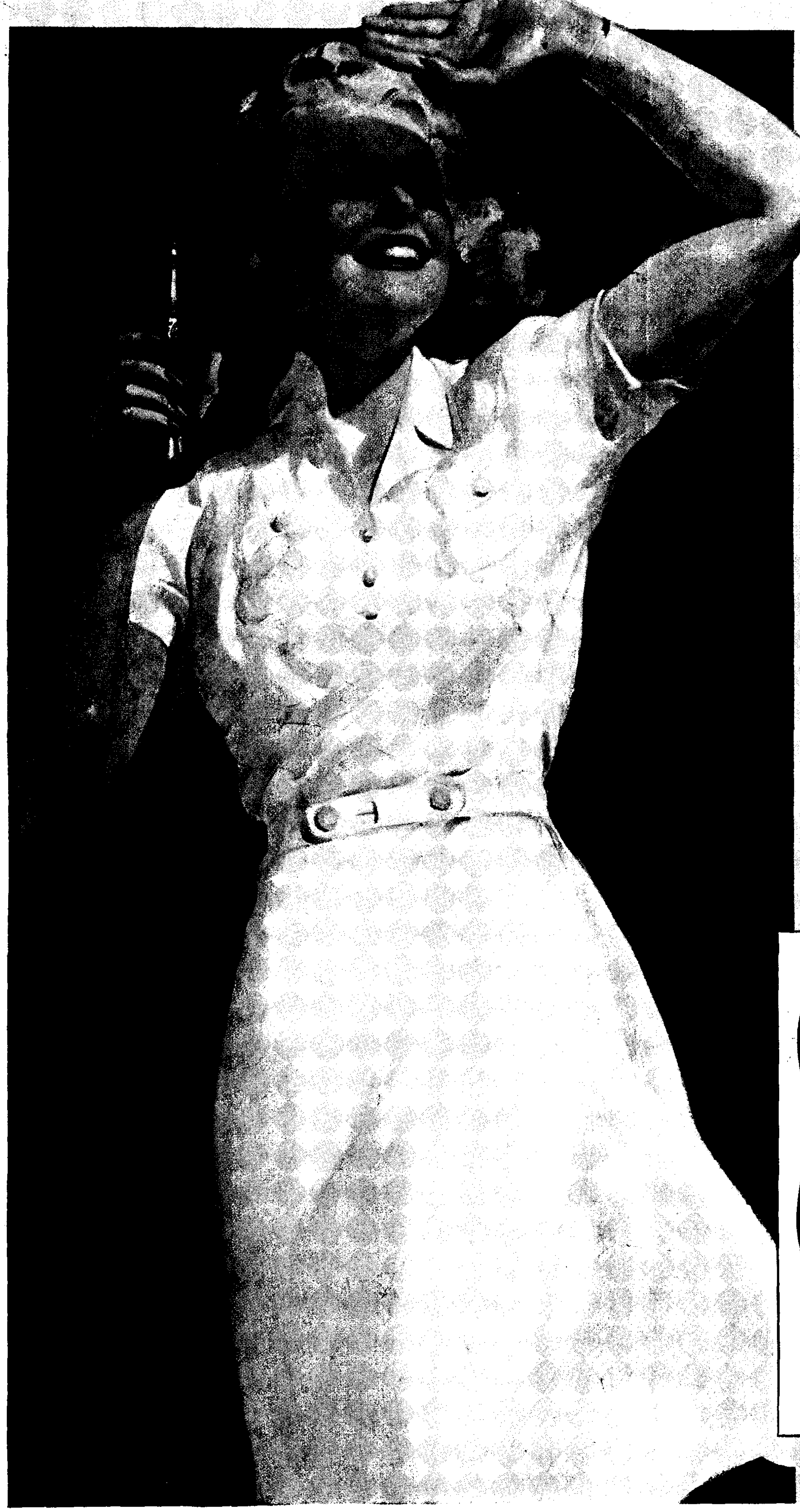
Paul Jones


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Frankfort

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Face the sun *refreshed*



Under a summer sun, put your thirst in the shade... with ice-cold Coca-Cola. The delicious taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola has the flavor of refreshment . . . complete refreshment. You will enjoy it.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

THE TASTE THAT CHARMS
AND NEVER CLOYS

You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloys. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

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